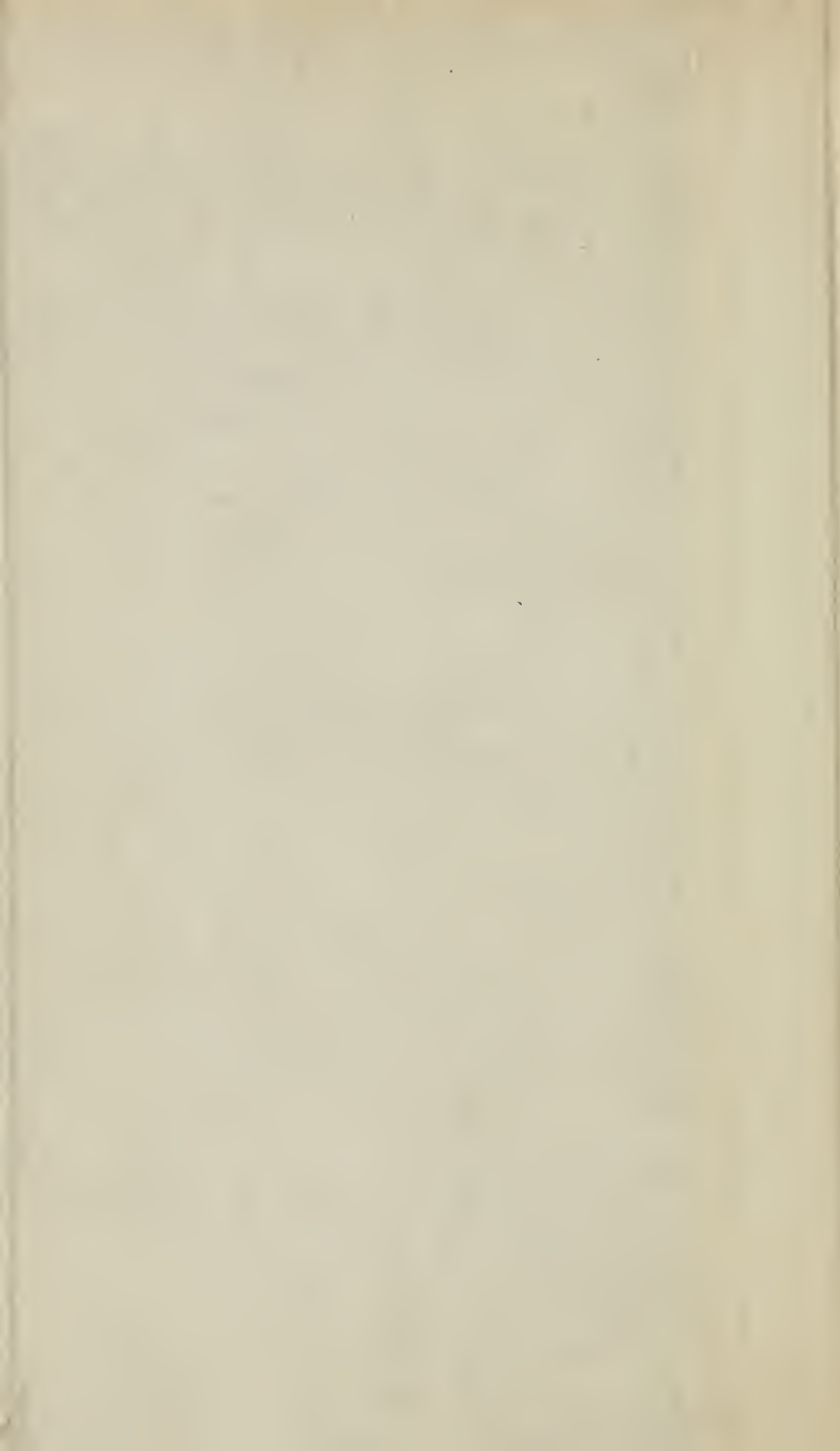


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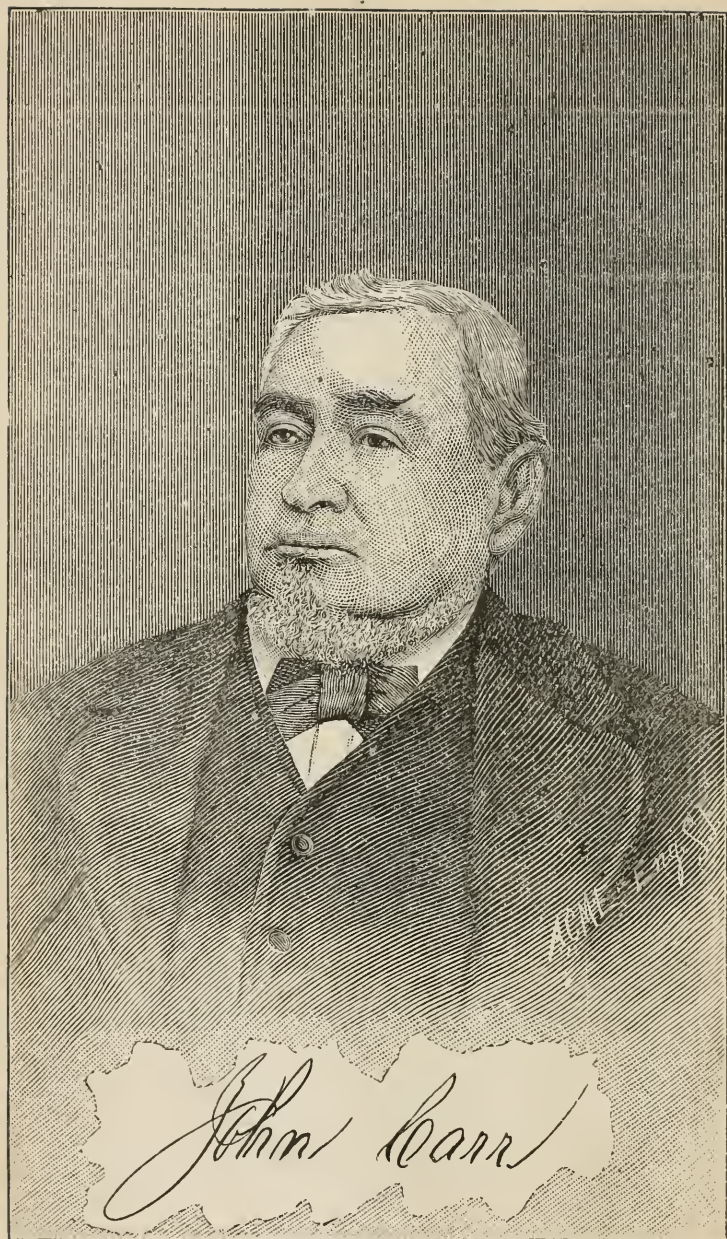
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PIONEER DAYS

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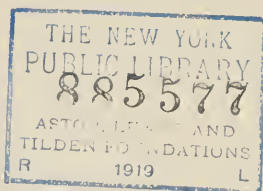
BY

JOHN CARR.

HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL SKETCHES.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA:
TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
1891.

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By JOHN CARR.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
PIONEERS,
NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF CALIFORNIA.



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PREFACE.

Now, after a residence of over forty years on the Pacific Coast, the whole of that time being spent in California with the exception of four years spent in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, and knowing that many of the doings and works of the early pioneers were fast sinking into oblivion, to be in a few years entirely forgotten, it is my purpose, in writing and publishing "Pioneer Days," to rescue and preserve some of the doings of the common people that founded and built up this great State of California. Other writers dwell on great events and great men. Most of the books that have been written on California, and that have come under my observation, pay but very little attention to the trials and sufferings of the early Californians, their customs and mode of living, their shortcomings and their virtues. It is my intention, in this work, so far as lies in my power, to hand down to the sons and daughters of the pioneers some of the doings of their ancestors while civilizing and subduing this their native State.

The most of my time was spent in the mines and

amongst the miners. My opportunities were good for learning their manners and customs and their mode of living. This is a portion of the State's history which all Californians wish to see preserved, for at the present time, when two or three old pioneers get together and talk of their early experiences, you frequently see a crowd around listening to those tales of early days, and becoming much interested in hearing of the adventures of California's first American settlers. How much more will children yet unborn love to read and see in books the names of their forefathers that wrote their names on the first pages of California's history.

To the early pioneers I would say that the youngest of us has but a short time to stay; the great debt of nature will soon have to be paid, and our last remains will find a resting-place in the land we love so well. Therefore, pioneers, let us do all we can to leave to our successors a history of our day and the men of our time. It will be sought after when the places that know us will know us no more. To our native sons and daughters I would say: We have left you a goodly heritage; guard it well. Your fathers founded and built a mighty State, which we hand down to you, founded on freedom, justice, and equality. See that it receives no detriment at your hands, but hand it down to your children as you received it from the hands of your pioneer fathers.

If I have succeeded and preserved in history some of the doings of the men of the early days in Northern California, then I have accomplished my mission. I hope that more gifted pens than mine will, in other localities of the State, take up the work and give to the State and the world a true history of California and its founders.

INTRODUCTION.

When I first began the writing and publication of "Pioneer Days" in the *Humboldt Weekly Mail*, I had not the remotest idea of ever publishing it in book form; but, during its publication by installments in the journal mentioned, I received letters from different portions of the State and from many old friends, requesting me to have it published in book form, and upon my consulting my friends in Eureka I was advised by them to do so. As the "Pioneer Days" contained many facts that had never before been given to the public, I have tried in writing those articles to give a truthful history of events as they happened to come under my observation in crossing the plains in 1850, and upon my first arrival in California.

As to the manner of working the mines of that early day, it is frequently amusing to me to read some late writers' stories about the early days of California. Their wood-cuts of the "rockers" and "long-toms" and of the miners themselves, are such that I sometimes think that, if it were allotted to the spirit of man to come back to this world, some

outraged miner who sleeps his last sleep on the mountain sides or the flats of California, would rise from his grave and haunt the would-be artist who drew such caricatures of the early California miners. The most of the miners that I see in the wood-cuts appear to be old, haggard-looking men, with bent backs, slouched hats and wrinkled faces, more like the picture of the tramp of 1890 than the honest miner of 1850. As a rule the first emigrants to California were young men—the very flower, physically speaking, of the United States; and the pictures in the modern wood-cuts no more represent them than they do Chinamen. It has been my aim in this work to give a correct history of the times and doings of the men and women of the State who were the pioneers of our civilization, and who planted American manners, customs and laws in this great State of California.

But few of us old Californians ever intended at first to make California our place of residence. The unbounded resources of the State were but little known to the early emigrants. Gold was what they wanted, and, as soon as they had accumulated enough of that to give them a “start” in their old homes, they intended to return east of the Rocky Mountains. California was looked upon as a good place in which to dig gold, but not to make a home. Her climate was not yet appreciated. As to the fertility of her soil, few gave it a thought.

Before the discovery of gold California’s expor-

tations consisted only of hides and tallow, and of but few of those. Her great and fertile valleys were unsettled. There were but few inhabitants in the whole State. The few inhabitants there were, each claimed sufficient land to make a respectable principality in Europe.

The great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin were unsettled except by a very few cattle kings. The whole country was in a state of primitive nature. Ide's Ranch, Gen. Bidwell's on Chico Creek, Thom's Ranch near Tehama, and Major Redding's, near the head of the Sacramento Valley, with a few others, were the only settled places between Sacramento City and the head of Sacramento Valley, a distance of over two hundred miles. The early miners had a very poor opinion of the agricultural resources of the Sacramento Valley. They had not been in the country sufficiently long to know anything of it from their own experience. Sacramento Valley—that is, the upper valley above Sacramento City—was generally looked upon with dread. In the winter it was usually overflowed, and left stagnant water-ponds, lagoons and sloughs, which, in the summer, became very unhealthy. Fever in the summer was general; fever and ague, and what was called the “valley fever,” were prevalent all over the valley.

From 1850 to 1853 the most of the goods for the northern mines went through the valley on pack-trains, and, if a train made the trip without having

fully one-half of the packers down with the "valley fever," they considered themselves in luck.

The most of the Sacramento Valley was covered with Mexican grants, some of them *bona fide*, but the most of them fraudulent. These grants deterred many settlers from taking up lands. Law at that time was an expensive luxury for the poor emigrant to indulge in, and justice in the courts was often blind. Nevertheless, many emigrants crossed the plains from 1850 to 1855 from Missouri and Arkansas, bringing their families with them and all their worldly goods. This class of emigrants generally "squatted" in the Sacramento Valley, and built for themselves little "shake" houses out of the oak timber on their claims. There was an abundance of grass and wild oats on the plains for their stock. The weather in the winter season was so mild that the settler needed nothing but a shelter from the rain for himself and family. As a general thing these settlers had not been accustomed to many of the luxuries of life in the country from which they came, and they needed but little in their new abode.

I frequently made trips from Weaverville to the Sacramento Valley, to buy old wagon-tires out of which to make picks. Generally, when the settler found a claim that suited his fancy, he continued to live in his covered wagon until he had built his house, and then moved his household goods into his house and left his wagon standing. In a few months

the wagon would dry out so that the tires fell off. The tires were worth more to him than the rest of the wagon. To get tires set was a costly matter, the charge being from twelve to twenty dollars per set. The tires which I bought I cut into short pieces, and had them packed on mules to Weaverville, where they were soon made into miners' picks and sold to the miners.

Very few of these settlers ever thought of cultivating the soil to any great extent. They had come from a climate east of the Rocky Mountains, where nature furnished them rain all through the growing season for crops. There being no rain in California during the summer season, it seemed to these settlers to be a waste of time and seed to put seed in the ground in the Sacramento Valley. The early emigrants had no knowledge of irrigation or any artificial manner of supplying the land with moisture to take the place of summer rains. They had heard or read of a few valleys on the coast, such as the Petaluma Valley, the Sonoma Valley and the Santa Clara Valley, where the fogs from the ocean supplied sufficient moisture to perfect crops. These valleys and some farther south were settled by the Spanish missions, long before the country came under American rule. They were supposed by the great majority of the Americans to be the only places in the State capable of successful cultivation. Could these settlers have looked ahead to the year of 1890 and seen California as she is to-day, they

would have seen the land of which they would not at that time have accepted a thousand acres as a present, now covered with vineyards and orchards producing the finest and best fruit in the world. Who would have thought, forty years ago, that California would now be supplying the great Atlantic cities with fruit and vegetables carried from the Pacific to the Atlantic in six days, and supplying Europe with millions of bushels of wheat yearly, much of these the products of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, that the early miner thought fit only for the Mexican herder and his longhorned steers to live in ?

I well remember to have frequently been in conversation with "the boys," and to have heard them talk of the prospects of California in the future. One would hear the remark : "I would not give one township in Illinois for this whole d---n State." Another person would remark : "I would like to bring my family out for a few years, but I think too well of them to bring them to such a country as this is--no schools, no churches, no society. It would be a h---l of a place to bring a woman to." Many would say : "When the gold is all dug out, Uncle Sam had better give California back to the Greasers." Such was the opinion of many miners of California.

PIONEER DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM PEORIA TO FORT LEAVENWORTH.

At Peoria, Ill., making preparations for the trip.—The good-bye.—My companions.—Arrival at St. Louis.—On the river steamer.—At Fort Leavenworth fitting out for the plains.—The whisky and the “venison.”—Buying a team ; breaking mules.

It was in the winter of '49 and '50 that the writer found himself in the city of Peoria, Illinois, working at his trade, ironing off California wagons, or wagons intended to cross the plains the following summer. At that time the whole West was in a blaze--everybody had the California fever, and every man that could raise sufficient money to buy an outfit was making preparation for a trip across the plains. On the 21st day of March, 1850, I bade good-by to my friends of the good city of Peoria and embarked on a steamer for St. Louis with three others, who were to be companions or messmates, namely: D. C. Young, J. G. Boyden and D. C.

Gunn. D C. Young was a merchant of Chillicothe, Illinois, who was taking the trip for his health. He was a consumptive, and his physicians told him there was no chance for his life if a trip across the plains would not help him. Before he had spent thirty days on the plains he commenced mending, and before we got to Sacramento he was, to all appearances, a well man. J. G. Boyden was a musician. When we got to California he was paid \$16 per day for playing in gambling-houses. In the summer of 1854 he lost his life on the steamer *Gem* when she blew up on the Sacramento river. D. C. Gunn was an aged man. He claimed to be a direct descendant of the celebrated Jonathan Carver, the great traveler of the Eighteenth Century.

Well, in due time we arrived in St. Louis and took a steamer for Fort Leavenworth, with our California wagons on board. The steamer was crowded with argonauts, like ourselves, seeking the golden fleece—bound for the land of gold. In due time we arrived at Fort Leavenworth, where we were anxious to fit out, as the Government had advertised a lot of condemned Santa Fe mules for sale there and they were considered good animals to cross the plains. We went into camp on a large timber flat just above the fort on the banks of the Missouri. The next day the other members of the party crossed the river to the town of Weston, in Missouri, to prospect for supplies for a trip. They left me in camp to take care of things, as I was the

“kid” of the camp. It suited me very well, as I had bought in St. Louis a “pepper-box,” or Allen’s revolver, with which I wanted to practice, as the Comanches were liable to make a raid on us while passing through their hunting-grounds. I made bullets and used up considerable powder, but never became an expert with my pepper-box gun.

One day, while in camp alone, I had my first experience with Uncle Sam’s boys. Two of them came into camp and wanted to know if I had any whisky. I told them that Colonel Ogden had forbidden us to let the soldiers have liquor, and I could not do so. They coaxed a long time, and finally wanted to know if I didn’t want a good fat deer. I thought some venison would go very well about that time. “Would I give them a pint of whisky if they would get me a fine young buck?” I thought that would be breaking our bargain with Colonel Ogden, but then, we did not agree not to trade whisky for a young buck, so I finally agreed. They started for the deer, and fifteen minutes later I heard a shot. In another fifteen minutes they were back in camp with a carcass minus the head, feet and skin. Throwing it down, they said :

“There is your deer ; now give us the whisky.”

I examined the carcass, and told them it was not a deer, but a hog. They looked at me with all the appearance of the essence of virtue itself, and said :

“You must be a d—n fool; don’t you know a deer

from a hog? You ain't got enough sense to go to California!"

But they got the whisky, and I got the "deer," without hearing from Colonel Ogden. The sale of the Government mules and wagons came off. We purchased three of the Spanish mules, but they didn't exactly suit Mr. Young—he was afraid their feet were too small; there was no underpinning; in case the mules got into a mudhole their feet were so small they would go out of sight altogether; and he came to the conclusion that we must have one animal with big feet, so as to keep the balance of the team above the mud. So he bought in Weston a big horse with big feet, and felt satisfied that we would go through all right. Our team was composed of three small Spanish mules and one big black horse, about fourteen hundred pounds in weight—as heavy as the balance of the team. We had a good deal of fun with "Dave," as we called him, about his matched wheelers. However, it made a good team, and they landed us in Sacramento all right. We had a jolly time in breaking the mules. They were pack animals, and decidedly objected to being put in harness. There was some tall "bucking" about that time, but with the help of our fourteen-hundred-pound horse, and lots of patience on the part of our teamster, we got them into some sort of order in about a week's time. Our supplies were all in, and time hung heavy on our hands, for we were waiting for the grass to get up before

starting on our long and weary trip across the plains. The grass was late that spring, and, with a few sacks of corn for feed, we started on about the 20th of April, for the land of promise.

CHAPTER II.

TO FORT LARAMIE.

Starting across the plains.—A blacksmith's shop on wheels.—In the home of the buffalo.—At Fort Kearney.—A tempting offer by Gen. Sterling Price.—Along the Platte.—Chimney Rock.—At Fort Laramie.—In the Black Hills country.

In my last chapter I had got started on the plains; but I will explain here that I hired my passage in the outfit, paying one hundred dollars for the trip, the regular price being two hundred dollars. In consideration of my agreeing to do D. C. Young's portion of the work and my own, he agreed to take me for half-price, and allow me fifty pounds of baggage. I sold all my good clothes before leaving Peoria, and bought me two pairs of stout shoes, four hickory shirts, two pairs of stout pants and one hat, which constituted my outfit. The balance of the fifty pounds allowed I made up with horse nails, shoeing hammer, pinchers and rasp—that is, a kit of shoeing tools. Before leaving camp I got a piece of white cotton cloth. With a bottle of ink I painted and put on our wagon these words: "Horseshoeing done here!" Be-

fore leaving the States we purchased several guide-books. Among the lot was what was called "the Mormon Guide-book," which was found the best of the lot. After striking the Council Bluff road, we found it correct in every particular—distance from water to water, and the same regarding wood and grass. Our route lay through a fine rolling prairie country—what is now part of the State of Kansas. The first stream we crossed was called the Little Blue, and some distance further west we struck the Big Blue. Before starting we decided that we would travel alone and on our own account, camp where we pleased, and start when we pleased. One great trouble with the early emigrants was that, before starting, they formed themselves into companies and elected a captain, and bound themselves to obey his orders. But very soon they became dissatisfied, and the company broke into fragments.

We were now in the home of the buffalo—every day we were in sight of vast herds of them, occasionally shooting one for fresh meat; generally a yearling calf. The meat of the buffalo is of coarser grain than beef, but very tender and juicy. Timber we found very scarce; but in its place were "buffalo-chips," as they were called on the plains. For nearly three hundred miles they were the only fuel we had. Some of our tender-feet brethren might turn up their noses at a good buffalo steak broiled on "buffalo-chip" coals, or a loaf of bread baked in

buffalo ashes, but it made a feast fit for a prince—anyway good enough for us.

The first sign of settlement we met was Fort Kearney, then occupied by Uncle Sam, with a small garrison. At the fort I made the acquaintance of the afterwards celebrated Major-General Sterling Price, of the Southern army. He had started across the plains with a large train. When near Fort Kearney one of his wagons broke down—a box in the hub was broken. There was no blacksmith at the fort at that time, and he had none in his company. One of his men rode up to our wagon to inquire if there was a blacksmith in the crowd. I was pointed out to him as a son of Vulcan. He wanted me to go to the fort and repair his wagon, but I did not wish to go, as it was early in the day and our train would be far ahead before I could get the job done. But as the Colonel insisted on getting the job done, as he could not travel, and he had a large train losing time. Finally he offered me fifty dollars to do the job for him, and a horse to ride to overtake our wagon. I did the job in about two hours. He was as good as his word, and offered me the fifty dollars. But my skin was not thick enough for that. I took ten dollars and called the account “square.” He then wanted me to leave the party I was with, and offered me one hundred dollars per month to do his work, I to have a horse to ride until we reached California. On consultation with my friends I re-

fused the offer, and that was the last I saw of General Price.

Our road lay up the South Fork of the Platte river for many days, until we came to the crossing which we had to ford. The Platte, or at least the South Fork of it, is one wide moving river of sand, running rapidly. If one's team stopped one minute it was buried in sand. Then our big-footed horse did good service. Our little Spanish mules humped up their backs, something like a cat going to war, and were afraid to move. We had to jump out of the wagons and persuade them, with good stout whips and clubs, to go. In traveling up the south side of the Platte river we found one of the best natural roads, for the distance of four hundred miles, that is to be found, I believe, on the face of the earth. The scenery is most magnificent. Mountains to the west are piled up against each other as far as the eye can reach. It is surprising the distance that can be seen on these plains. Three of us went from the emigrant road to examine the celebrated "Chimney Rock." The distance did not seem more than two or three miles. We started early in the morning, expecting to visit the rock and get back to the wagon at noon. We got to the rock about one o'clock, and it was dark when we got into camp, tired and hungry. But it was well worth the labor and tramp. "Chimney Rock," at a distance, looks like some huge steeple placed atop of some mighty ruins that for thous-

ands of years had withstood the storms and tempests of the Rocky Mountains. The pillar itself is composed of soft rock easily cut with a knife. As far up the shaft as could be reached were names of hundreds of adventurers. This is the region of thunder and lightning and hail storms. Frequently, in the afternoon, storms would arise out of what appeared to be a clear sky. When a small black cloud appeared in the south or west, it was time to look out, for the chances were that within an hour we would have the whole artillery of heaven turned loose upon us, with hail-stones in abundance. At such times we camped, unhitched our mules and tied them to the wheels of the wagon, while we drove picket pins over the wheels, and lashed the wagons down, to keep them from blowing over. About the 24th of May we arrived at Fort Laramie, where were stationed two or three companies of soldiers. All emigrants were requested to register their names at the fort, that the Government might be informed as to the number of persons crossing the plains that summer. The names were numbered, and I think my number was 53,232—that number of people having already crossed before we got there; so you can have an idea of the number of people on the plains in the summer of '50. From the time we left Fort Laramie we were never out of sight of trains, before and behind us, until we reached Sacramento City.

On leaving Fort Laramie we soon entered the Black Hills country, where we found rough roads. We bade good-bye to "buffalo-chips" and adopted greasewood in their place. In due time we arrived at the South Pass, or what is called the backbone of the American continent. A person looking round him here would hardly think that he was standing on the backbone of a continent. The summit was marked with a stake. On one hand the rain that fell would run into the Atlantic Ocean, and on the other into the Pacific. It appeared like a great level plateau—mountains to the north, mountains to the south, mountains to the west! Those to the west were the mountains of most interest to us, as we had to take our way over them—from the summit to old Fort Bridger, a trading post situated west of Green River, in what is called the Wind River Mountains.

CHAPTER III.

TO SALT LAKE CITY.

Fort Bridger.—Col. Bridger, the typical Indianfighter.—In the Salt Lake valley; a difficult descent.—In Brigham Young's city.—An interview with Brigham.—Proselyting.—A stratagem.—Mormon achievement.

After many days of toil and travel we reached Fort Bridger, situated in the Wind River Mountains. It was a stockade fort, and in the inclosure were store-houses, filled with the goods then in demand by the Indians of the plains, and dwelling-houses, stables and everything composing a small town or settlement, with a slight sprinkle of half-breeds and a few squaws. But the most interesting to me was the old man himself, Colonel Bridger, the owner of the post. In him you saw the old Indian fighter, trapper, and pioneer of the early days of the plains; a true type of the race of men that is about passed away. The old man was then about fifty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, and powerfully built, with long black hair, wearing a soldier's overcoat, with buckskin pants and moccasins. The old man was quite communicative, talking freely on different subjects. Taking him as he

stood, he looked to me to be a perfect specimen of the American hunter.

From Fort Bridger our objective point was Salt Lake City. We found the road very mountainous and rough, and it was with much pleasure that we finally found ourselves at the top of the mountain ridge overlooking the great Salt Lake Valley. The road from the summit down to the valley was very steep. Locks on the wheels were of very little account, and we cut a small bushy tree and tied it to the hind axle of the wagon, which acted as a capital brake, and we got down all right.

We were now safe in Brigham's dominions, and had to put on our good behavior. We found the city to be one of magnificent distances. The town lots were very large—two or three acres in extent; broad streets, with ditches of water running through them, and rows of trees set out on each side, which gave the city a very neat and home-like appearance. There was but little mercantile or other business done in the city at that time, though Kincaide & Co. had quite a stock of goods on hand. The houses were principally one-story, and built of adobe. Brigham's house was the largest in the city, two stories in height, and it was not much of a house at that. The temple was a large, round house, capable of seating a large number of people. Here the elders and bishops every Sunday preached to the faithful, and abused Uncle Sam and his Government. We drove through the city and camped

about a mile out of town on the emigrant road, intending to remain about one week to rest and recruit our team for the remainder of the trip.

Being the "kid" of the camp, I was sent on a foraging expedition for fresh "grub," such as butter, milk, eggs, cheese and fresh vegetables. I had no trouble in buying such things at reasonable prices. We lived on the fat of the land while we sojourned with the followers of Joseph. When laying in our stores before we started from Fort Leavenworth, we bought only sufficient flour to last until we should arrive at Salt Lake, expecting to replenish our stock there for the remainder of the trip. When we got to Salt Lake, however, we found that we could not buy anything in the shape of bread-stuff on account of an order Brigham Young had made that no bread-stuff should be sold until the new crop came in. This left us in a bad fix, for we would have to lie over six or seven weeks, much against our will, and the faithful would not, or dare not, disobey the orders of their prophet, priest and king.

On one of my foraging expeditions I met Brigham himself. I had become acquainted with an old Vermont lady who made excellent butter, and who was a splendid talker on her side of the question. She tried hard to convert me, and told me I would make a splendid Mormon. During one of my visits to her house I met a gentleman of about

forty years of age, very pleasing in his address. About the first question he put to me was :

“Young man, are you as anxious for the salvation of your soul as you are to go to California and get gold?”

My answer was that the salvation of my soul did not bother me much about that time. He wanted to know my name, where I was from, what religion I professed, my occupation, and if I had any prejudice against the Mormons. All of the questions were properly answered. As regards prejudice against the Mormons I had none, as I had never seen a Mormon to my knowledge until I arrived at Salt Lake. He then proposed to me to stay at Salt Lake and he would give me employment until fall at five dollars per day, and if we liked each other, he would then start me in business; and as further inducement, if I would join the Church I would no doubt rise to eminence as a servant of the Lord and a pillar of the Church. All of which I respectfully declined. The next day I called on my Vermont lady friend. She wanted to know how I liked the Governor.

“Governor who?” I asked.

“Why, Governor Young—the gentleman you were talking to yesterday!”

“Great Scott! Was that Governor Young?”

“Yes, indeed it was, and he has taken a liking to you. You had better stay here and take his offer.”

I have often thought what a fine old Mormon

elder I would have made, or maybe a bishop, with half a dozen wives, and no end of young Mormons. But Brigham and the saints lost an elder or a bishop, and California gained a blacksmith.

The boys in camp were by this time getting very uneasy and wanted to be moving. They had searched all over the settlement to buy one hundred pounds of bread-stuff, but could not get an ounce.

One evening Dave came into camp cursing Brigham and the Mormons generally, wishing them all in hades. Next morning he gave me one hundred dollars, and told me to give it for one hundred pounds of flour or corn meal if I could get it. I first tried my Vermont lady friend, but it was in vain—she was too good a Mormon to disobey orders. The next place I tried was a farmhouse, where an old gentleman was sitting on the fence in front of the house.

“Good morning, neighbor. Have you any flour or corn meal to sell?”

“Nay, lad, I ha’ not.”

I knew at once he was an Englishman, and I decided to use a little strategy, so I said:

“Sir, by your language I would take you to be a countryman of mine.”

“Be thee English, lad? Where be thee from?”

“I am from Yorkshire, sir.”

“What toon, lad?”

“The town of Hadden, sir.”

"Be thee fro' the toon of Hadden? What be thy name lad?"

"Isaiah Gillard."

"What thy father's name?"

"Frank Gillard, sir."

"And be thy mother's name Hannah Fox?" And the old Briton surveyed me from head to foot, and finally said, "I believe thee, lad. I knew thy father and mother well." And he surveyed me again. "So thee be the son of Frank Gillard and Hannah Fox? Come to the house, lad, and the gude wife will mak' thee welcome."

We went into the house, and the old gentleman introduced me to his wife as the son of their old friends Frank Gillard and Hannah Fox of Hadden. The old lady wiped her specks with her apron, placed them on her nose, and coming close up to me and looking straight into my eyes for some time, she exclaimed:

"Truly, thee be the son of Hannah Fox, for thee have thy mother's eyes and hair. A bonny lass she was when she stood up in Hadden church to be married to thy father."

And with that the old lady gave me a good hearty kiss for my mother's sake. The old Briton would not think of my leaving until I had dinner with them, and had given him a history of my father and all the family. The old lady had a good cry when I told her of my mother's

death some years previous. Before I left the old man said :

“Betty, cannot we help the son of our old friend with some corn meal?”

“Yes, Davey, we can gi’ him the last in the house, wi’ God’s blessing on the lad.” The old man said, “I cannot sell thee any meal, but if thee and thy comrades will hoe that patch of potatoes for me I will give thee one hundred pounds of meal,” pointing to a small patch of potatoes in front of the house. I said we would do the hoeing to-morrow.

I will explain how I became a Yorkshire man, though never having seen either England or Yorkshire, much less the town of Hadden. When serving my apprenticeship in Canada, I had a fellow-apprentice by the name of Isaiah Gillard. We were very warm friends, for boys, and I frequently went to his father’s and spent Sunday with his people; and hearing them talk of things and people in Yorkshire, I became quite familiar with names and places. I gave this Mormon family a history of their friends, the Gillards, using a little deception which did them no harm and us a great deal of good. I went to camp and reported progress. We were a happy set that night and started next morning for the old man’s potato patch and made short work of it. I told the boys to call me Isaiah instead of Jack when addressing me in the presence of my English friends. We got our corn meal, with a

good dinner thrown in, and went our way rejoicing. So much for a little strategy. I must say a good word for the Mormons, but will leave it for the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

TO HANGTOWN, CALIFORNIA.

Leaving Salt Lake City.—Through the Mormon settlement.—Celebrating the Fourth.—Humboldt river.—Beginning of hardest trials.—Sand and alkali.—Foraging.—Mosquitoes.—Road flanked with dead animals.—The Fifty-mile desert.—Sick companion.—Fagged team.—Hunting water.—The relief wagon.—Carson river.—Plenty of grass and water.—Crossing the Sierra Nevadas.—Through Emigrant Canyon—Reflections.—Arrival at Hangtown, Cal.

It was in 1850 that I was in Mormondom. In 1847 the Mormons were driven from the border States, and much of their property destroyed. With the little they had left, they started with their wives and little ones on a journey of over one thousand miles, across what was at that time known as the Great American Desert. Encountering hardship and privation, climbing mountains, dragging their wagons over mountains with ropes, when their worn-out teams got too weak from want of feed and other causes to be of much benefit to them, surrounded with hostile Indians on every side, they still pressed on to their land of promise. It was less than three years from their first arrival in the valley when I was there. It would almost

seem too incredible for belief that so much could be done in the short space of three years. Here was the city laid out and partly built, water ditches dug from the mountain stream, houses and barns built, farms laid out and fenced, mills built and running, school-houses built and occupied, churches erected and dedicated. There were no drones in the hive there. When we take into consideration that these people were poor in this world's goods, poor in everything but faith, with no capital but willing hands and stout arms, no matter how much we may denounce their religious practices, we must give them credit for perseverance and industry.

Leaving Salt Lake City, our road led up the valley through the Mormon settlement; on every hand thrift and industry were apparent. On the 4th day of July, we arrived at the crossing of Bear River, a stream emptying into the Great Salt Lake. At the crossing we were stopped by a lot of the emigrant boys, who had concluded to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth." We concluded to lie over and have a time. Before night there were at least seventy-five or eighty wagons stopped the same as we were. We had a general good time—an oration, and a stag dance at night. Boyden, our fiddler, came into use, and furnished the music for the occasion. Next morning we started again, and in time reached the Humboldt River; then our trials began.

Our trip so far was to me but a pleasure excur-

sion. We found the Humboldt River very high—swollen by the melting snows of the mountains, with the roads in poor condition, and scarcely any feed, as the teams ahead of us had devoured every green thing in sight. Back from the bottoms of the river nothing but sand and alkali deserts were to be seen; but plenty of grass just across the river, if we could but reach it. Frequently, after a hard day's travel, we would have to tie our animals up and cut bunches of willows for them to gnaw on during the night. They commenced getting poor and weak, and I knew something must be done or we would be left without a team. On the other side of the river was plenty of feed, and I made up my mind that I was going to get some of it. When we camped about the middle of the afternoon, I told the boys I would have some of that grass. They said: "How are you going to get it?" "I will show you." I got a large butcher knife and a picket-rope, and divesting myself of my clothes and tying a rope around my body, with the knife in my teeth, I bolted into the river and struck out for grass on the other side. I reached the other shore and went into the grass with my knife, but there was one enemy I had not calculated on, and that was the mosquitoes; they had a good chance to get at me. I would make one stroke at the grass and two at my tormentors. When I got back over the river I looked like a bad case of the measles. They were the largest and hungriest lot of mosquitoes

that ever attacked a human being. Well, I got two good bundles of grass cut and tied up, and now came the tug of war, to get them across. The river was quite rapid. I looked out for a good landing on the other side, and went far up the stream to be sure I could make it. Throwing the bundles into the stream, and taking a bight of the rope round my body, I struck out for camp. I made my calculation all right, and landed my cargo of hay, a good night's feed for our team, but was myself minus about one quart of blood. In this way we procured feed and kept our team alive. For three or four weeks we were never out of sight of dead animals, and the stench was horrible. After many days of toil and hardship we arrived at the sink of the Humboldt. The sink appeared quite a lake at that time, as the melting snow in the mountains kept the Humboldt River full. From the sink of Humboldt to Carson River was called fifty miles. This fifty miles was a desert without one drop of water in it, the largest portion being drifting sand; a hard journey for worn-out teams and men to make, but it had to be made. Resting for one day, we started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, first filling our canteens with water to drink on the way. For the first twelve or fourteen miles the road was good, traversing what seemed to be a bed of scoriæ. Not a living thing in sight, everywhere a dreary waste, we traveled all that night. Next morning found us traveling

through sand such that the wheels of the wagon sank in eight or ten inches, which made our progress very slow. As the sun rose higher in the heavens the heat became very oppressive, and our team required considerable urging to be kept moving. We worried along all that day, nothing but sand all around us, and, to make matters worse, two of our men were taken down with the mountain fever and had to be hauled in the wagon. This left but Dave Young and myself to work the team through. About sundown we could urge the team no further. Here we were, with our team given out, two sick comrades, and not knowing how far we were from water. I proposed to Young that, if he would stay by the team and our sick comrades, I would take our four canteens and go to the river for water. He consented, and I started for Carson River a little after dark. When I had traveled about two hours, I perceived a fire burning on the side of the road. It was a welcome sight to me. When I came to it I found three men sitting around the fire, and two wagons with their tongues pointing to the road. I came up to the fire and spoke to them, and they wanted to know if I would not take a cup of coffee. They had a large camp kettle on the fire filled with coffee and gave me a tin cup full and all I wanted. I wished to pay, but they would not take a cent. They good-naturedly told me if I lived in California I some day would have to pay for it. They were sent out by the

Government as a relief train to meet the emigration and help them as well as they could. They did good work. I found from them that it was only two miles to Carson River. After resting a short time and taking another cup of coffee, I shouldered my canteens and started for Carson river, a new man. I got there in a short time. Filling my canteens, I started back, and reached my friends of the relief train, and found they had gone to bed, but left the coffee on the fire, to which I helped myself liberally. I reached our wagon just as the day was breaking, with my four canteens full of water, bringing life and courage to our sick men. Dave struck up a fire and we soon had breakfast. We gave three of the canteens of water to the team, and some of the cornmeal, which, after their night's rest, gave them new life. We started as soon as possible so as to reach Carson River before the heat of the day, and got there all right. There our troubles ended. We found plenty of grass and water from there to California. For the last twenty miles of the desert a man could walk on dead animals all the way, and as for other property you could find anything you wanted, from a pair of socks to a four-horse wagon. The sides of the road were just littered with all sorts of things thrown away and abandoned.

We laid over for a few days to recruit and rest. The balance of the trip through Carson Valley with its fine mountain brooks and meadows, looked to

me like a paradise, after traveling through so much desert. There we found several trading posts—people who had come from Sacramento to buy poor stock and trade with the emigrants. We had but the Sierra Nevada Mountains to cross and our trip would be at an end. Our team picked up well while in the Carson Valley, and our sick men got all right. We started through what was then called Emigrant Canyon, for the summit of the Sierras. This canyon was piled full of rocks, thrown together by nature without any regard for the comfort or the convenience of those poor mortals who had to travel over them. Frequently we had to lift our wagon, first the forward wheels, then the hind wheels, over them. We arrived at the summit in due time, where we could look down on our land of Canaan—our promised land. Now, after a lapse of nearly thirty-eight years, when my mind wanders back to the time when I first stood on the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and looked over the great plains of California, soon to be reached, the thought comes, how many of that grand army, one hundred thousand strong, of the youthful manhood of the land, who, like myself, stood on the summit of the lofty Sierras and took their first view of the then to-be great State of California, how many of them are now in the land of the living? Alas, but few of us are living! Many fell early in the fight. How many of them accomplished their desires? I am afraid but very

few. Many of them have filled unknown graves, far from home and kindred, with no kind friends to drop a tear or plant a sprig over their unmarked graves in the mountains and gulches of California. But their deeds live after them. They planted on the shores of the broad Pacific a mighty empire, whose foundation is laid in liberty, truth, civilization and justice, and which will remain a monument to their memories forever.

From the summit of the Sierras to Hangtown was soon made without any trouble, the only thing of note being "grizzlies," which were quite plentiful on the western slope of the mountains. We arrived at Hangtown, now Placerville, on the 9th day of August, 1850, all right, not a bit the worse for wear, and ready for anything which might turn up.

CHAPTER V.

DESCRIPTION OF HANGTOWN.

“Shake” houses.—Gambling.—Sports, male and female.—A Babel of languages.—The currency.—Judge Lynch’s court.—“Bloody Dick.”—Threatened hostilities between “squatters” and the civil authorities.

Here we were in California. At last our long and tedious journey was over. As a whole I enjoyed it. Sometimes we fared well, at other times not very well; but, all in all, our trip was a good one.

We found Hangtown, or what is now called Placerville, to be two rows of houses with a street between them. The houses were built principally of shakes, with posts driven into the ground on which to nail the shakes. There were about fifty or sixty of these houses in the place when we arrived there, the largest four of which were run as gambling-houses, and were in full operation at that time. All sorts of games were in full blast, such as monte, faro, lansquenet and French monte, sometimes called three-card monte. Each gambling-house had from four to eight tables, which were loaded with gold and silver, great

stacks of which were there to tempt the unwary miner to try his luck, which he often did to his sorrow. The tables were presided over by "sports," as they then were called, who were considered the aristocracy of the country. They generally wore white shirts and dressed in what the boys called "store clothes." If a man came into camp with a boiled shirt on, he was set down as a sport, and generally correctly so. Frequently they would have a female "sport" at the table. She was generally well painted and dressed in the richest attire, and, as a rule, was a daughter of *la belle France*. The tables they presided over were generally well patronized, and many a well-filled purse of gold dust of some soft-pated miner was drawn in by these gilded damsels of France and Germany.

Hangtown at that time was a perfect Babel; men from all the principal nations of the world seemed to have gathered there. You could hear the language of nearly every civilized nation spoken in the streets of that little burg, and the coin of every realm passed current; but the most of the money was Mexican. Mexican gold onzas, worth sixteen dollars, and Mexican silver dollars were the most used, but the principal circulating medium was gold dust. Everybody had gold dust, and nearly everything bought and sold was paid for in gold dust, at the rate of sixteen dollars per ounce. Hangtown, when I arrived

on the 9th of August, was but a small place; but before I left, two months later, it had grown twenty times as large, hundreds of emigrants arriving daily, taking up lots and building houses, and starting different lines of business. All was bustle and excitement. No land monopolist allowed, or town lot speculators. Henry George's land theory was fully in force. No man was allowed more lots than his business required, and if he dared claim any more he generally got the worst of it. Henry George's theory was fully in practice in California before Henry George ever thought of it, and maybe it was from the early Californians that Henry George caught his inspiration on land matters.

The early fathers of California had a very simple and easy method of governing the country and administering the laws, and a very effective method it was at the same time. I will give you an instance of my first experience, and what I saw before the bar of Judge Lynch's court. This was my first attendance at His Honor's court, but by no means the last. I was standing looking on at the games that were being dealt at the El Dorado saloon. In the game I was looking at there were three or four miners betting. It was the game of *monte*. One of the miners accused the dealer of drawing waxed cards on him; or, in other words, cheating him out of his dust. The gambler told him if he said so again he would cut the heart out

of him. The miner repeated the words, when the gambler raised out of his seat, drew a large bowie knife out of his belt and plunged it twice into the man's heart; at the last plunge he turned the knife around in the man's body. Pulling the knife out of the body and wiping the blood off with his handkerchief, he coolly remarked: "You will never tell me I lied again." The gambler was known as "Bloody Dick," or "New Orleans Dick." He was a New Orleans Irishman, and a hard case. Rumor said that this was the third man he had killed. I was within three or four feet of the man when he fell off his seat and expired. Word went immediately throughout the town that "Bloody Dick" had killed a man. In the meantime two men had seized him and taken his arms away, and in less than one minute he was surrounded by forty or fifty excited men, well armed, with a full determination that he would not have a chance to kill any more. It had been the custom among the gamblers, when one of the fraternity got into a scrape, to see him out. Ten or twelve drew their revolvers, but, seeing the angry crowd, they came to the conclusion that they would let Dick take his chances. In less than ten minutes there was a crowd of at least five hundred men gathered in and around the saloon where the cutting took place. A motion was made by some of the crowd that he be hanged right away, but the crowd voted him a fair trial and a chance for his life. The crowd elected a middle-

aged man to act as judge and another as marshal. The marshal summoned twelve men to serve as jurors, who were immediately sworn. The judge sat on a big pine log in the street. The witnesses were called and sworn. They were the men who were playing at the game when the man was killed. Other witnesses also testified to the facts in the case. The case was then given to the jury, who returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." The question was then put to the crowd: "What shall be done with the prisoner?" Some one moved that he be hanged. The motion was seconded, and the man who acted as judge put the motion to the crowd, and a unanimous shout went up from at least one thousand men, "Hang him!" The prisoner in the meantime was present, using the most blasphemous language to the men engaged in his trial that ever polluted the ears of a civilized man. The prisoner was then placed in a wagon drawn by two mules, and escorted by at least one thousand men to the fatal tree, a little back of the town, where five of his sort had already paid the penalty of their crimes by hanging from one of its limbs. It was a large oak tree. The wagon was driven under it, the rope tied around his neck and thrown over the limb, and hauled tight and made fast. He was in the meantime cursing the crowd, his God, and everything else, and spat in the faces of the men that were adjusting the rope. When everything was ready, the

mules were started forward, leaving the body swinging between the earth and the limb to which he was hanging. Some of the guard stayed at the tree for nearly an hour, so as to be sure he was dead. The body was cut down, and buried a short distance from the tree on which he was executed.

That was a trial where justice was meted out with dispatch. No lawyers were present, no testimony objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. When witnesses were sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, they seldom if ever perjured themselves. It was not over one hour from the time the murder was committed at the saloon before the doer of it was tried and executed. No appeal was taken from Judge Lynch's Court to the Supreme Court. His decision was final.

A few days after the hanging of "Bloody Dick," the old historic oak was cut down by some individual who thought that six men were sufficient to die on one tree. In an hour after the hanging everything was as quiet as usual. It caused excitement only for the time during the trial and execution. So much for my first experience at Judge Lynch's Court.

In a few days after the hanging of "Bloody Dick," Hangtown came near having a far more serious tragedy enacted in her streets. Some time previous there had been trouble in Sacramento between what were called the "squatters," and the

civil authorities. The "squatters" settled on lands that they supposed to be Government lands, but the speculators claimed the land from titles obtained from General Sutter. The speculators obtained writs of ejectment from the courts, and the Sheriff of Sacramento county, trying to enforce them, brought on a conflict, in which the Sheriff was killed with six of his deputies and several of the "squatters." Some of the wounded squatters were brought to Hangtown, as they were considered safer up there than in Sacramento. The miners generally sympathized with them. One Sunday, in the forenoon, word came to Hangtown that the Sheriff and a *posse* of thirty men were on their way from Sacramento to arrest and take to Sacramento the wounded "squatters" for trial for murder and riot. It being Sunday, the miners were all in town, together with the newly-arrived emigrants; there were at least two thousand men on hand. A public meeting was called, which was addressed by some of the leading "squatters." Resolutions were passed that no "squatter" should be taken from Hangtown by the Sheriff and his *posse*. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the Sheriff and his men made their appearance, coming over the brow of the hill looking down on Hangtown, each man armed with a rifle and revolvers. In the streets of Hangtown and on the outskirts were five or six hundred men armed in like manner, as fully determined that the officers should make no

arrests of any of the "squatters" who had sought their protection. The Sheriff and his *posse* were met just before entering the town by a committee, who informed them of the state of affairs and of the resolution passed a couple of hours previous. The Sheriff being a man of cool head, and having his predecessor's fate before him, wisely concluded not to attempt to make any arrests, but was allowed to come quietly into town, take all the refreshments themselves and horses wanted, which they did, and, on leaving, was informed never again to visit Hangtown on such an errand, which advice I firmly believe he took and adhered to. During nearly thirty-eight years of life on the Pacific Coast I never have seen a day that bade fairer for a day of blood than that Sunday morning in the summer of 1850. But, thanks to an overruling Providence and the cool heads and good judgment of the Sheriff and the leaders on the other side, the calamity was avoided, and the history of the State had not to record one more bloody affair.

CHAPTER VI.

MINING EXPERIENCES.

First experience in mining.—The frightened Chinaman.—Foreigners' mining license.—A foreigner from Pike.—Helping the "under dog" in a fight.—Fighting Sheriffs.—Hunting for new diggings.—The ants and the "graybacks."—Georgetown.—Missouri gulch.

Every emigrant had to try his hand at mining, and expected to be one of the lucky ones ; and I was no exception to the rule. I was offered ten dollars per day to work at my trade, but I wouldn't look at that amount—it was too small. So myself and another man, Godfrey Hoffmaster, formed a partnership and went to mining. We put our capital together and purchased a mining outfit, which consisted of one rocker, one dipper, two buckets to carry the dirt in, two shovels, one pick and one pan. Our kitchen was composed of one fry pan, one coffee pot, two tin cups and two tin plates. The whole outfit cost us fifty-one dollars and fifty cents, and "broke" both of us. But what did we care for that? Getting a week's provisions on credit, we started down Hangtown Creek looking for a claim.

About a mile below town we found two fellows washing. During conversation they pointed to a claim or vacant piece of ground a short distance from them, which they thought would pay. They were right good fellows. They instructed us in the way of setting our rockers, so as to save the fine gold, and other mysteries of getting the precious metal extracted from the gravel. Hangtown Creek was considered to be among the richest of the diggings then discovered, but it had been vacated by the miners for the river diggings and the lower bars of the American River, which left a good show for the newly-arrived emigrants. We staked out our claim—it was then law that no miner should hold more than thirty feet square—and commenced business. Our first work was stripping off the top dirt about four feet deep, when we came to gravel or pay dirt. This gravel was about one foot or fifteen inches from the bed-rock, and we had to carry it in buckets to the cradle, which was set on the edge of a water-hole in the main creek, about twenty yards from our claim. The bed of the creek was dry, except that a few water-holes were yet standing in low places. The first day we washed up about twenty-five dollars out of one hundred buckets of gravel. We worked here for a couple of weeks, averaging about fifteen dollars per day, until the water gave out, and we were forced to hunt other diggings.

We moved to what was known as Webber Creek,

where I got my first look at a Chinaman. The fellow was coming down the creek with a big broad hat on, dressed in what seemed to me to be women's clothes, with a bamboo pole on his shoulders with two great bundles at each end. I told my partner I was going to see that Chinaman, and getting out of the claim I halted "John," to give him a thorough examination. He commenced begging, saying he had no money.

"Me velly poo' Chinaman—no muchee dust."

At the same time he pulled out a bag of dust, which he offered to give me if I would let him go. I told him that I did not want to rob him, but to look at him. After a while he began to comprehend what I wanted, and pulled down his queue, showed me his bundle, and gave me some China tea, and I gaye him his dinner, after which we parted "velly good flends." While I worked there "John" would make us a call whenever he passed that way.

At that time all foreigners had to pay a license of twenty dollars per month for working in the mines. One day the Sheriff hove in sight. I was not a full-fledged American citizen at that time. He came up to us and asked if there were any foreigners in that crowd. I told him, "Yes, I am a foreigner." He said he wanted twenty dollars for my miners' license. I told him he would have a great time in getting it. He told me if I did not

pay it "damn quick" he would take me to Hangtown.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"From Pike county, Missouri," said I.

"You're a damn fool—that's in the United States."

I looked at him with all the appearance of innocence I could command and asked him if it *was* in the United States. He turned from me in disgust. Then I said to him:

"Your name is Bill Rogers, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Don't you remember one night in the winter of '49, when two fellows had you cornered in the Planters' House in Peoria, and a fellow helped you out?"

"Yes; I remember very well."

"Yes; well, I was that fellow."

"The d—l you were!"

About that time he got hold of my hands and gave them a warm embrace. I had to sit down and tell him all the news from Peoria and the East in general. When I was leaving he asked how I was off for money. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out four or five Mexican ounces and wanted me to take them, but I told him I was in no need of money at that time, but if I got "broke" I would call on him. I never was called on to pay mining license after that while I was in El Dorado county.

I will explain how I came to help old Bill out. One night, after work was over in the shop, I was knocking about the city, when I went into the bar-room of the Planters' House to take a drink with the man that was with me. There were three fellows quarreling in one corner of the room—two of them after the third. I always had a weakness for helping the "under-dog." I looked on for a minute or so, and saw they were likely to get the best of the fellow, and without thinking what the consequences might be, made for the corner, "whaled away" at one fellow, and laid him out. About that time I thought my room would be better than my company, and so made a retreat in good order for the shop. The fellow whom they had in the corner was Bill Rogers, who, the next year, became Sheriff of El Dorado county, California. Rogers told me that until that day on Webber Creek he never knew who it was that helped him out of that scrape.

This sketch would not be complete without saying a few words more about Rogers. Along in what were called the "flush times" (early in the forties), the Southwest, and the Mississippi River in particular, was infested with a lot of gamblers and desperadoes who terrorized the country. They were aboard of every steamer, plying their calling, and would often gather in the towns along the river and run them to suit themselves. The people of Natchez formed themselves

into a vigilance committee to drive them out and protect themselves. The day was set and they stood fight. Several on both sides were killed, and the rest of the gamblers were driven into the Mississippi River. Bill Rogers was one of them. He swam the Mississippi River at Natchez and got away. He rambled around the Mississippi River and the South generally, until gold was discovered in California, when he came to this country, where hundreds of the same sort of men came. From this class were made many of the early sheriffs of California. They and what were known as Texas Rangers furnished nine-tenths of the sheriffs of California of early days, and most of them made good officers. It was generally supposed that the main qualification for a sheriff was to be a fighting man. There was plenty of material to choose from. Rogers served his time out as Sheriff of El Dorado, and a year or two afterwards, when they had an Indian war in that portion of the State, he was appointed to command the troops raised for the purpose of putting down the Indians. Afterwards several bills were introduced in the Legislature to indemnify him for his services, but whether he got any of them through or not I have forgotten. I saw a notice of his death several years afterwards, the old man dying in poverty. Few men of his day saw more startling events or had more narrow escapes than old Rogers. Peace to his ashes.

But let us return to the diggings.

Webber didn't pay us very well, and we picked up our "traps" and started to hunt better diggings. We made Georgetown our objective point, and started with our mining tools and camp furniture on our backs, we having not yet risen to the dignity of having a mule or a jack upon which to pack our worldly goods. Coloma lay on our road. We took in the sights in that burg, and then proceeded across the American River and up a pretty tall mountain—with the load we had to pack it seemed to me a very tall one before we reached the top. Traveling along on the mountain we came to a level place, where we saw two men sitting under a big oak tree. They had no shirts on, and seemed to be busily engaged. We wanted a rest, and went to them. In those days men needed no introduction—all was free and easy. We did not stand on ceremony, but went to see what they were doing, and found them engaged in a very interesting game. Their shirts were spread out near a large ant-hill, and each man had several Mexican dollars in front of him and was betting on the ants. Their shirts were pretty well covered with vermin, and each ant running over the shirts would seize a "grayback" and make for the ant-hill with it. The betting was as to which ant would get to the ant-hill first with his "grayback." They wanted us to join the game, but we respectfully declined, not being expert in the racing qualities of Cali-

fornia ants. But the experience we gained proved very useful to us in after days. The ant-hill was often resorted to when "graybacks" became too plentiful in camp.

We reached Georgetown, and were directed to a place where we would find good diggings—Oregon gulch, or Missouri gulch—by the storekeeper. Storekeepers generally were supposed to know where the good diggings were, and, if they didn't know, they would try to make you believe they did. We went to Missouri gulch and pitched our camp. We got a good prospect and built a brush tent and commenced operations, but were not very successful. A heavy rain coming on our brush tent would not turn the water very well, which made things very uncomfortable. The winter was now close at hand—or rather, we thought so. We made up our minds to go back to Hangtown, build a cabin and winter there. We started back with the same load of "traps" on our backs, none the better off financially.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FOR SACRAMENTO.

Return to Hangtown.—Departure for Sacramento.—The miners' hard life.—Sleeping on a feather bed.—Sights and experiences in Sacramento.—Thieves, "Sydney Ducks," and gamblers.—Stolen potatoes.—On trial for larceny.

Arriving at Hangtown I found Dave Young there looking for me. He had been at Sacramento and sold the wagon for three hundred dollars; that was two hundred more than it cost in Peoria. It was a spring wagon, and was afterwards used as a stage between Sacramento and Marysville. He sold our big-footed horse with one of the mules for a good figure, and kept two of the mules for family use. He wanted me to go with him to the southern mines to winter, and I agreed to do so. I sold my interest in the mining outfit to my partner, and bade good-bye to Hangtown, and I have not seen it since.

I had "fooled around" for nearly two months, worked hard and made nothing at mining. It was not the fault of the mines—the fault lay with myself. I did not know how to take advantage of things. Everything was new to me, and I ex-

pected too much. My case was that of thousands of others. Mining in those days was yet in its infancy, and the lot of a miner was a hard one. With no settled abode, he packed his traps on his back from one gulch to another, some times a long distance, taking days to make the trip. Then his mode of living was hard. The country afforded few of the necessaries of life and none of the luxuries. The "everlasting slap-jack" and rancid bacon, with black coffee, and sugar imported from China in mats, with a few beans thrown in, was generally the miner's bill of fare, and that, too, cooked by themselves in no very stylish manner. Sunday was generally occupied in washing shirts, socks, etc., and cooking for the remainder of the week. Some of the boys would go to town or the trading post and lay in whatever stores were wanting for camp. There were no vegetables of any description to be had in the mines. This was before the era of canned goods. The only fruit we could get was dried apples and peaches, and these were generally composed of fruit and worms in equal proportions.

I started for Sacramento City, with my blankets on my back. At Greenwood Valley the polls were open, it being election day. I cast my first vote there, no registry laws being in force at that time, and everybody voted. I picked up a Whig ticket and voted it. One of the judges arose from his seat and took me by the hand and asked where I

was from. He said he was afraid his ticket would be alone in the box, as I was the second Whig who had voted that day. After voting I shouldered my bed and started. A teamster overtook me on the road, and I gave him five dollars to let me ride in his wagon to the Fourteen-Mile House, where I wanted to stay over night, as the Fourteen-Mile House was kept by an old man and his wife from Peoria, with whom I was some acquainted when in that city. We arrived in due time, and I gave the old folks a short history of their friends in Peoria. They were glad to see me, and, when night came on, they would not think of letting me sleep in my blankets, but gave me the spare room, with a feather bed in it. I thought I had struck a "soft thing," but it was too soft altogether for me. I lay and rolled all over the feathers, but not a bit of sleep could I get until about daylight, when I turned out, unrolled my blankets and lay down on the floor, and in a jiffy I was fast asleep, and did not wake until the landlord came, about 9 o'clock, to see what was the matter with me. I told the old lady that when I called again, I hoped she would not put me in her feather bed.

On my way from the Fourteen-Mile House I overtook a fellow who, like myself, was on his way to Sacramento. We traveled together until we got to the city, where we found a lodging-house. When shown to our room, to leave our blankets, we found it was "some" of a room. There were

about seventy-five or eighty bunks in it, built in the shape of berths in the hold of an emigrant ship, three tiers deep, with a straw mattress on each bunk; the guest had to furnish the balance of the outfit or go without. For this we had to pay one dollar per night, with "graybacks" thrown in. After leaving our blankets on our bunks, we thought we would take in the city and see the sights, and soon were on J street, then the principal business street of Sacramento City. In front of one of the gambling-houses was a young fellow dealing three-card *monte*. We halted for a few minutes to see the game. The fellow who was dealing gave the cards a shuffle, and invited us to make a bet. My traveling companion marked one of the cards, and whispered to me that he had the "deadwood" on it. I advised him not to do it, but he would try his luck, consequently he pulled his dust. The gambler weighed it and found three ounces in it, and placing three Mexican onzas on top of the bag of dust, told the "sucker" to turn up the card. The latter turned up his marked card, but instead of the queen he had marked there was a jack in her place. The fellow made a grab for the coin and dust, and getting them, he broke like a quarter-horse up J street, the gambler after him. The gambler grabbed his pistol and fired one shot without effect, but he dared not shoot any more at him for fear of shooting somebody else. I stayed by the table until he got back. In his hurry

to get a shot at "greeny" he had left his bag of onzas on the table with the cards. When he came back he said to me: "—you, you are his partner; I will blow the top of your head off; that it was a put-up job." I said, "If it was a put-up job, look to your purse. If it was a put-up job I would have taken your purse while you were gone and have run away, which you see I did not do, but guarded it faithfully, and you would blow the top of my head off for that, would you?" The fellow thought a moment and said, "You are right." He then told me that if I would find the fellow he would give me the six onzas. I told him I was not in the detective business at that time, and left.

Sacramento at that time was not a very large place, the principal business being done on two streets, J and K, out to Eighth street. The gambling-houses were the best buildings in the city, and were crowded day and night. The most of them employed bands of music and other devices, whereby they might attract attention. Thousands of dollars changed hands every day and night at these gilded palaces. The mercantile houses were generally one-story frame or iron houses, imported from the East. The amount of business done in Sacramento at that time was immense, the streets from early morning until night being full of great wagons and pack trains loading goods for the mines. Everything was bustle and excitement. All sorts of labor was high and in demand, more especially

builders. Any man that could saw a board off would get ten or twelve dollars a day. The old horse-market on Sixth and K streets at that time was a place of much attraction, everything in the shape of wagons, horses, mules and oxen being sold. The newly-arrived emigrant generally went there to dispose of his outfit. It was a perfect Babel, and the resort of thieves and pickpockets generally. If a man bought an animal at their sales he was in luck if he got him one block from where he purchased him before a gang of scoundrels would prove it away from him. They were organized in gangs, and one of them would seize the halter by which you were leading your animal, commence cursing you for a thief, stating you had stolen that animal from him, and he would have it or blow the top of your head off. You were generally taken before an alcalde, as the magistrates were then called, and you were in luck if your animal was not proven away from you by the gang. Sometimes they caught a Tartar. Dave Young and myself one day were leading two of the mules through the horse-market when one of the gang stepped up to Dave and asked him where he got those mules? Dave told him it was none of his business where he got them. The fellow claimed them as his, and said they were stolen from him about a week ago, and he was going to have them. Seizing the halter, Dave in a moment covered him with his revolver, and told him to let go that rope immediately, or

there would be one less thief in Sacramento. The fellow let go very quickly. A constable brought us before the alcalde, and Dave showed his bill of sale from Major Ogden of the mules purchased at Fort Leavenworth that spring. They were two of the mules we brought across the plains.

Dave Young, myself and two others agreed to go to the middle mines to winter. We bought a tent and pitched it about where L street is now, in order to have time to fit out and lay in our supplies for the winter. The rainy season or winter was generally dreaded by the miners. The winter of '49 was a very severe one, and many miners suffered in consequence of not having made proper arrangements, such as building cabins and laying in supplies before the rain commenced. We remained in the city some two weeks. During that time two of us generally stayed in camp, and the other two attended to business and took in the sights. It was necessary to guard the camp, as the city was full of thieves. Australia had sent us hundreds of her light-fingered gentry, and San Francisco had driven them out to prey upon the balance of the State. They were called "Sidney Ducks." With them and some of our own dead beats you had to keep a sharp lookout. At night the gambling-houses were crowded, with bands of music playing, tables loaded with gold and silver, bars fitted up in most elegant style with liquor of the choicest brands and everything that ingenuity

could invent to make the gilded parlors attractive. No money was spared; each one tried to outdo the other in the splendor of his establishment. From dark until the early hours of the morning these houses were crowded. Men who afterwards became the rulers of the State, both executive and judicial, were either dealers or patrons of their tables. Men seemed to live only for the present—all was excitement. Many a miner with a purse well-filled with his hard earnings in the mines, was sunk in those gilded hells, and not only the miners, but merchants, mechanics, and all classes of mankind, seemed to be carried away with the mania for gambling.

Many an amusing incident took place in and around the city in those early days. We had a young fellow in our tent by the name of A. H. Wills, or Doc Wills, as we were in the habit of calling him. Doc was as honest and good-natured a fellow as ever lived, but not very sharp. One night, after paying our respects to the gambling-houses, we were attracted to an auction-house, on J street, and we went in to see what was going on. The auctioneer was busy in selling goods. We leaned against an open barrel of potatoes standing in the room, and I picked up a big "spud" and slipped it into Doc's big Missouri-coat pocket. I thought he would notice it, but he did not. I then stepped on the other side of him and put in two more potatoes, got back to the first pocket and

put in another, expecting he would discover them and give me the usual cursing. Presently we started for camp and went to bed. Next morning it was Doc's turn to get up and cook breakfast. I woke him and told him to get up and cook the potatoes he had.

"Potatoes," he exclaimed, "where would I get potatoes?"

"O, the potatoes you stole from Starr's auction-rooms last night."

"I didn't steal any potatoes," said he.

"Yes you did," said I, pulling the coat from under his head and taking the potatoes out of his pockets, "do you see these?"

"Yes! This is one of your d—d tricks," said he, and then he gave me one of the warmest "blessings" I ever received. He would not cook the potatoes, but while we were snarling over it, Dave Young had the potatoes cooking, and we made a jolly good breakfast. They were the first potatoes we had had since leaving Salt Lake. They say stolen fruit tastes the sweetest, but I can vouch for the stolen potatoes tasting good.

Several years after I paid dearly for those four potatoes. I was on my way from Weaverville to San Francisco. When on board of the steamer between Colusa and the city I met a friend of mine by the name of John Smith. He was a large ditch owner in Shasta county. He introduced me to friends of his—W. R. Ralston and J. B. Starr. I

asked Mr. Starr if he was the gentleman that was in the auction business on J street in 1850. He said he was the same individual. I then told him of my joke on Doc Wills, and Mr. Starr thought I was indebted to him for four potatoes and the interest thereon up to date. Ralston, looking at Starr and giving him a wink, said :

“Mr. Starr, you have no right to settle with him in that way—that would be compounding a felony. He must have a trial.”

They then organized a court in the saloon of the steamer, appointed the captain marshal and Ralston judge, and proceeded with the trial. They examined the witness who heard me make the confession. When it came to my turn I pleaded authority—want of potatoes—a joke, and every other plea I could think of. But it was in vain, they were bound to find me guilty. When asked what I had to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed on me, I told the Judge to crack his whip and go ahead—I had my share of those potatoes and he could not get them away from me. The sentence of the court was that I should be fined one dozen bottles of the best wine on board, and if not paid I was to be confined to my room and receive nothing to eat but potatoes during the remainder of the trip. I paid the fine, and all hands made a night of it. So ended my potato scrape.

CHAPTER VIII.

DRIFTING ABOUT.

Cholera.—Departure for Calaveras.—Life in a cabin.—A remedy worse than the disease.—Excitement over the Gold Bluff mines.—Off for 'Frisco.—Frightened by a woman.—San Francisco in '50.

We were anxious to get away from Sacramento, as the cholera had visited the city, and people were dying at the rate of from ten to twenty a day. We purchased a light wagon, and left for what was called "the middle diggings," our objective point being Jackson, then in Calaveras county. Goods "cost money" in those days. I paid thirty dollars for a pair of cowhide boots to mine in—rubber boots were not yet introduced in California. All other clothing was proportionately dear. We packed our wagon and started for Jackson, and on the third day arrived at the little town of Amador, where there were said to be good diggings. When the rains set in we prospected for a day or two, and, finding nothing that suited us, we struck out for Sutter creek, about four miles south of Amador. Sutter creek we found a beautiful clear stream, and but very little mining being done on it. The celebrated Volcano diggings were on the head of the

creek, and a mining camp called Grass Valley. We prospected Sutter creek and found sufficient prospects to induce us to give the place a trial. Our first operation was to build a cabin for the winter, which we began to do immediately, as it was threatening rain, and there was no time to lose. Our cabin was built of logs and had a shake roof—one log high on the upper side and two logs high on the lower side. When leveled off inside it was high enough. This was the first house I ever saw built without the use of nails or of anything in the shape of iron. The chimney was built of mud and sticks, the holes chinked with wood and plastered with mud, and, when it was completed, we were very proud of our work and had a comfortable and stylish residence. Our bed-room set was composed of sticks, or posts, driven into the floor, and shakes nailed on them. Our mattresses were pine leaves spread on top of the shakes, and our blankets on top of them; our dining table was made similarly to our bedstead; our chairs were made out of slabs, with three legs in them, and were commonly called three-legged stools. I believe this inventory comprises all our household furniture. We completed our structure on Saturday, and, before moving, we thought we would clean up. The next day being Sunday, was devoted to a general boiling of our clothes to get clear of our "graybacks," so as not to take them into our cabin. I had read, or was told, that boiling your underclothing in tobacco

water was certain death to all sorts of vermin, and "graybacks" in particular. We had plenty of tobacco in camp, and I thought I would try the experiment on mine. After breakfast I started into the laundry business by making a fire close to a small brook that ran near our cabin, getting the camp-kettle on the fire and putting my shirt into it with the requisite amount of water and a good-sized plug of tobacco. Soon I had my "graybacks" in a warm place. I looked on it with a good deal of satisfaction, thinking, "I am getting even with you fellows now for the amount of scratching you made me do during your sojourn with me as my closest companions." I cooked them for an hour, thinking by that time they would not annoy me any more, and then washed the clothes out in the brook, and spread them out to dry. As soon as my shirts were sufficiently dry, I took a bath in the brook, and put on the clean ones. In less than fifteen minutes I commenced getting sick—cramps all over, sick at the stomach, and vomiting. I thought my time had come; that I had the cholera sure. I was lying beside the fire in all the agony of what I thought was a first-class case of the cholera. Coming recently from Sacramento, where this dread disease was doing its work so effectually, the first thing to come to my mind was that I had caught it while in the city. Dave Young being in the cabin and hearing me, came to see what was the matter. See-

ing me lying down he said to me, "What ails you?" I told him as well as I could that I had the cholera and was going to die sure, requesting him to see me decently buried and send what money I had to my mother, and give her an account of my death. He asked what I had been doing, at the same time looking into the camp-kettle he saw the tobacco in it, which had swelled in boiling until the kettle was half full of tobacco leaves. He said, "Have you been boiling that shirt that you have on in that kettle?" I told him I had. "Cholera be d—d! Take that shirt off as soon as you can get it off." But I was in no condition to take the shirt off—I was too far gone for that; but he soon had it off, and in a few minutes after I felt better, and by night I was all right, but very weak. I firmly believe that it would have killed me inside of one hour if I had not taken the shirt off. The tobacco that remained in the cloth acted on the heart, stomach and bowels in a fearful manner, and came very near making an angel of me. I got rid of the "graybacks," but the remedy was worse than the disease; I never tried it again.

We worked on the creek some time before the rains commenced. The fall of '50 was a very dry season, and but little was done—everybody waiting for rain, of which very little came until late in the spring of '51.

Along in the summer of '50 the Gold Bluff mines were discovered, and the newspapers were

full of the wonderful richness of those beach diggings, where shiploads of black sand could be gathered up on the beach, of which at least half was said to be gold. Those beach diggings were said to be situated between Trinidad Bay and the mouth of the Klamath River. Vessels were advertised to sail for this new El Dorado every day, and, according to the newspaper accounts, nothing like it was ever known since the days of King Solomon's Ophir. Besides the Gold Bluffs, there were on the north the Trinity River, the Salmon River, and the Klamath River, all represented to be overflowing with the precious metal. There were two old gentlemen from Arkansas who wintered in the next cabin to us, who told us that on all the bars of the Salmon and Klamath sixteen dollars per day was considered but small pay, and that the Trinity River was very rich, but very unhealthy, owing to the immense run of salmon up that stream of which so many died the water became bad and unhealthy. We thought we would give the Trinity a wide berth.

While on Sutter Creek I had my first view of a California Digger Indian. He appeared on the claim one day dressed in a full suit of Adamite clothes, with the exception of a fine beaver hat, shining as bright, to all appearances, as the day it came out of its first case. That Digger felt big, you may be sure. The claim which we worked that winter and abandoned, if we had had the sense to work it properly, was worth tens of thousands of

dollars. There were acres of ground that would pay ten cents to the bucket. We packed the gravel in buckets some twenty-five or thirty yards to the water, and averaged ten dollars per day, but had not sense enough to bring the water to the dirt. By going up the creek a mile or so we could have dug a ditch that would have covered ten years' diggings. But we never thought of that. The winter so far was dry, and we became dissatisfied, and, catching the northern fever, wanted to try our luck in the northern mines, or Gold Bluffs; so one fine day we loaded our wagon with what plunder we had and started for Sacramento, leaving our cabin and improvements all behind. Halting at the town of Amador, Dave Young told me to get the bottle out of the back end of the wagon, go into the store and get it full of whisky. I started, got the bottle and went to the store, and bolted in as brave as a sheep. Behind the counter stood a woman. I looked at her a moment, and was so completely taken by surprise that I could not say a word, but turned around and bolted from the store as if she had been a grizzly. Dave seeing me come out of the store in a hurry, wanted to know if I got the whisky. I told him no. He wanted to know why, and I told him there was a woman in there, and, if he wanted the whisky, he would have to get it himself. Dave was an old "bach." He said, "I hope you will always be as afraid of the women as you are now." I had not

seen a woman for six months, and not expecting to see one in there, I was taken completely by surprise. In due time we arrived in Sacramento, sold our wagon and surplus "traps," shipped ourselves and mules on board a steamer for San Francisco, intending to go up the coast to the northern mines, as it was not considered safe to go by land so early in the season. Arriving in San Francisco, we found everything was on the drive, the city over-crowded with people, and hundreds arriving daily from all quarters of the globe. San Francisco in 1850 was but a small place, yet a large city for only two years' growth. Where the principal wholesale business is now done vessels and steamers sailed in 1850.

CHAPTER IX.

OFF FOR TRINIDAD AND GOLD BLUFF.

Sailing on the "Minerva" for Trinidad Bay.—Rough weather.—A row with the negro cook.—The bill of fare.—Arrival at Trinidad.—Off for Salmon River.

San Francisco in '50, like Sacramento, was composed principally of one-story buildings, many of them shipped around Cape Horn, some of wood and others of corrugated iron. Rents were fabulously high. A good store room would rent for from three to six hundred dollars per month, and some even higher. Very little lumber or building material was to be had in the country. Merchandise, such as was in demand in the mines, was sold at enormous profit, while thousands of dollars' worth of goods which were shipped from different points of the world to San Francisco on speculation, but were not in demand, were sacrificed for almost nothing, and storage was so high it would not pay to store them. I might say millions of property went to destruction in that way in the early days of San Francisco.

San Francisco in 1850 presented a miniature

view of the world. There you could see men from all parts of the world in their national costumes, and ships of different nations of the earth in port. The plaza and surroundings were the most conspicuous part of the city. It was surrounded with gambling-houses which out-shone those of Sacramento in the splendor of their equipments and attractions to draw patronage to their tables.

The postoffice was somewhat of an institution at that time. We had but two mails a month from the Atlantic States, and on the arrival of each steamer it would take six or seven hours of standing in line before you could get to the office window. Many men made good wages by taking their places in the line, and then selling out their chances for from five to ten dollars. When they got close to the office window they would sell to men who had not time to spare from their business, and then take their places at the back of the line, and work up to the window, and sell again.

In the early part of January, '51, the Gold Bluff excitement had somewhat subsided, yet along the docks there were several vessels advertised to sail for the northern mines. They generally had a sign painted and hung in the rigging: "This vessel will sail for Trinidad, Gold Bluff, Klamath, Salmon River and Trinity mines to-morrow afternoon," and to-morrow afternoon would generally be ten or fifteen days ahead. We purchased two more mules in San Francisco, making four in all, and pur-

chased sufficient mining stores and tools to load them, calculating about two hundred and fifty pounds to the mule. We chose the old bark *Minerva* as likely to be the first that would sail, paying fifty dollars for each passenger and forty dollars for each mule to Trinidad Bay. After eight or ten days we got started, or at least the old ship did, with about forty passengers and twenty mules. The passengers like ourselves were bound for the northern diggings. We cut close from the docks about 11 o'clock in the forenoon and headed for the Golden Gate. Doc was a westerner and had never been to sea, and everything about the ship was new to him. Just before dinner he came to me with a smile on his face and said: "Jack, we are going to have a splendid time of it; dinner will be ready pretty soon, and we are going to have fresh beef and potatoes for dinner, and they won't be stolen either." About the time dinner was ready the old ship was getting down near the "heads," and was rolling a little. The dinner was set on deck, each mess furnishing their own dishes to hold it in. I took notice of Doc; he was beginning to get a little white about "the gills," and I thought then, "My lad, you will not enjoy your potatoes and fresh beef much today." He got half through with his dinner, with a big potato in his hand, when he jumped up and broke for the side of the ship, damning the potatoes, the ship, the ocean, and things in general. He crawled into his

blankets and staid there until we got to Trinidad. For three or four days we had pleasant weather, and things went on pretty smoothly. We were congratulating each other on having a good passage, but we were badly deceived in that. About the fourth night out there came up a regular southeaster, accompanied by rain, which made the old ship some times quiver from stem to stern. The mules were on deck during the storm ; part of, the time they were on their feet, but most of the time it would be hard to tell how they were. How any of them came out alive I never could imagine, and yet when we got to port none of them were seriously hurt. Nearly all the passengers were sick during the storm. It was a hard looking sight in the hold of the old Minerva during that storm. The most of the passengers were western men and never had any experience at sea, I being the only one in our crowd who was able to be about. To make the matter worse, the old ship's decks leaked during the rain, and our berths were right under where the mules stood, and we had the benefit of the manure that leaked through. One morning some of the boys thought they could eat a little breakfast if I would get it for them. The gold pan that we used for our hash dish was half full of water and manure that had leaked through the previous night, but I managed to get it on deck and empty it overboard, and carried it to the galley, to get our scouse. In there was a big negro

cook. I pointed out the filth on the side of the dish, and requested him to wash it. Instead of doing so he doused the scouse into it, remarking that it was clean enough for me. That raised my Irish fighting qualities. Without thinking a moment, I hurled the scouse, dish and all, into the negro's face, then grabbed a billet of his wood in one hand, my pistol in the other, and awaited developments. As soon as the negro got the scouse out of his eyes, he grabbed his butcher-knife. There we stood. He did not like the looks of my Colt's revolver and club any better than I liked his big butcher-knife. About that time the mate, hearing the fuss on deck, poked his head out of the cabin door, and seeing the war-like attitude of the cook and myself, jumped between us in a moment. I do not know how the darkey felt about his interference, but I was very glad of it. The mate inquired what the row was about, and I pointed to the scouse dish, and told him about the negro throwing the scouse into the filthy dish, and what he said to me when I requested him to wash it out. The mate turned to the darkey and asked him if that was true. The darkey did not answer him. The evidence was all in my favor. The mate then said he would attend to him when he got time, making him wash out our pan and give me our scouse in a decent manner. Our food was not quite so fine on the old *Minerva* as you can get on the *Humboldt* or *Corona* of the present day. It

was composed of hard bread and "salt horse," with coffee, sweetened with black strap molasses. I had a talk with the mate about my row with the cook, and he promised me he would let the matter drop where it was. The mate was a Virginian, and would stand no foolishness from a dârkey. During the storm we got well out to sea, and it took us some time to get back. From studying geography when a boy at school, I learned that Cape Mendocino was the westernmost point of land in the United States. I was very anxious to see it and be west of it. I requested the mate when it came in sight to point it out to me, and I looked on it with a great deal of pride, for, when I got home, what wonders I would have to tell "the boys." I had crossed the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains and had sailed west of Cape Mendocino on the Pacific Ocean. My happiness would have been complete if I could have stood on the cape—at least I thought so. In after years I did stand on the cape, and did not think much about it. Such is the romance of youth.

Well, after tossing about on the old bark Minerva for twelve or fourteen days, we at last dropped anchor under the lea of Trinidad Head, or at Trinidad Bay, as it was then called. For a day or two before getting into port it was fine weather, and the boys were getting so as to come on deck one after another. At Trinidad there were two other vessels at anchor. Trinidad was then composed of

one large blue tent with walls to it. The owner had a stock of goods which he was selling at pretty round figures. Our goods and stores were landed on the beach by the vessel's boats. The mules were brought in front of the gangway, and shoved overboard, to swim ashore. It was amusing to see them, after taking their dive and getting to the surface, look around and break for land, which they lost no time in doing. We pitched our tents, expecting to remain for a few days, to give our seasick men and mules a chance to get on their land-legs again, and to recuperate. The mules had a hard time of it while on the vessel, with very little feed or water. Then we had our pack saddles to rig out and our packs to make up. It took four or five days to get started. Gold Bluffs was but a short distance, but the reports from there were rather discouraging, so we concluded to try our luck on the Salmon River or the Klamath. Reports from the Salmon River mines were good, but provisions were very scarce and high, and packing was high. You could not get a pound packed for less than one dollar and twenty-five cents per pound. Mules were scarce—in fact, there were very few in the country except those brought by the miners, like ourselves, for their own use. We had four mules for which we were offered three hundred dollars each, but would not think of selling at any price. After getting things in proper condition for a start, we packed our mules with about two hundred and

fifty pounds each, and ourselves with all we could well carry. Our first day out of Trinidad was along the beach and sometimes on the bluffs. My load consisted of fifty pounds of flour, a rocker screen and my blankets. I had one consolation—we were to eat out of my sack of flour, so it would be lighter after every meal. Before leaving Trinidad we were cautioned about crossing the beach in front of the big lagoon, as there were between four and five miles of sand that was knee deep, and very hard traveling for both man and beast. We came to the conclusion that we would go the first day to where we would commence crossing it, and there camp until morning, and then take an early start on the sand.

CHAPTER X.

WANDERINGS BETWEEN TRINIDAD AND WEAVERVILLE.

Crossing the Big Lagoon.—A mule's tumble down the mountain.—A herd of elk.—Ferrying the Klamath.—Disgusted with Salmon River.—Departure for Trinity River and Weaverville.—Snowed under.—Finding a trading post and supplies.—Prospecting on Oregon Gulch.

Next morning we started on the beach, or across the lagoon, and a hard time we had of it. To make matters worse, one of the mules we bought in San Francisco gave out; it was weak across the loins, and the heavy load and deep sand were too much for it, so we had to divide its load between the other mules and ourselves. We got across towards evening, as tired and worn out a set of men and mules as you could find in the State. Camping for the night, I was congratulating myself on what a good night's sleep and soft bed we would have in the loose sand. When I first lay down it was excellent, and all went well, until a fellow turned over, and then it was like lying on a bed of boulders. I could not endure my sand bed, and had to take a pick and shovel and excavate a place large enough in the side of the mountain to lay on. Next morning we packed up and started up the moun-

tain, putting the kitchen and blankets on the disabled mule, as they were light, and we thought he might worry through with them.

We got on very well for a day or two, but in traveling through the redwoods we came to a place on the trail that was very sidling—steep banks above and below the trail. Now, if there is any place a mule will stop to pick grass and act badly it is one like this, where the others cannot go by him. One of them stopped in the worst place he could find, and one of the boys picked up a rock and heaved it at him; but instead of hitting the one that was obstructing the trail, he hit one of the others. The one that was hit started up, and, running between the bank and the broken-backed mule, sent the latter over the side of the mountain, kitchen, bedding and all. He did some lofty rolling and tumbling down that mountain. Sometimes his legs would be up, and sometimes the part of the pack that was on him would have the upper side. Such a scattering of plunder I never saw before. We all sat down on the bank, and there were some “tall curse words” used. Dave Young commenced cursing the old mule, the old Greaser that sold him to us, California, and everything else he could think of. The thing looked so ridiculous to me that I commenced laughing, and that made Dave still madder. He commenced on me, giving me what wrath he had left in him, saying to me: “You d—n fool, you would make fun of the thing

if everything went to hell. Doc and I started down the mountain, to look after the wreck, and pick up what we could find of the debris. We found a coffee pot in one place, blankets in another, fry-pan in another, and so on until we got to a little flat, where we found the old mule up and eating grass as if nothing had happened, and with the pack-saddle under his belly with part of the things still tied to it. Well, it was a surprise to Doc and me to find the old mule alive after his grand and lofty tumbling down the side of the mountain. We gathered the "plunder" up, and packed the old fellow for a new start. Upon surveying the damages, we found the fry-pan had its handle knocked out of shape, the coffee pot was minus a spout and handle, and our tinware was somewhat demolished; but, taking the damage in full, it was but little. The question was, how to get the mule up to the trail; the mountain was too steep for that, and the old fellow was weak in the hind parts. We tied a rope to his tail and one about his neck, to lead him by. When his hind parts took a sheer we would steady him by the rope on his tail, and, by taking tacks on the hill side, after a good deal of work, we got him on the trail again all right. After that one of us had to lead him. The trail ran through a good deal of redwood forests. I got my first view of the immense size of the redwood trees on that trip.

One day, on coming out on a prairie, we beheld a

great sight. The prairie seemed a large one; scattered all over it were big oak trees, giving it the appearance of an old orchard in the Eastern States, and, grazing quietly, were hundreds of elk, that seemed to take no more notice of us than so many tame cattle grazing in their pasture at home. We did not disturb them. We finally made the Klamath River at the mouth of the Trinity. I believe the place is now called Weitchpeck. Here we had to ferry. The Klamath Indians were the ferrymen, and, with their canoes, they put us across with our goods; the mules swam across the stream. The Indians would not take gold for their pay, silver was their currency. One dollar in silver was worth more to them than ten dollars in gold; in fact, gold was of no account with them. As luck would have it, we did not have to use either; we traded off the old mule to them for ferrying us across, and got some money to boot. We got across the Klamath all right, and started for Red Cap Bar, intending to prospect it for a day or two; but, when we got there, two miners were just packing up to go to Orleans Bar, who had been at work for a week and made nothing, so we did not stop there, but went to Orleans Bar, intending to go to the South Fork of the Salmon. In due time we arrived at Orleans Bar, but the river was high, and we could not prospect the lower bars, where it was said was the best pay. We again crossed the Klamath River in canoes and swam our animals;

this time white men kept the canoes or ferry boats, and would take gold money for our ferriage. We had then a high mountain to cross between the Klamath and the South Fork of Salmon. If I remember rightly, it was twenty miles over the mountain. The day was very warm, and with the load we had to pack, it seemed to me we would never reach the summit. Finally, just at dark, we reached the Salmon River bottom and pitched our tent. We thought we were then in the land of promise. We were "well fixed," with plenty of "grub" and tools with which to commence operations. Flour was then worth one dollar and fifty cents per pound, and everything else was in proportion. Next morning we commenced prospecting. The South Salmon we found rather a poor stream, and we could find nothing to encourage us. The creek had a good deal of water in it, and very little pay on the high bars. Men who had wintered there told us there was good pay when the stream got low. We prospected for four or five days, and got perfectly disgusted with the Salmon River mines, and wished ourselves back in the middle mines again. Up to this time the season, or weather, had been all that could be wished for—very little storm, and beautiful, sunny days. One night we held a council in our tent, to take in the situation and consider what was best to be done. We had heard of the Weaver Flats and the good reports from the Trinity River diggings. We dis-

cussed the question whether we would go to the North Fork of Salmon, or to the Weaver diggings. Finally, we came to the conclusion to take the back track and go to the Trinity River and Weaver-ville. Next day we sold all the surplus provisions we had, getting one dollar and fifty cents a pound for our flour, and other things in proportion, and struck out for the Trinity River.

It was well we did. About one day from Salmon it commenced raining, and it rained and snowed until we got to the top of the dividing ridge between the Trinity and Salmon. On the Trinity side of the mountain the trail followed a spur for several miles, the divide between the East Fork of the North Fork and the North Fork. It cleared up as we were coming down the spur of the mountain, and, coming to a little flat where there was good grass and a good place to camp, about one hour before sunset, we camped. When dark came on we tied up our mules and turned into our tent, very tired. We ate the last we had for supper, with the exception of a few scraps which we had left in the bottom of the "grub box," expecting to get down to the North Fork early next morning, where there was a trading-post. We slept soundly that night. When we turned in it was a beautiful starlight night, and to all appearances the storm was completely over. We were feeling good at having the most of our journey over, but, when we awoke next morning, things did not look quite

so pleasant for us. The tent was completely buried in snow, and was weighed down to within a few inches of our heads by the load of snow on it. I said to the boys: "We are in a d—l of a fix now," and they were soon out of their blankets. The snow was fully four feet deep, and still coming down with a vengeance. Every flake was as big as a silver dollar. The mules were nearly covered up with snow, standing with their backs humped up, and shivering as if they had the ague. We built a fire, got some coffee, and, eating what little we had left, packed our shivering mules and made a start. It was hard work to get them to move at all. For some time one of us had to go ahead and throw himself on his back on the trail in order for the mules to get through. As luck would have it the trail was blazed, and we were able to keep it. For three or four hours we labored in this manner, but as we got down the mountain the snow became lighter, and at nearly night we got out of it altogether. It was nearly dark when we reached the junction of the East Fork with the North Fork, and our mules were about given out and ourselves not much better. I told the boys that if they would camp there I would go and hunt the trading-post. From the directions we had it could not be far off. I started down the North Fork, and just as it was getting dark ahead of me I saw a light across the stream. Following the trail, I came to a log on which I crossed, and soon came to the light. It

was in a large tent stretched on four logs. As I entered the tent or store there were four men in it playing cards, with a few goods in one corner and a keg of whisky set on a log beside the goods. They sang out to me : "Stranger, where are you from?" I said, "Salmon River." One remarked, "I thought so." I said, "Have you any whisky?" pointing to the keg. He told me to help myself. There was a pint cup standing under the faucet, and I filled it half full of whisky and drank it. In less than two minutes I felt like a new man. At other times that amount of liquor would have made me drunk. Our temperance friends may preach what they please, but there are times when a drink of liquor helps to give a worn-out man life and vitality. I know it was so in my case. I purchased a few pounds of flour and bacon and other things for supper and breakfast and started back for camp, making me a California lantern before starting. I had a good light whereby I might follow the trail.

I will tell you what a California lantern is and how it is made. I took a bottle and put a little water in it, placed the bottom on the fire and kept turning it around slowly ; when the water heated the bottom burst out ; I then lighted a candle and dropped it down in the neck of the bottle, and then had a very good lantern.

I reached camp all right. The boys had started a fire and pitched the tent. The first question

Dave Young asked me was: "Did you bring any whisky?" I told him, "Yes." "Where is it?" I told him, "In my stomach." There were a few curse words used about that time. After tantalizing him for a short time I drew out a bottle of whisky and shook it at him. They went for it with a will. Supper was soon cooked and eaten, and we were all happy. Our tent was pitched on a sideling place, and it came on to rain in the night. The boys had not thought of digging a ditch around the tent when they put it up, and the water coming down from the mountain ran through the tent. When we turned over in the blankets we could hear the water slosh under us, but we slept the sleep of the righteous, and the water did not bother us much.

Next morning we packed our "traps" and went down to the North Fork. The day was clear and the sun was out in his full glory. We soon had everything dry and as good as new. We had a narrow escape; had we been one day later in starting from Salmon the State would have lost four good citizens. The Pence brothers, as I afterwards found out, were camped about three miles above us on the mountain, with a train of forty mules when the snow came on. Every one of them perished, chilled to death, and one of the brothers caught such a cold that in less than a month he died also. Provisions on Salmon gave out, flour could not be purchased at any price, and men told me that they

lived on venison for at least one month. The salt gave out also, and one ounce of gold for a pound of salt was offered. Such were the straits miners were reduced to in the spring of '51 on the Salmon River. Thanks to our good fortune we were now in a country where there were plenty of provisions. The storm had set the streams up very high, and no mining could be done on the rivers. After resting for a few days we started for Weaver, distance about twenty miles up the valley of the Trinity. We camped on Oregon Gulch, where we did some prospecting. There had been a little work done on the gulch the previous summer. We found very good prospects—the best we had yet found since leaving the middle mines, and we concluded to go to Weaver and lay in some provisions and return to Oregon Gulch, if nothing better turned up.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST EXPERIENCE AT WEAVERVILLE.

Separated from companions.—Generosity of the early miners.—Arrival at Weaverville.—Starting a blacksmith's shop.—A public whipping.—A quarrel between two miners.—Trial before a judicial officer.—The plea.—Thomas McGinnis Brown and the ox team.

We packed up for Weaver. We had a small mountain to cross before getting there, and I started on ahead, got over the mountain, struck West Weaver Creek and followed it down, instead of crossing it and going over another spur, which would have brought me to the town. I sat down and waited for the boys to come, but they did not arrive. It was getting nearly dark and had commenced raining and snowing. Here I was in a pretty fix, and the prospect that I should have to make a night of it without food or shelter was hardly pleasant. I crossed the creeks at the forks, and turned up stream. After traveling up stream for about half a mile, it commenced to get pretty dark. I was on the lookout for a place where I could make a fire and camp for the night, when I perceived a light ahead of me. I started for the spot with a much lighter heart than I had five

minutes before, and soon reached it to find that it was a large round tent. I went in, and found the tent was a large saloon and gambling-house. There were a couple of monte tables running, a bar in one side, and a large tin stove in the center, to keep it warm. I thought this would be an improvement on lying out of doors. I sat down by the stove, hungry as a wolf. I did not have a cent in my pocket. Dave carried the purse, our money being in gold dust. I wanted a drink, but was ashamed to ask for it without money to pay. A man came and sat down beside me. He said: "You are a stranger in camp?" I told him I was. He asked where I was from, and I told him from Salmon River. "You are broke," he said. I said I did not have a cent. "I thought so from your looks," he replied. "Let us take a drink." That suited me just at that time, and we had a drink apiece. He paid a dollar for the two drinks—fifty cents each. I then told him my situation, my getting astray from my partners, and that I expected to find them in the morning. He took me to his cabin, gave me a good supper, and shared his bed with me that night. Let me here remark that the early miners of California were seldom known to turn their backs on a fellow-man in distress; they would divide the last dollar, and give you the last slapjack they had in their tent or cabin, if they thought you stood in need of it. Many a poor fellow who got sick or disabled in the mines have they sent home by their

liberality. A great many of them were wild and reckless young fellows, but selfishness, as a general rule, found no abiding place with them.

Next morning the storm had abated, and I got my first view by daylight of the town of Weaverville, where I spent the best part of my life. The town was composed of the aforesaid round tent and four log cabins. One of the cabins was used as a store and a sort of a hotel, kept by Stanmore & Horton, and another was a store kept by Mathew Stuart and son Bob. The other two were miners' cabins. This was the Weaverville of February, '51, as I first saw it. I found my partners all right. We all liked the looks of the place, and made up our minds that we had wandered over California sufficiently for the present. Dave Young made up his mind to go back to Illinois. He had accomplished what he came for, having regained his health. When we left Peoria, one year before, he had to be assisted on board the steamer; now, after one year of crossing the plains and roughing it in California, he was returning a well man. It seemed to me like parting with the only friend I had in the world when Dave left. He had been to me a good counselor, and more like an elder brother than any man I ever knew.

After looking around Weaverville and informing myself as well as I could of its resources and mines, I came to the conclusion I would start a blacksmith shop. The nearest one to Weaverville at that

time was Shasta, some forty miles distant. The difficulty was to get tools ; they could not be had nearer than Sacramento City, about two hundred miles distant. One of my camp partners, by the name of J. B. Damon, agreed to go in partnership with me, take the mules and go after the tools and take Dave Young down with him to Sacramento. We bade good-bye to Dave with many regrets.

Three or four days before we arrived at Weaver-ville there was a public whipping. About the only punishments for crime in those days were whipping or hanging. In this case the former was the penalty. A fellow by the name of Bates stole a mule from Dick Dangey, the butcher. He tried to get away with it, but was caught and brought back. A jury of miners was summoned; the evidence was very plain against the accused, and the jury found him guilty, and sentenced him to receive forty lashes, and to leave camp forever. Old man Anderson was appointed to apply the lash, or rope. The old man had been warden of the Missouri State Prison at Jefferson City, and well understood his business. Bates was stripped and tied to a big pine log, when the old man got about eight feet of rope, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and, after giving him some very fatherly advice, proceeded to execute the sentence of the court. When he got through Bates had a very sore back, but the law was vindicated and the honest miners satisfied. Bates left. In a couple of years afterwards we

heard of his being hanged in Shasta county. He was a bad one. Word came to town a few days after that two miners on West Weaver had got into a quarrel, and that one of them had struck the other in the head with a pick. He was arrested and brought to town, likewise the wounded man. This time the case was to be tried before the alcalde, or magistrate, whom the boys had elected to try all minor cases. This case proved to be not so bad as was first reported. The gentleman whom the boys had elected alcalde was an old man by the name of Sevier from Tennessee. He was very fond of whisky and poker. He weighed about three hundred pounds, and he and work did not agree; consequently they never came in contact. The trial was set for 9 o'clock in the morning. The Constable had his prisoner on hand in due time, but the court was not yet out of his morning slumbers. He had been engaged nearly all night in a poker game, and got pretty full before retiring, and was somewhat drowsy in the morning. The constable rapped on the old man's cabin door for some time before he could wake him, but at last he got the court up. He came to the door and wanted to know, "What the h—l is the matter?" The constable told him it was the time set for trial. "Trial be —," replied the court, "I try no one until I get my breakfast!" The Judge's room-mate, by the name of Johnson, was another chip off the same block as the court. The court and Johnson pitched

in to getting breakfast, while the constable, the prisoner, the jury and old Cunningham, the lawyer, remained outside. In due time the court got his breakfast and came out of his cabin with his shirt sleeves rolled up, his hands covered with flour and dough, no hat on, his hair standing on end and full of flour. He had to scratch his head while mixing his morning biscuits, or "pone," as he called it, and got his head pretty well covered with flour. He remarked, as he came out of his den, "Bring on your prisoner, and I will give him h - l!" The jury was impaneled. They sat on a log, and old Cunningham opened the case. The plaintiff was a Dutchman, and the defendant was a son of the Emerald Isle. Cunningham was for the defendant. He told his client not to open his mouth, and while the trial lasted he obeyed the order to the letter. Cunningham's plea before the jury was that the defendant was a native American, and had been badly abused by a Dutchman, and that an American had a perfect right to hit a Dutchman over the head with a pick or anything else when abused by him. The jury found the defendant not guilty, and he was acquitted. As soon as the defendant found he was discharged, he said to Cunningham: "Jazes, you done that nicely, me boy; and sure you made a great native American out of me entirely. Me, that was born and bred in the county of Tipperary; sure and me own mother would not have known the difference the way you

laid it down to them jurymen. May the Holy Virgin bless them ; for its honest lads they are ; let us all drink." The judge, the jury, the witnesses, and all hands stepped to the bar. So ended my first experience as a juror. Unless I am mistaken, my old friend McConnaha of Arcata was on that jury.

About this time I got acquainted with the principal architect and builder of Weaverville, who bore the name of Brown—Thomas McGinnis Brown. He was a big, good-natured Missourian, and still holds his own in that line. "Mac" had a contract to build a house for a man and wife by the name of Walton. The house was to be eighteen feet square, and without any floor in it ; but it was to be covered and a hole cut in one end for a chimney. It was to be chinked and daubed. Mac had to have a team to haul the logs together. An old fellow by the name of Jim Howe owned the only team in the county, and Mac went to get them. Jim's price per day for the team and cart was three ounces, or forty-eight dollars. Mac thought that was pretty steep, but finally concluded to pay it, provided the owner would let him do the driving. Mac hitched up the cattle, and Jim brought out his goad stick and handed it to Mac, who looked at it a while and said: "What do you want me to do with that dog-on pegging awl of yours?" Jim said it was to drive with. Mac replied, "Those are Missouri cattle, and don't know

anything about your hush, and your haws, or your pegging awls. I will talk Missouri to them, the language they understand, and they will be all right. Mac brought out what was then known as a Pike county revolver; that is, a whip-lash about fourteen feet long, and a stick about ten feet long, and commenced talking Missouri to the oxen. The boys went to see the fun. Mac hitched them to one of the biggest logs. Drawing his revolver, and letting them hear the music of it, he sung out in very forcible language, "Get, you dog-on Buck and Berry," and they *got*. Mac "hustled in" all the logs and timber he wanted for his building before night, much to Jim's chagrin, as he expected two days' work for his team.

Some miners were building a cabin in Garden Gulch, and wanted some shakes hauled to cover it with. Jim wanted Mac to take the oxen and cart and haul them. Mac came over to where I was and said, "Dog-on it, Vulcan, what do they mean by shakes?" (Vulcan was the name I was known by for the first year in Weaverville). I said, "Mac, they mean clapboards." Mac said, "Dog-on it, why don't those Yankees call things by their right names?" Mac got his clapboards hauled. After that, when Jim Howe wanted any hauling done for himself, he got Mac to do the driving with his Pike county revolver, but when he hauled for somebody else he got his yank and goad stick.

Mac got his house built all right, but I have

never been able to tell of what style of architecture it was, whether Grecian, Doric, Ionic or Composite. For further information about this question I would refer my readers to Mac at the Humboldt County Hotel, which is now kept by him.

In the month of March of 1851 one of those cases occurred which bring disgrace to our civilization and dishonor to our manhood. In the early days of California nearly every miner owned a mule or some other sort of animal to pack his tools, blankets and provisions on when moving from one gulch or diggings to another. Those animals caused the miners a great deal of trouble to hunt them up when wanted for use, and generally when new diggings were found and sufficient animals were in the neighborhood, some enterprising individual would start a herd; that is, he would gather up all the animals in the neighborhood and herd them during the day. Feed was abundant. At night he would have a corral that was considered Indian-proof to keep the herd in. The charge was four dollars per month for each animal. The Indians on the Trinity and its tributaries were very fond of "mule-beef," and never failed to obtain a supply of it, when they had an opportunity to do so, from the honest miner, and the miner never failed to fill Mr. Indian's skin with lead when he was caught helping himself to any of the miners' property, especially to the mules.

Uncle Joe Strudivant and his partner, John W.

Carter, and Jerry Whitmore, were then running a pack-train between Shasta and Trinity River. They had a large pack-train to look after. They built a corral and herded the stock on a flat, where Strudivant's ranch is now located. One night the animals were all properly corralled, but the next morning they had all disappeared—forty or forty-five head, all told. Four men immediately started on their track, and followed them for several days. At last they overtook them at the head of the Sacramento Valley—three white men and the stolen mules in their possession. Before the thieves were aware, the pursuers opened fire on them and killed all three of them. The pursuing party was led by a fellow called "Texas," a man that held human life very lightly. After killing the thieves they scalped them, and brought the scalps and the animals back with them. "Texas" showed me one of the scalps he had in his belt when in Weaver-ville on his way back to the ranch on Trinity. They not only took the thieves' scalps, but skinned their whiskers off and brought them back, and nailed both scalps and whiskers on the gateposts of the corral as a warning to others. That herd was not troubled by white thieves any more that season.

In those days horse-stealing was the crime of crimes. If two men got into trouble and one killed the other in a fight, there was very little said about it; but if a man was caught stealing a horse or a mule, his days were short, or else he got whipped

and banished from the diggings, sometimes branded. Native sons and daughters, such was the way in which your pioneer fathers administered justice to thieves in the early days of California.

The Indians in the counties of Trinity and Shasta, in '50, '51 and '52, were very troublesome, making raids on the miners' tents and cabins, and stealing their mules, provisions and blankets. The miners would go to their claims from their tents or camps with their rifles loaded and their revolvers in their belts, ready for an attack at any time by the Indians.

A short time since, in conversation with William Carson of Eureka, he told me that he, with Dan Morrison, Jerry Whitmore and Oliver Gilmore, in 1850, were mining on a bar on the Trinity River, about one mile above where the Arkansaw dam was built in 1851. They left their tent all right in the morning when they went to their claims to work. At noon they returned to their tent for dinner and found that everything in their tent had been stolen by the Indians; provisions, clothing, blankets, and everything that they could carry away. Their tent was in sight of where they were working, and they were on the lookout for the Indians all the time they were at work. The Indians got in at the rear of the tent and carried away the articles mentioned without being discovered.

Messrs. Carson, Whitmore, Gilmore and Mor-

rison started in pursuit of the Indians, resolved to get their property back, and to teach them a lesson for the future. They got on to the trail of the Indians, and followed them to the East Fork of Canyon Creek, a distance of some twenty-five miles, where they found a large *rancheria* of Indians on one of the flats of that stream. When they came in sight of the Indians their plan of attack was to crawl up within a short distance of the *rancheria*, where they could make every shot tell, and then open fire. But they were disappointed in their calculations. The Indian dogs gave the alarm, and the first thing the Indian warriors knew there was a shower of arrows around them which made that a rather unhealthy place at which to tarry. They made good their retreat, but Jerry Whitmore got an arrow or two in the back part of his pants. The boys did not get back their blankets and "grub." In this way small bands of Indians would harrass and plunder the miners and settlers, never committing depredations near their home, but always going fifteen or twenty miles from their homes to do their mischief, or hiding on the trails traveled by the whites, and then from their hiding-place filling the white passer-by full of arrows.

CHAPTER XII.

HIGH PRICES, LYNCHING, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

Ten dollars a day for cutting wood.—The blacksmith's shop.—A list of prices.—Arrival of women.—Lynching.—Extorting confessions.—Trinity county organized.—A batch of candidates for office.—Rivalry for the county seat.—Humboldt county organized.—C. S. Ricks and the belligerent Capt. Tracy.

I now commenced to prepare for business. Getting some wood hauled, I put up a coal-pit. I got the wood chopped by paying a fellow ten dollars per day for his work. Doc and I in the meantime found a claim on the Ten-Cent Gulch, which paid us sixteen dollars per day with a rocker. When the wood was chopped I paid Jim Howe three ounces for a day's work hauling it together with his Missouri cattle, and then put my coal-pit up, using pine leaves instead of straw for the inside covering, and in time I got it burned. On close calculation I found it cost me two dollars per bushel. I not being an expert at coal burning, part of the coal burned up in the pit. My partner, Damon, got back after a three weeks' journey to Sacramento City for tools, bringing a bellows, anvil and vice, some steel, borax and iron for picks. I

commenced by erecting a log forge, and, thinking I should need no covering, my shop was as large as "all out-of-doors;" but I soon found an out-door shop would not do, as the sun shone so bright on the fire that I could not tell when I had a heat on, and I burnt up some of my steel in consequence. I had to build a shop or quit the business, so I concluded to build. We got pine poles and set them in the ground, with lighter ones for rafters; shakes were worth six dollars per hundred. The business was yet but a venture, and we did not know whether it would pay or not, so we came to the conclusion of not putting much into it. Dick Dungey kept a butcher-shop in town, and the thought struck me that I would cover my house with rawhides. I saw Dungey, and he gave me all the hides I wanted, and was glad to get rid of them. So I shingled my shop with rawhides, and used them for siding also. They did very well until they began to dry and shrink; then there were several large cracks in the roof and sides. I made one mistake in putting them on the roof, that was in putting the hairy side out. The butchers were not very particular about skinning in those days, and generally left some of the meat on the hide, which after a while got "alive," and occasionally one of the big worms would let go, and sometimes take me on the head or on the back of the neck. When I had a heat on, though the worm did not feel pleasant, I had to stand it rather than lose my

heat. Miners came in very fast, and business became good. Our investment turned out a profitable one. As many of our readers, who came in later years, know but little of the prices in those days, for their information I will give you a list of some of them. In my line: For shoeing a horse, twelve dollars; sharpening picks, one dollar; steeling picks, four dollars; punching rocker irons, two dollars; tom-iron, from three to five dollars; heavy iron, when forged, one dollar and fifty cents per pound; new picks, seven to eight dollars each; long handle shovels, sixteen dollars each; tom or rocker iron, one dollar per pound, and other things in proportion. Packing was very high, I having to pay twenty-five cents per pound from Shasta to Weaverville, a distance of forty miles; board sixteen dollars per week; (nearly every one "bached" it); single meals, one dollar each.

In the summer of '51 women began to make their appearance in camp. Joseph Ewing and wife were the first arrivals in the place, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Walton, who only staid a short time. To Mrs. Ewing, now of Eureka, belongs the honor of being the first pioneer lady of Trinity county. She and her husband started the United States Hotel. The next family was Richard Johnson and wife, now of Bear River, in this county; they started a boarding-house on what was afterwards called Sidney Mill, about half a mile from town. John Lenwood and wife came about the

same time as Richard Johnson's family, but they got dissatisfied with the country and went back to Australia, when gold was discovered in that colony.

We occassionally had a lynching affair, just to keep the boys' hands in. They strung up a fellow by the name of Coulter, who was accused of stealing some gold dust; but there was no proof against him. They put a rope around his neck and hauled him up to the limb of a tree, to make him confess, and then let him down, asking him to confess to the robbery and make his peace with his Maker; but they could get no confession out of him. The boys had a queer way of doing things in those days on Sidney Gulch. If a man was accused of any crime, they summoned a miners' meeting and gave him a trial. In some cases, where there was not sufficient evidence to convict, they would hang him up and then let him down for confession, as in the case of Coulter. He was strung up three times, and then warned to leave the diggings under penalty of death. The next day Coulter came to town and showed his neck. It was in a horrible condition, the skin being raw where the rope had chafed and cut it, and he was a sight to look at. The men or residents of Weaver talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that such doings must be stopped. Coulter was told not to leave until he saw fit, and that he would be protected, but he left in a few days from fear. In a short time after the Coulter trouble, a man by the name of Charley

Williams, now a prominent lawyer of Weaverville, and who has since been county judge of Trinity, lost some dust, said to have been stolen out of his tent. He was mining at that time, and his purse was left in his tent. Suspicion fell on a man by the name of Allen, who was arrested and kept in custody. Word was sent down to Weaverville that Charley Williams was robbed, and they had caught the thief and were going to try him that evening at the mouth of Sidney Gulch. Some of the miners who disapproved of the way Coulter had been dealt with, came down to town and talked the matter over with the boys in town, and finally about twenty-five of us went to the trial. They had the prisoner under guard. They then elected a fellow by the name of A. K. Young as judge, and a jury of twelve men was impaneled and sworn to try the case. I was one of the twelve jurors. The evidence was given in. None of the witnesses knew of his stealing the money; only he had behaved in a very suspicious manner, and his looks ought to convict him. Some of the jury commenced questioning the witnesses, and it finally turned out that they had not one particle of proof against him. The jury acquitted him unanimously. This A. K. Young, who acted as judge, said he was guilty anyway, and would have to leave camp. The foreman of the jury spoke in reply to Young, stating that Allen had a fair and impartial trial by a jury of his countrymen and was honorably acquitted, and it was

not just to make him leave. The balance of the jury sided in with the foreman while the rest of the miners present were of the same opinion. We took Allen to town with us for his better protection. This fellow, A. K. Young, turned out to be a scoundrel of the first water, and deserved hanging more than the man he was trying. Allen stayed about town for a few weeks and left. Ten years later I called on him at his ranch in the Sacramento Valley. He was then a well-to-do farmer, and a man who was well respected by his neighbors.

Up to the summer of '51 no person paid any attention to politics or civil law. The miners made their own laws, both civil and criminal. The Legislature of '50 and '51 passed an act creating Trinity county. Shasta county was then the most northerly county of the State, and very little attention was paid to the State laws there. Under the act creating Trinity county, the whole of the territory embracing Trinity, Humboldt, old Klamath and Del Norte, was embraced within the limits of Trinity. Nobody seemed to care about or pay any attention to the acts of the Legislature until about June, I think it was, when a crowd of men were seen coming, riding into Weaverville. They did not look like miners, and looked too honest to be gamblers. The query was, who were they? We were not long in suspense, for they announced themselves as candidates for the various offices of the newly made county of Trinity. They were

residents of Humboldt Bay. Blanchard for County Judge, C. S. Ricks for County Clerk, John A. Whaley for County Assessor, Tom Bell for County Treasurer, Dixon for Sheriff, John A. Lyle and John H. Harper for Senators, McMillen for the Legislature. The ticket was nearly completed. C. S. Ricks' principal fight was for the county seat; he was anxious to get the vote for Eureka, and Whaley for Arcata, or Uniontown, as it was then called. Poor Bucksport had its friends, but did not cut much of a figure in the contest. Our embryo politicians of Weaverville did not like the division of the spoils. They thought Humboldt was taking the lion's share and not giving Weaver a fair show. We held a meeting, and nominated a full ticket, or nearly so, and called it the "Weaver ticket," with Weaverville for county seat, Johnson Price for County Judge, John C. Burch for County Clerk, Hutchinson for Sheriff, McGee for Assessor, old man Cunningham for District Attorney, for Senator, J. W. Denver, and for the Legislature Weaverville endorsed McMillan and nominated F. S. McKenzie. The county was entitled to two Assemblymen. The fight went on until election day. Everybody voted, and no questions were asked as to citizenship, no registry law being in force. The result was that Weaverville was chosen county seat, and the whole of her ticket elected. There was a contest over the county seat, the Weaverites accusing the Humboldters of crooked work in bringing

in precincts that were never heard of since, which gave Eureka the majority. The consequence was that the County Judge, Johnson Price, recognized Weaverville as the county seat, and the District Judge held court at Eureka. But we in Weaverville had the advantage of Eureka. Weaverville had all the officers, and Humboldters had to come to Weaverville when they had any business with them. The next Legislature divided the county, and ended the matter of county seat, so far as Weaverville was concerned.

Then commenced the contest for county seat of Humboldt county, which lasted for several years. Some amusing incidents occurred during the campaign. One day the Humboldt delegation was holding a public meeting in the "round tent," and Ricks was speaking. There was in the crowd a fellow by the name of Captain Tracy, who was "some" on the fight. He was a Mississippian, and had been in the Mexican war. C. S. Ricks was going on, extolling Eureka and Humboldt Bay in general, when Tracy "chipped in" and called Ricks a jackass. Ricks coolly remarked that "jackasses when they kick, generally kicked pretty hard." That raised the Captain's Southern blood, and, drawing a large bowie-knife, he started for Ricks, stating that he would cut the heart out of him. Ricks was standing on a table while speaking, and Tracy advanced to the table with blood in his eye. Tracy's friends tried to stop him, but

Ricks coolly remarked, "Let him come; do not stand in his way; I am prepared for him." When Tracy saw Ricks taking it so cool it did not require so many men to hold him, and, after a little more bluster, the Captain cooled off. Ricks went on with his speech, and was not interrupted again. The boys called Whaley the "walking arsenal of Humboldt." When he first made his appearance he had on a belt, with a knife and a couple of pistols in it, a pair of leggings, with a bowie-knife in each legging, and was fully armed and equipped.

Captain Tracy left Weaverville shortly after the election, and the next time I saw him was on the Isthmus of Panama, in the fall of '52. He had joined the Flores expedition, filibustering in one of the Central American States. The party got "cleaned out," and he and some more of his party were taken to Panama by a British man-of-war, and there landed. Senator Gwin and Congressman McCorkle were on their way from Washington to California, and they procured them a passage on the old steamer "California" to San Francisco. That was the last I saw of him. He died shortly after. He was a type of a good many men that came to California after the disbanding of the army at the close of the Mexican war. They could be truly called "soldiers of fortune." Of such material were the filibustering expeditions composed at that time.

CHAPTER XIII.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

A sensational lynching affair and the rescue.—The accused innocent.

To come back to Trinity county: Weaverville did pretty well by Humboldt's politicians. There were elected from Humboldt: Dixon for Sheriff, Tom Bell for County Treasurer, E. H. Howard, Public Administrator, and McMillen for the Legislature. We in Weaverville thought we were generous with the Humboldters, considering that they started in to "hog it" all. Trinity had the votes, but Humboldt had the politicians, so we "got away" with them. Our officers started in to get the county government organized. It was up-hill work, without any grease to oil the new machinery with, but Judge Price was a man of considerable ability and of over average honesty, and, in due time, things began to assume their proper shape.

Men were getting tired of lynch law, yet there were several cases tried before Judge Lynch after organizing the county. The county had no public buildings of any description, even no place in which to keep criminals, where they would be secure until

the day of trial. Judge Price did not serve out his time, but resigned and went to Sacramento to practice his profession, that of physician. Governor John Bigler appointed him Secretary of State during one of Bigler's terms as Governor. Johnson Price was an honest and honorable man, and, as County Judge of Trinity county and Secretary of State, he acted with honor to himself and profit to the State. He died a few years after his term expired. Dixon, the Sheriff, served his term out, and came down to Humboldt, where he was shot, whether by accident or suicide no person ever knew. He went out hunting near Bucksport, and was found dead. His remains now lie buried, I have been informed, on a little knoll this side of Pine's dairy-house, near the Bucksport road. Tom Bell, the Treasurer, served out his time, and went to New York City. McGee, the Assessor, collected all the money he could, and "raised Ned" generally, and had three or four judgments found against him. He left the county for the county's good, and was afterward killed in a row at Virginia City. John C. Burch served out his term, and was afterward elected to Congress. Old man Cunningham went generally "to the dogs," and died of too much alcohol. J. M. Peters was elected Justice of the Peace; he afterwards became District Judge of the district, and quite a noted character in his day.

Shortly after election we had a lynching affair in Weaverville. It was in this wise: There was a

suspicious character by the name of Seymour about town who came from Australia, and went by the name of "Sydney Duck." He had a coat which, when worn on one side, would be red with blue facings, and by turning it would be a blue coat with red facings. The boys came to the conclusion that an honest man would not wear such a coat. A miner by the name of George Hardgraves, an Englishman from Illinois, worked on Garden Gulch, and Seymour being an Englishman they were sometimes together. One evening Hardgraves came to town and got on a drunk. He had his dust in a yeast powder can—some eight or nine hundred dollars. He usually carried it in his breast, between his shirts. Seymour, as usual, was with him, and they "spreed" it until 11 or 12 o'clock. Next morning Hardgraves' dust "came up missing." He came to town from his cabin and reported his loss. Suspicion at once fell upon Seymour as being the thief. He was arrested by Sheriff Dixon. A miners' meeting was called, and Sheriff Dixon requested to bring his prisoner before it, which he refused to do. He had Seymour confined in a little cabin in the upper part of the town. The committee reported to the meeting that the Sheriff would not give the prisoner up, whereupon a number of men were selected to go and bring him before the meeting at all hazards. The second delegation went to the Sheriff and demanded the prisoner. There was no one but the Sheriff guard-

ing him, and the committee informed the Sheriff that they had come to take the prisoner, Seymour, and were going to have him whether the Sheriff liked it or not. The Sheriff replied, "Well, boys, I cannot fight you all, and I would sooner see you hang one dozen "Sidney Ducks" than have to hurt one of you ; if you will have him, take him." The committee brought him before the meeting, and the regular course was taken, that of appointing a judge and jury to try the case. The case was conducted in a very proper manner. Several witnesses were sworn, Hardgraves being the principal one, who testified to being with the prisoner the night before, and losing his money. Several others testified to seeing them together the night the money was stolen. With the testimony against him, and his former suspicious character, besides his two-sided coat, things looked rather blue for poor Seymour. When asked what he had to say in his defence, he pleaded innocence ; that he knew nothing of Hardgraves' money ; that he had it between his shirts when he left him the night of the robbery. The jury retired, and, after about half an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of "guilty." This, to all appearances, settled the fate of Seymour. He was to be hanged that night at sundown, on an oak tree, just across the gulch below the town. When the time for execution drew near there were some doubts in the minds of some of the jury, if, after all, Seymour might not be innocent of the crime for

which he was about to suffer. In talking the matter over, the leaders, or the principal men engaged in the affair, came to the conclusion to try and force a confession out of him of the theft. The time appointed for the execution arrived. He was led to the tree, and there told to make his peace with his Maker, for in fifteen minutes he would be in His presence. Seymour knelt down and offered up his devotions in one of the most touching appeals to God for pardon for his own sins and those of us who stood round him; praying God to forgive us for the great crime we were about to commit against him; calling on his Maker to witness his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer. I firmly believe that prayer touched the hearts of many who stood around him that night. When his time was up the rope was placed around his neck, and he was asked if he had anything more to say. He said he was innocent, and hoped God would forgive them. He was then hauled from the ground and hanged for some time, when he was let down and asked again to confess to his stealing the money. His answer was, "I am innocent." This they did three times, with the same answer each time. After the third hanging a consultation was held out of his hearing, and it was decided not to hang him, but give him a chance to escape, and the place would then be clear of him. On returning to the tree he was informed that the execution would be postponed until the following day at 9

o'clock. When he was let down each time he was praying for more time to make his peace with his Maker, and they informed him they would give him until that time to do so. He was then placed in my charge, with private instructions to me to let him escape that night. I lived in a small cabin. The crowd brought him to the cabin and put him inside, giving me feigned orders if he attempted to escape to shoot him down. The crowd then dispersed. He was no sooner alone than he again commenced his prayers. I stood outside of the door listening to him. In about an hour I opened the cabin door—he was still on his knees ; I said to him, "Seymour, I do not like to see you die like a dog; you may be innocent." "I am innocent," he replied, "as innocent as yourself of the crime that I am about to die for." I said, "I have a good notion to let you escape. I have many friends among the miners, and I do not think they would dare to injure me for doing so." He looked up to me with such a look of supplication and pleading in his countenance that even if it was not a previously understood arrangement, I believe I should have let him go and taken my chances with the crowd. I said to him, "Seymour, I will let you go. If you have been a bad man, reform ; you have had a narrow escape ; get out of the county as fast as you can." I then asked him if he had any money and he said, "No, not a cent." I gave him ten dollars, and opened his prison door, telling him to

put as long a distance as possible between him and Weaver before morning. He was not long in making his preparations. Giving him some bread and cold meat, he left, showering blessings on me, his preserver. That was the last I saw of poor Seymour.

I have often read of men being condemned to death, and, at the last moment, being reprieved, or their sentence commuted. This was the first case within my experience. The mind can hardly contemplate the change that the few words spoken will give to the feelings of the condemned criminal. When I first hinted to Seymour that I would let him go, hope sprang to his breast; his whole being seemed to change; a new life seemed to spring up in him, and in less time than it takes me to write this, from a grovelling, heart-broken, dejected piece of clay, he became a new man, endowed with new life. We heard from him the next day. About 9 o'clock two miners on their way from Shasta to Weaverville saw a man on the trail just ahead of them. They saw him first; when he saw them he dodged into the bush. They did not like the looks of things, so they drew their guns and went after him, and found him hiding behind a bunch of brush, apparently in great terror. They asked what was the matter. He begged them not to kill him or take him back to Weaverville, and told them that he had just escaped with his life, and advised them not to go Weaverville, as it was the wick-

edest place in California. They told him they were miners, and if they attended to their own business they thought there would be no trouble. They came on until they got pretty near town, when they met old Sam Curray. Every pioneer will remember old Sam Curray. He was always drunk and on the fight. He made his home with McKenzie & Winston, who were running a butcher-shop and store at that time, and Sam did chores for the firm. The old fellow was on his way to the slaughter-house to help kill a beef. He was about half drunk, as usual, and had with him a basket, in which were two revolvers and three or four butcher-knives, used in killing beef. Meeting those two miners just below town, his first salutation was, "Who the h—l are you?" They said they were miners, on their way to Weaverville. His next salutation was: "Can you fight, — you, can you fight?" Throwing down the basket with the pistols and knives, he said: "Take your choice of weapons; fight you must. If you are not fighting men you have no business in Weaverville, — you." The miners then thought that the fellow they met on the mountain was about right, and gave Weaverville a wide berth. They met a miner at Oregon Gulch mountain, and in conversation with him learned the true situation of affairs and who old Sam Curray was. They finally came back to Weaverville, and did not find it half so desperate a place as old Sam represented it to be.

To come back to the stolen money or dust : Dr. Winston had business out back of his store one day, a short time after Seymour left, and he found the yeast-powder can out among the chaparral, with the gold dust in it all right, just where Hardgraves had dropped it the night he was drunk. He afterward remembered being out there while drunk, but was too drunk to discover his loss when he dropped the can. Hardgraves got his money back, and poor Seymour was exonerated from the theft ; but it was too late. Seymour was made to suffer for a crime of which he was innocent, and banished from the place. Circumstances were against him, yet he was innocent. After that case men were more cautious. Lynching was not resorted to except when the proof was plain and the crime very great. It taught me the lesson to never again have anything to do with Judge Lynch or his court. Had Seymour been hanged it would have haunted me to the last day of my life ; but, thank God, we were all spared that crime.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHANGING THE COURSE OF TRINITY RIVER.

The "Arkansaw dam."—Meeting an old friend.—A first cousin of the Earl of Stanmore the keeper of a trading-post.—A fire.—Lost his last pair of pantaloons.—A peculiar costume.—Dear lumber.—Gardening.—A fighting parson.

In the summer of '50 a company was formed on Trinity River to turn the bed of the stream into an old channel by building a dam at the head of the old stream. They expected to throw all the water of the Trinity River into its old course, and lay bare, or nearly dry, the whole bed for three-quarters of a mile, which was said to be very rich in the precious metal. The company was composed of men principally from Arkansas, and they called the works the "Arkansaw dam." Uncle Joe Strudivant, John Carter, Jonathan Logan and Jerry Whitmore, afterwards of this county, were the principal stockholders in the enterprise. They let the contract for building the dam to a crowd of New Brunswickers, the most of whom have since become leading men of Humboldt county. There were Sandy Buchanan, William Carson, George McFarlan, Oliver Gilmore, Dan Morrison, and

others that I do not remember, who helped to build that dam. It was celebrated all over the county as a big undertaking for the time. News used to come up to Weaverville of the big prospects they had. I have heard it reported that they got as high as one ounce of gold dust to a pan of dirt scraped from the bottom of the river, and never less than one dollar to the shovelful. Everything seemed lovely; the "Bluenoses" were getting on with their dam in good shape, and in a week or two would turn the water into the old bed. I heard of an interest that was for sale at one thousand dollars, and thought, "Now is your time, old boy, to make a 'home stake.'" Paying ten dollars for a mule to ride, and taking one thousand dollars in dust, I started for the "Arkansaw dam," expecting to buy myself rich. When I arrived at the dam, about ten miles from Weaverville, everything was going with a rush. The "Bluenoses" were astonishing those Arkansas chaps by the way they were filling the logs into the dam. I examined the works closely, and likewise the old bed. The thought struck me that the old bed was not large or deep enough to carry all the water then in Trinity River, and I began to weaken on my "home stake."

In looking around the banks of the river I saw two fellows at work with a rocker. I went to where they were working, and in conversation I found one of their names was Cummins. I told

him I had a school-mate of that name when a boy. He asked me where? I said in Kingston, Canada. What was the name of your teacher? I told him, and he said he was that school-mate. We were very glad to see each other. The last I had seen of him before meeting him on the Trinity River he was captain of a steamer running between Kingston and Ottawa, and was quite a dude in his dress and appearance. I looked at him for a moment, and said: "Surely, this is not Capt. John G. Cummins of the Prince Albert" (that was the name of the steamer he commanded.) He said he was the fellow. I said: "Captain, you do not look much like the captain of the Prince Albert now." He said: "Nevertheless, I am the fellow."

I will here remark that in those early days you were likely to come upon a captain, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a merchant, or a professor, or other titled individual, delving with his pick and shovel and bucket. They all had to try their luck in the mines, but, as a general thing, they soon tired of it, and returned to more congenial employment, and mining was left to the hard-fisted sons of toil.

Cummins and I repaired to the shade of a tree, and for a time lived over our boyhood days again. I told him that I came down expressly to buy into the dam. I wanted to know his opinion of the investment. He advised me to have nothing to do with it, for the same reason that I myself thought of. I made up my mind to take his advice, as it

coincided with my opinion. He would not think of my going home that night, but I must stay with him. He was not doing much at mining, and I advised him to come with me to Weaverville, as I thought he could do better there.

At the Arkansaw dam at that time there was a trading-post; that is, a large walled tent which was kept for that purpose, where you could find such goods as the miners required. It was kept by an Englishman by the name of James Stanmore, who claimed to be very high-toned—to be no less a person than the first cousin of the Earl of Stanmore in England. He was a jolly old fellow; weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. He became a favorite with the boys, and when the day's work was over, his store was generally well patronized—three or four tables running every night; the boys playing cards for whisky, cigars, sardines and crackers, etc., and having a good time generally. The 11 o'clock ordinance was not in force at the Arkansaw dam at that time. The night I was there, they were running in full blast. There was working at the dam a comical old fellow called Smiley, upon whom the boys were always playing some trick. They frequently used to euchre him when he held both bowers and the ace. It was fun for the boys to hear old Smiley swear in such cases. About 12 o'clock old Smiley got up and went out, and, on coming in and picking up his hand, he remarked, "Tom Motherwell's tent is afire." Cummins

jumped up from the table and ran to the door, and the rest of us did the same. The tent was in flames, and Tom lying asleep in it. It was but the work of a minute to pull the burning tent down from over him. Tom got partly awake, and said : "What the d—l are you fellows doing?" Tom was pretty well "set-up" before retiring, and he lighted the candle and forgot to blow it out before he fell asleep. The candle set the tent on fire, and came very near cremating him. It burnt up what few clothes and provisions they had. Cummins had but one pair of pants, and those were wet, so he took them off, after his day's work, and hung them to dry, putting on a pair of red-flannel drawers, to sit in during the evening while his pants dried. The evenings were generally warm, and a man was comfortable with very few clothes on. The fire closed out the fun for the night. The next morning, when we came to overhaul the ruins of the fire, Cummins found his pants, but the legs were burnt off up to the thighs, and Stanmore had no pants or overalls in the store. He was in a pretty fix, for he wanted to go to Weaverille with me and had no pants to wear, and none were to be had nearer than Weaverville, ten miles away. Finally, we persuaded him to put what was left of his pants over his drawers, and go so. He did so, with the understanding that I was to ride ahead, and, if we met anybody on the trail, I was to whistle, and he would hide in the brush until they would get by.

He was when at home very particular as to his clothes, and always looked the very pink of neatness. When we got rigged up and ready for a start, his costume consisted of an old white hat, with part of the crown out, a gray shirt, corduroy pants, minus the legs, a pair of red drawers and a pair of mining boots, with the legs of the red drawers stuffed in them. He was comical to look at. We got started, and, as luck would have it, we did not meet anything on the road except one pack train, until we got near Weaverville. There were some willow flats just before we got to town, and the agreement was that he should go into a bunch of willows and I would ride into town and get him a pair of pants and a hat, and bring them to him. I rode into town, got the pants and hat, and brought them to him, which made him quite presentable. He took up his quarters with me. The first night he wanted to spread his blankets on the floor, but I would not stand that; I had a bunk large enough for both of us, and insisted on his using part of it. He demurred for a long time, but finally turned in with me. In four or five days after he came to me and said, "Have you discovered any "graybacks" in your bed since I have been sleeping with you?" I said, "Have you had an increase in yours since you came?" He looked at me and said, "Well, if you had them before I came it is all right; I suppose a mixture will do no harm; but that is the reason I did not want to

sleep in your bed.” “That is all right, my boy ; after you turned in the same thought struck me regarding yourself ; if I had thought of mine I would not have insisted on your sharing my bunk with me, but, as we were both in the same fix, of course no harm is done.”

There was a man by the name of Becket running a saw-mill near town—that is, a handsaw-mill ; he had a whipsaw. The lumber for sluice-boxes and long-toms was cut by hand, and was worth at the saw-pit twenty-five cents per foot, or two hundred and fifty dollars per thousand ; a pretty good price for lumber, Humboldters would say. I got Cummins a job with Becket sawing at ten dollars per day. After a while he bought a half of the concern, which consisted of one whipsaw, two files and a fixture to file the saw with, which he paid Becket one hundred dollars for. They averaged their twenty-five dollars per day each, for some time. Subsequently a man by the name of Lathrop started a small mill at the mouth of Weaver Creek, six miles below town, and made a road up to town at his own expense, and sold lumber at twelve and a half cents per foot, which put a stop to whipsawing. This man Lathrop was a go-ahead fellow. Before starting the mill there was quite a flat just above the mouth of Weaver Creek, covered with willows and other brush, and he started in clearing it up for a farm. The people used to make fun of him. The idea of raising anything in those mount-

ains seemed preposterous; but the fellow kept on with his work, and got a few acres cleared and a ditch dug to irrigate it, and planted his seed. The garden proved to be splendid property; everything grew to perfection, and the price he charged was huge. For a small bunch of radishes, twenty-five cents; onions, twenty-five cents; melons, from one to two dollars each; potatoes, fifty cents per pound, and other things in proportion, and then could not begin to furnish half that was required. He told me that frequently one mule load would bring him from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. He built a fish-trap at the mouth of the creek, and caught any amount of salmon, which were a luxury in those days, and these he sold at fifty cents per pound. In a couple of years the old fellow sold his place for fifteen thousand dollars, and went to San Jose, and, I heard, paid forty thousand dollars for a ranch there. The old man was a sort of a preacher. He would work all the week and preach to the boys on Sunday. He was more successful in making money and raising vegetables than he was in saving souls, the boys used to say. Others, seeing the success of Lathrop, took up every piece of land that would raise anything in the county, and were generally successful. Vegetables always brought a good price. The fish operation was soon a failure, for when the mines came to be opened, the debris running into Trinity stopped the salmon from running up stream. From a clear mountain stream

it became a red, muddy river to its mouth, which was death to the salmon.

Speaking of preaching, we had very little of it. For the first two years there was a Methodist minister stationed at Shasta, forty miles from Weaverville, and once in a while he would pay the sinners at Weaverville a visit. Sometimes he would come on foot, and sometimes he would make the raise of a mule to ride on. They had their services generally in the street, with not much of an audience. Some fellow at the end of the service would pass the hat around and make a collection for him to pay his expenses. To the Methodists belong the honor of being the pioneers of the church in Northern California. Many of them were good, earnest Christians, and some of them had to stand on their muscle. I remember in '51 there was a minister by the name of Hill stationed at Shasta. When he announced his first meeting there, he was to speak from the balcony of a hotel. There were some gamblers who said no Methodist minister should preach in that town while they were there. Mr. Hill heard the threat, but paid no attention to it. When the time arrived Mr. Hill commenced his services by singing a hymn. There was a crowd gathered to see the fun. One of the gamblers went upstairs where Mr. Hill was singing, and told him to desist or he would throw him over the banister. Mr. Hill tried to reason with him; but he came there to clean out the preacher, and he

was bound to do it. He attempted to lay hold of the preacher, not thinking there was any fight in a Christian, when Mr. Hill gave him a blow between the eyes and laid him out, and in an instant, before he knew what hurt him, the preacher had him over the banisters and coolly remarked, "If there are any more of you, come on before I commence my sermon. I do not like to be interrupted in my discourse." The boys gave the preacher a big cheer. He met no more interruption, and became quite a favorite with the miners.

CHAPTER XV.

MAIL MATTERS.

Mail matters.—A dollar for a letter.—First postoffice at Weaverville.
—Carrying mail in a hat.—The express business.—Rival bakers.—
A Fourth of July celebration.—Roast beef and plum pudding.

I will give my readers a slight description of how mail matters were operated in early days. When new mines were discovered, or a camp located, some enterprising genius would go around and take the names of all the miners in camp and start an express, each man generally taking a paper. The paper taken, if he was a Western man, would be the *Missouri Republican* or *Louisville Journal*; if an Eastern man, the *New York Herald*; if a Whig, the *New York Tribune*, which they paid fifty cents for. Each letter you paid one dollar for, and happy was he who got a letter. Men did not begrudge the dollar. Seldom would you go into a miner's tent or cabin without finding one or more of the papers I have mentioned. The emigrant, not knowing where his residence was going to be, instructed his friends to direct his letters to San Francisco or Sacramento; hence, the local expressman sometimes

made a good thing in his business. Mail matter all came by way of the Isthmus, and much of it never reached California. I was in the country one year before I received a letter from home. I wrote regularly once a month, but could get no answer. Finally, I hit upon a plan that made things better. I wrote and directed my parents to put the letter "Y" for a middle name when addressing me. They did so, and after that my letters came generally correct.

In the fall of '51 Uncle Sam gave us a postoffice at Weaverville. I well remember the first United States mail that arrived. The carrier was a fellow by the name of Weed. There was one letter in the mail, and the mail-bag was his hat. That letter was directed to Dr. Winston, the newly-appointed postmaster of Weaverville. There was some rejoicing when we found that we could have our mail directed to Weaverville, instead of Sacramento City.

Yet the express business grew and multiplied. From carrying letters and papers, they commenced doing a banking business, and buying gold-dust. At one time in Weaverville there were three of those express companies established; and to those early express riders the people of California owe a debt of gratitude. Through flood and storm they rode, often swimming their animals over mountain torrents and wading through snow for miles. The express riders were always on time, safely guarding the express and treasure placed in their charge.

These men carried nine-tenths of the gold-dust mined in the State to Sacramento and San Francisco, and I do not remember one of them proving untrue to his trust. Many times they were attacked by highwaymen and robbers, but they generally came out best; or, if worsted, they were first on the trail of the thieves. They generally were a jovial set of fellows. There was one fellow who rode out of Weaverville by the name of Barstow. I believe he is now one of the principal men in Wells, Fargo & Co's office at San Francisco. In one of his rides up through the Sacramento Valley, Barstow came to a house completely surrounded with water—the river had overrun its banks and was spreading over the valley. He saw a woman with a long pole prodding around the yard. She had on a pair of rubber boots. He stopped and asked what the matter was, or if one of the children was drowned. She said:

“No; but the children is “dogoned” dry, and I’m tryin’ to find the well to get ’em a drink of good water.”

Barstow did not say whether she found the well or not, but he felt certain that they did not die for want of water.

Occasionally one of these fearless riders would pay the penalty of his rashness. Charles Shaffer was one of them. He always made his boast that no river would stop him, and no snow in the mountains was too deep for him to cross. But the poor

fellow got caught at last. For several days it had been raining and snowing in the Trinity mountains, the rivers were all high, and every gulch and canyon was full of water. Charley made the trip up in safety, until he reached Brown's Creek, three miles from Weaverville, the last he had to cross. Coming to it he undertook, it is supposed, to swim his mule across, but the bank had washed away on the other side of the stream, and his mule could not make a landing, consequently both mule and rider went down with the torrent, and Charley was lost. The people of Weaverville, supposing that he would not make the attempt to come through in such a storm, paid no attention to it until the next day, when one of the other riders came in and inquired for Charley, having been told that he left Shasta two days previously. A band of men started on the trail. On Brown's Creek they found the mule ; he had got out of the stream with the saddle on, and the treasure and the express matter all right. But the body of Charley they could not find, nor has it been found to this day. A reward was offered for the recovery of the body, but without avail. Many of those brave men lost their lives in the faithful discharge of their duty, and they deserve a monument to their memory.

When a town or camp was started and new diggings discovered, the trading-post soon made its appearance ; then the saloon, the bakery and the butcher-market. We had three bakeries in Weav-

erville before we had much of a town. There was more rivalry in that line of business than any other. One of the bakeries was kept by a man named Horton, the second one by Dutch Charley, and the other by a man whose name I have forgotten. They used to accuse Horton of selling light-weight bread. It came to Horton's ears; he didn't like the accusation. He baked some fine large loaves and got one loaf each from the other bakeries. Placing his wares on a dry-goods box in the street in front of his house, he labeled the loaves from each bakery: "This is Dutch Charley's bread," and "this is from the other bakery." His own big loaf was labeled, "This is Horton's bread," with a bottle of brandy and a glass beside it, labeled, "This is Horton's brandy—help yourself." Dutch Charley soon heard of the layout. There was one mad Dutchman. Starting for the scene with a double-barrelled shot gun, he placed himself in front of Horton's door with the shot gun at his shoulder, singing out: "Come fon de house out! Come fon de house out, you dam hound dog scamp you! I shoot you too hell pitty dam quick anyhow! You scheat mit de bredt de pbeobles, gotdamyou!"

Finally, he made a raid on the dry-goods box, breaking the brandy bottle and stamping the bread into the earth, and retreated to his own cabin in good order.

On the Fourth of July, '51, the miners had a grand old time in Weaverville, gathering from all

the surrounding diggings, and Horton gave a big dinner, charging two dollars for each plate. After dinner there was speech-making, singing, and a general good time. Black Dan with his fiddle was brought out, and the boys danced in the street during the afternoon and along into the night. They wanted Mrs. Horton to join in the dance, but she declined. Finally, some fellow offered her five dollars for one of her old hats, if she would not come herself. She let him have it, and in every set the hat was placed in the center and the set promenaded around it with as much dignity as though Mrs. Horton was under it. At the end of every set the order was given: "All promenade to the bar," where the gents had to treat the make-believe ladies. Everything passed off in good shape, without a row or casualty.

The boys in our tent wanted me to get them up a good dinner for the Fourth of July. I asked what they wanted. They in fun told me, "roast beef and plum-pudding." I told them they should have it.

"Yes," said one of them, "it will be a h—l of a plum-pudding you'll make."

I had no notion of doing it when I promised them, but they kept teasing me about it, until I made up my mind to do it or "bust." So, on the morning of the Fourth, I commenced operating on my pudding and roast beef. I went to the store and got raisins, currants, cinnamon, etc., four or

five pounds of tallow, and a roast of beef. One of the boys helped pick the raisins and mince the suet. Finally, I got all my ingredients ready, and got it made up, when one of the fellows looked into the dish and suggested that I make more of it, at the same time emptying part of the contents of the flour-sack into the dish on top of my pudding. Then I had to get more raisins, more currants, more suet. I added nearly a box of yeast powder to it to give it a start. I got a fifty-pound flour-sack to cook it in. When the dough was put in, it half filled the sack. I tied it up and put it into the camp-kettle that was boiling on the fire, with some doubts as to its eating qualities when cooked. My roast beef I managed in this way: I drove down two stakes on each side of the fire, bored holes in them and run a piece of round iron through the beef and through the holes. The iron would turn in the holes and the meat was roasted before the fire. In this way the roast of beef was cooked, and it is no exaggeration to say that it was good, and well done.

To come back to the plum pudding: As soon as the yeast powder began to do its duty, my pudding began to swell, burst the tying strings, and filled the flour-sack full to its mouth, and some of it ran over into the camp-kettle. Finally, after four or five hours cooking, we got the huge fellow out of the kettle, but we had no dish big enough to hold it, so one of the boys got the cover of a dry-goods

box, and we laid it out on that. The tug of war was to get it out of the sack. Finally, we had to skin the sack off of it as you would peel a banana. It was a beauty when skinned. I had some misgivings as to its being cooked through before it was cut; but it was all right, except a little in the center. We had a glorious dinner—roast beef, plum pudding with brandy sauce, etc. We invited everybody we saw to dinner, and had plum-pudding and roast beef for the rest of the week. I believe that was the first plum-pudding ever made in the county, and I know it was the largest one that ever graced the festive board in good old Trinity. The boys did not “josh” me any more about roast beef and plum-pudding.

CHAPTER XVI.

A POLITICAL CONTEST.

A miner knifed and a graveyard begun.—Providing for the winter.—
A visit to Sacramento.—A political contest.—An enthusiast's report
concerning Humboldt.—Weaverville laid out regularly.—Squaring
an account.—Bringing water from Weaver Creek.—Accessions of
settlers from Humboldt.—A town jackass.

Things went on tolerably smooth after the Fourth except that we had a row now and then to pass away time. Two miners were playing poker in a cabin and got into a row over the game, when one of them cut the other in the bowels with a knife, and then went and informed some other men of what he had done, and immediately left. The fellow who was cut died before morning, but the fellow who did the cutting got away, and was never heard of afterwards. We buried the victim on a point just back of the town. I believe he was the first occupant of the graveyard. Afterwards there were several more buried alongside of him, but the place where they were buried proved to be good diggings and the miners worked up to the coffins, and the dead were transferred by order of the County Judge

over to the new cemetery on the south side of the town.

Fall came on, and everybody laid in for the winter a large stock of flour, bacon, and such other things as were needed, but the winter proved a very open one—that is, the forepart of it. My stock of iron and steel ran low, and I made up my mind to go below and lay in a new supply for the spring. Previous to this I bought my iron in the Sacramento Valley—old tires that I made picks out of; they becoming scarce I went to Sacramento City for a stock. After purchasing the stock and getting the packs ready for a start, I was introduced to two men who afterwards became well known in Humboldt county. They were Hi Hogoboom and Si Birdsel. They had just arrived from the East, and were looking for employment in Sacramento. I got them a passage to Weaverville with the train that packed up my stock, and made up my mind to see the sights at the capital for a few days, and enjoy civilization for a short time.

The Legislature was in session at the time, and I called on our representatives, McKenzie and McMullan. The seat in the Senate from our district was contested, the contestants being John A. Lyle, the Whig candidate, and John H. Harper and J. W. Denver, both Democrats. The Senate could not agree as to which of the contestants was entitled to the seat, so they sent it back to the people of the district to decide. Both McKenzie and McMullan

were Whigs, and they invited me to a Whig caucus they held one evening, and wanted my views as to the strongest Whig in the district to run against J. W. Denver. John H. Harper had withdrawn from the contest and left the Democratic field clear for J. W. Denver. When my advice was asked, I recommended Robert G. Stuart as the most available Whig we had in the county, and McKenzie sided with me. R. G. Stuart was a young man, but a short time from Ohio, a graduate of one of the Ohio colleges. His father, Matthew Stuart, was a merchant in Weaverville, and was conducting large money operations for that day. Bob, as the boys used to call him, was a general favorite with the boys, and likely to make a good run. Then came the rub. The election was but fifteen days off, and the caucus did not know whether Stuart would consent to make the run or not. They proposed that I should start for home next day and induce Stuart to accept the nomination for the Senate against J. W. Denver. I demurred to the arrangement, as I had not had my time that I promised myself at the city, but I finally consented, and started for Weaverville. There came on a terrible snowstorm before I reached Weaverville. I was delayed two or three days on account of high water, but arrived safe. After consulting Stuart and calling a meeting of the principal Whigs, we induced Stuart to make the run, which he did. I was sent to Big Flat on election day, the home of General

Denver, to help Stuart, and see that all went on the square. When the polls were opened, everything was for Denver. There were ten or twelve Frenchmen on the bar who had passes signed by Patrick Dillon, the French consul in San Francisco, and they voted them on the French passes. That was sufficient—in went the vote for the General. At Weaverville it was different, Stuart receiving seventy majority, which, if it had been a fair ballot, would have elected him; but, when Denver's friends found out that Stuart was elected, some of them sent to Indian Creek and brought in sufficient returns to elect Denver. There were at the time but three or four men on Indian Creek, but Wm. M. Lowe carried in the returns which gave Denver, I think, thirty-six majority, and elected him. Stuart did not care enough about the position to contest the election, so the General took his seat as Senator, and made a good one. Denver afterwards became Secretary of State, and was elected to Congress. He was a man of good ability and sterling honesty of character. Whether engaged in dealing out goods on Big Flat to the miners, or legislating in the halls of Congress, he was the same honest Democrat. Few names in public life in the early days of California history stand higher than that of General Denver. R. G. Stuart afterwards studied law with Judge Pitzer, and practiced in Weaverville. The last I heard from him he was Collector of Customs at Olympia, Washington.

Old Matthew Stuart got the Humboldt fever, and came down to this county to prospect. It was told of him that he and his party were prospecting about Eel River for a town-site, and, finding a location that suited them, commenced to lay off the town, and had it partly surveyed. One day, while waiting for dinner, one of the party looked up into a tree and saw a lot of driftwood in its branches. Turning to Colonel Stuart, he asked: "Colonel, what is that up in that tree?" The Colonel jumped up, and, on examination, pronounced it driftwood, remarking, "Our town is gone to h—l, sure!" The old gentleman was not very particular in his language, and used a great many "cuss words." He and his party came back after prospecting Humboldt county, and gave a glowing account of Humboldt as to its resources, soil, lumber, etc. I inquired of him as to its climate and health. As to climate it "was the d—t best on the face of the earth; and as far as health was concerned a man would live until his hair dragged the ground if he did not dry up and blow away." Such was the account the old Colonel gave of Humboldt county when he got back to Weaverville. He wanted to get up a company right away and come down and settle, and tried very hard to get me to join him, but I could not see it in as favorable a light as he represented it. The old gentleman had to return to Ohio before he got his company organized, and his colony fell through.

About this time we found the diggings about Weaverville were going to prove good and permanent, and people commenced building. There was no system, everybody building where he pleased; no title or ownership to the land, and no system of streets. A few of us got together and laid out the main street and devoted it to the public use; then staking off our lots each man took his sixty feet front and one hundred and sixty feet back, and got his claim recorded with the County Clerk. J. C. Burch was County Clerk at the time, and he charged sixteen dollars for recording my claim. It was the first piece of land put on record north of Shasta. Others followed, and soon the town was all taken up and recorded. There was no strife, or lot grabbing; what a man did not want to use was left for his neighbor. Bally Long and McConnaha, now of Arcata, built a new saloon and ball-alley. Bally Long was a genius in his way, and a good sort of fellow, but would bear watching. When Bally started to build his alley, I made him one hundred spikes to spike it with, there being no large nails or spikes kept in town at the time. At the opening of the alley, the boys thought they would give Bally and Mac a benefit, or a "send-off;" so they started in to paint the town red, which they did in good style, I with the rest. A few days afterwards I went to Bally and wanted to know what my bill was. He looked at his book and said, "It is just one hundred and ten dollars, but give

me one hundred and we will call it square." "All right," I said, "I believe I have a bill against you." "Yes," he replied, "bring it in and we will settle." I started for the shop and made out his bill, charging him one dollar each for the spikes and some other little things which brought the bill up to one hundred and ten dollars. Presenting the bill to Bally he looked at it, remarking "That is the d—dest best price for spikes I ever paid." "Yes, Bally, I admit it is a good price for spikes, but one hundred and ten dollars for two rounds for twenty or twenty-five men is the d—dest best price I ever paid ; but I will not allow you to be any more liberal than I, I will throw off the ten dollars and call the thing square." "All right," replied Bally, "I never dispute a gentleman's bill, what will you take? Say nothing about it and we will call it square."

In the summer of '51, when the gulches began to dry up, and water to work with became scarce, men began to consider how water could be brought into the diggings from the two branches of Weaver Creek. Jim Howe surveyed a ditch from East Weaver into his claim, and set men to work on it, claiming eight "tom-heads" of water. The claim was made by posting notices at the head of the creek, and that, by the law of the miners, was perfectly legal. As soon as Howe commenced work on his ditch another company organized and laid claim to all the waters of the creek but the eight "tom-heads" that Jim Howe had claimed, and com-

menced operations above Howe's ditch. I was a member of the company, and was to pay my share in cash, while the others worked their interest. The ditch was called the Shimmons ditch, as a man by the name of Billy Shimmons was the organizer of the company. In due time the water was brought into the diggings. My interest in it cost me one hundred dollars, and, as I wanted to give my friend Cummings a start, I sold it to him for one hundred dollars, the same as it cost me. In four years from that time the same interest was worth four thousand dollars, and sold for it. Such is luck! At the time the ditch was brought in it was not considered to be of any value, but it became the most valuable property in Trinity county, and is to this day.

Along in the fall of '51 we began to get some accessions to our population from Humboldt. J. T. Young and his brother Frank first made their appearance, Wm. H. Lowe, afterwards Sheriff of the county, and H. J. Seaman, a brother of Mrs. J. A. Watson, who was afterwards County Clerk of the county. Fordice Bates was of the Humboldt delegation. Bates yet remains in old Trinity. The Hon. George Williams about this time made his appearance in town. He bought out a bakery and ran that business for several years. Wm. T. Olmstead, one of our present councilmen of Eureka, made his appearance in town as an honest miner. Si Morrison, of Bear River, was running a carpenter-shop, making rockers and toms for the miners. He

only charged them twenty dollars each for the rockers, and from fifty to sixty each for the long-toms; but then you know lumber was worth twenty-five cents per foot, and tom and rocker iron one dollar per pound. Well, dust was plentiful and only worth sixteen dollars per ounce. It was the only circulating medium. Sometimes the fifty-dollar slug would make its appearance, but it was not generally liked. I have weighed hundreds of dollars of gold-dust with horse-nails. Some of our late arrivals may think it a "story," but it is a fact, nevertheless. I had a pair of scales with but a one-ounce weight. When a miner would come to the shop on Sunday to pay his week's bill—all bills were then settled on Sunday—if his bill was over sixteen dollars, I would weigh an ounce of horse-nails, and then another ounce, until I got the amount correct with the bill, making change with the cup-weights. Then, having the horse-nails in one side of the scale and the dust in the other, I could weigh any amount of dust that the scale would hold; in that way I got on very well with the little scales.

I will give you the history of one noted character in the shape of a "town jack" that we had at Weaver-ville in the summer of 1851. This Jack was a noted character in his way, and belonged to a jolly old Irishman by the name of Hugh Peoples. At first when the boys wanted to use him they would ask old Hugh for the loan of him, to move camp from

one gulch to the other, and were never refused. Finally he became public property. The boys when they wanted Jack generally took him without saying "by your leave." The boys generally lived in tents, this being before the era of log-cabins, and cooked their slap-jacks and bacon in front of the tents; their table was mother earth. Jack generally came in for part of the "grub;" the boys, when they got done with using Jack, would generally pay him for his services with a handful of sugar, or some cold slap-jacks, which his jackship seemed to relish very well. Jack got to have a very sweet tooth, and would not always wait for an invitation, but would go foraging for sugar and flour on his own hook among the tents. One night I lay in my tent thinking of the old folks at home, when I heard something moving outside. I lay still for a minute or two, when I perceived Jack's nose under the tent, prospecting for forage. Having nothing else handy, I siezed my revolver and hit Jack over the nose with it, and Jack beat a hasty retreat, minus the sugar-sack. He retreated in good order for a short distance, when, turning and facing the tent, he commenced serenading us with all the infernal noise that ever came out of the throat of a Jack. For the space of five minutes he kept up the music. I suppose he thought if he could not have our sugar-sack we could at least take some of his music. About this time some strangers or Philistines came into the diggings, who knew not the

virtues of Jack. One night Jack made a raid on their tent, and they, not being aware of Jack's nocturnal habits, supposed it was a bear come to pay them a visit. They put in Jack's hide a couple of bullets which made honest Jack sick. He wandered off a short distance into a gulch, and there gave up the ghost, and his mortal spirit passed into the happy hunting-ground of good jackasses. Some of his friends found Jack's remains, and the word went round that poor old Jack was dead. The boys thought it would be the proper thing to give Jack's remains a decent burial, and assembled on the next Sunday for that purpose. We had in camp a genius by the name of Tom Moore, who was "some" of an orator and poet. Tom was selected to deliver a few remarks over the grave of our departed friend, and wrote a short poem appropriate to the sad occasion. Tom was on hand with his oration, and for the space of half an hour poured forth some of the best and most touching remarks that I ever had the good fortune to listen to. The poem was a masterpiece, something after the style of the burial of Sir John Moore. Tenderly the boys laid Jack's remains in the grave which they had dug for him, and tenderly they covered him up, placing a stake at the head of his grave with the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of Sir William Jackass, who lost his life while making a raid on the camp of the Philistines, who knew him not. Peace to his ashes." After the funeral the boys all marched to

Bally Lang's, and there partook of some of Bally's liquid refreshments, and after passing appropriate resolutions adjourned *sine die*. So ended the funeral of poor Jack.

CHAPTER XVII.

GETTING HOMESICK AND VISITING THE OLD HOME.

A visit to the old Eastern home.—Growth of San Francisco.—The passage to Panama.—A typical Mexican town.—Crossing the Isthmus on mules.—High prices.—The railway to Aspinwall.—On board the "Illinois."—In dinner costume.—Sight seeing in Havana.—Filibusters.—Death of young Crittenden.

After returning from Sacramento, and the election was over, I began to get homesick. I had received but one letter from home in nearly two years, and I made up my mind to go back on a visit, as soon as I got my shop built. I let a contract to build a shop 20x30 feet, with the posts in the ground and covered with shakes four feet long. It was to be sided up with shakes. The price agreed on was three hundred dollars when completed, without windows, doors or floor. When the shop was finished, I sold one-half interest in it for six hundred dollars, and rented the other half for one hundred dollars per month for six months, or until I got back from my visit East. On the 7th day of April, 1852, I and six others started for home, as merry and happy a set of men as ever left those diggings. We were all well, young and hearty; had done

moderately well, and none of us over twenty-six years of age. Each man had his gold-dust in sacks on the mule he was riding. My chum, Doc. Wills, was one of the party, and a young fellow by the name of George O'Gloughlin; the other names I have forgotten. George O'Gloughlin was going to Ireland. His father was Queen's Counselor of one of the counties in Ireland, and had written for him to come home, as he had a Government position for him as soon as he arrived. We reached Shasta all right the next morning, but we could not get seats in the regular stage for Colusa, as it was already full, so we hired a fellow who had a sort of stage which he ran sometimes in opposition to the regular line, paying him twenty-five dollars each to take us to Colusa, where the river boats landed. At that time Colusa was the head of navigation on the Sacramento River. In a few years, after the river was cleared of some snags, the boats commenced running up to Red Bluff, and then the town of Red Bluff was built. Some parties tried to have the head of navigation at Major Reading's place, about forty miles further up the Sacramento, and one or two boats got up to that point, but the scheme proved a failure, and Red Bluff remains the head of navigation.

From Shasta to Colusa in the month of April, '52, through the upper Sacramento Valley, it would take a more gifted pen than mine to describe the beauties of the country. For about one hundred

and fifty miles the Sacramento Valley presented to the eye one vast plain of beauty. At that season of the year everything was at its best. The valley was studded over with great oaks, which at a distance looked like a vast old orchard. The earth was covered with grass and flowers, and, as we went lower down the valley, wild oats made their appearance, and Spanish cattle were here and there scattered over the plains; no fences to mar the beauty of the plains. It was indeed a grand sight. I made up my mind that this should be my future home.

Arriving at San Francisco, we found the city much improved since we left it some fifteen months previous. Things were beginning to look more permanent; good buildings were being erected all over the city, and men were beginning to think of making their homes in California.

We had no difficulty in getting a passage to Panama, as there were but few going back at that early day. There were two steamers in port advertised for Panama, the "Northerner" and the old "Independence." We took passage on the "Northerner"—that is, steerage passage. She was an old steamer that was built to run between New York and Charleston, South Carolina, as a passenger boat. Her main saloon was below while in that trade, but when sent round the Horn she was remodeled and her saloon placed on the hurricane deck, and what was formerly her saloon was the place for the steerage passengers. There were left two state-rooms in

the steerage, which our crowd hired by paying twenty-five dollars more for them than in the common herd. Steerage passage was one hundred dollars to Panama, and we paid twenty-five dollars extra for our state-rooms. Our reason for hiring the state-rooms was that we had all our gold-dust with us, and, by placing it in the state-room, and one of us on guard all the time, it would be pretty safe. Before leaving San Francisco we purchased such eatables and wines as we thought we would require for our trip, in case we did not like the ship's grub, and to have a change when we saw fit. It worked to a charm, and we had a pleasant trip down the coast, putting in at Acapulco, in Mexico, and remaining there for one day.

We went ashore to see the sights, and I got my first idea of how the Mexicans lived. Acapulco was a small Mexican town with a fine harbor, completely land-locked. The town was then built of adobes, one-story high, and the roofs covered with tiles. The population seemed to be scattering, and very little business of any sort going on. Cock-fighting must have been the principal industry of the place. In front of nearly every house you could see a game-cock tethered out and ready for the fray. There was a fort and a garrison on the other side of the bay, and there being some sort of a revolution going on at the time, they were expecting a fight every day. They would not allow any person to approach near their military

works, so we had to keep our distance. As soon as the ship anchored in the bay, the vessel was surrounded with the boats and dug-outs of the mercantile population of Acapulco, offering for sale all sorts of tropical fruits and productions of the country. They generally drove a brisk trade. Another swarm of Mexican boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, would come around the vessel and dive for money. The passengers would frequently throw into the water a small piece of silver from the deck of the steamer, and, as soon as the coin struck the water, the youngsters would go after it, half a dozen at a time, and generally one of them got it before it reached the bottom. The bay was full of sharks, but the boys paid no attention to them, nor did the sharks seem to pay any attention to the boys. I asked the Captain about it, and he told me, "The d—d Mexicans are so full of garlic and red pepper that the shark's stomach could not digest one of them." I had to be content with the explanation.

We left Acapulco and steamed away for Panama, where we arrived on the eighteenth day from San Francisco. We were landed in small boats, as there were no wharves or piers. The steamer lay off the city about half a mile, and was loaded and unloaded by whale-boats and lighters. When we reached the shore, about 10 o'clock in the afternoon, a lot of runners met us at the boats for the purpose of engaging mules to take us across the Isthmus, or to a

town called Gorgona on the Chagres River, where we had to take boats down the river to the end of the railroad. The Americans were then building the railroad across the Isthmus. We engaged the mules for our party, and struck out for Gorgona on the same old trail that the Spaniards had made three hundred and fifty years before. It was a rough old trail. Part of it on the mountain lay over a rocky bed where the mules' feet had worn holes in the rock ten or twelve inches deep, and each time the mules would step in the same old holes; in other places the whole trail would be worn two or three feet deep in the solid rock, and not over twelve or fifteen inches wide. There would be nothing of your mule in sight but his body and ears. When coming to such places the rider had to look sharp and get his legs out of the way by hauling his feet out of the stirrups and running them forward towards the mule's ears. If a man had long legs they generally reached past the mule's ears, and the first thing that emerged from the cut was the fellow's feet, then followed the ears and mule, and the balance of the man.

The first night out we stopped at the Half-way House, on the mountain. The house was a blue tent, well stocked with liquors, and the bunks were canvas cots, for which they charged us one dollar each. It was a rough looking place. We followed our usual custom and left one of our number on guard while the others slept. Nothing occurred during

the night out of the way, and next morning, after eating breakfast, our muleteer had the mules up and saddled, and we started down the mountain on the Atlantic side of the "backbone." We arrived at Gorgona and staid all night, with much the same accommodations as the night previous. Our mules cost us sixteen dollars each.

Our voyage was now by water. The river was high and easy to navigate, so we hired a boat and two men to take us down. The men were Negroes, two big fellows, who each wore short swords, or knives about sixteen inches long. The boys kept their hands on their revolvers, as they did not like the looks of our boatmen; but they were all right, and landed us at the railroad station about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We had to walk a short distance to where the cars were stationed, and in that short distance I saw more horrible looking things in the shape of crawling insects, than I thought could ever get into so small a space of ground. We were passing through where the graders were at work. There were snakes, lizards of huge size, tarantulas, scorpions, and horrible looking things too numerous to mention. Some of the graders were white men and some of them Negroes. How a white man could possibly live in such a place I could not comprehend. It is said a man died for every sleeper laid in building the railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, and I fully believe it. The ground on the Atlantic side from Gorgona down to Aspinwall is

low and marshy, and, with the extreme heat on the Isthmus, it seems like a miracle that a man would survive even one week of the climate. We were soon sitting comfortably in the cars and on our way to Aspinwall.

There were but few houses in Aspinwall, and those of American build, shipped out from the States, and put together on the ground. Aspinwall was not a very inviting place in which to stop. The steamship Illinois was in the offing waiting for the California passengers, and we lost no time in getting on board. The steamer was a fine, large ship and fast, with good accommodations. George O'Gloughlin and myself took cabin passage, paying forty dollars each; the rest of the boys went in the steerage at thirty dollars each. Putting our dust in the steamer's safe we were all right so far as that was concerned. The first day out, when the dinner-gong sounded, George and I were in a bad fix, for we had no coats to wear to dinner, neither of us having owned a coat while we were in California, and it was against the rules of good breeding and those of the ship to go to dinner in our flannel shirts. Finally, as we were discussing the situation at the cabin-door, the purser heard our discussion, and said to us, "Gentlemen, I can help you out of our dilemma; we have many such passengers every trip, and I keep a stock of cheap coats in my office especially for California gentlemen like yourselves. If you will step to my

office I will fit you out all right." We thanked him and went to his office, where he sold us a linen coat apiece for one dollar and a quarter each, which gave us admittance to our "grub" without any further ceremony.

We had a pleasant voyage to the Island of Cuba, where we ran into the harbor of Havana and stayed two days coaling. While in that beautiful city we made good use of our time, seeing the sights and taking in all there was to be seen. A few months previous to the time I was there—that was in the spring of '52—the "manifest destiny" doctrine was all the craze in the United States. Filibustering was at fever-heat, and the slave-power of the United States wanted Cuba to extend that institution to the ever-faithful island. Filibustering was encouraged in high places. Young Crittenden, a nephew of John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, led one of those filibustering expeditions, with about three hundred men, to the Island of Cuba, and, after fighting several battles, nearly the whole band, or what was left of them, were taken prisoners, brought to Havana, tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. They were executed just outside of the city walls—all that were taken except two, who claimed British protection, and were saved by the manliness and pluck of the British Consul. Young Crittenden met the same fate as the rest. At that time Americans were looked on with a good deal of suspicion by the authorities of Cuba, and got very few favors from them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXPERIENCES IN CUBA AND THE EAST.

Passing for a British subject.—A Bishop's palace.—Spanish soldiers.—Nude statuary.—Music and moonlight.—Arrival at New York.—Sailing down the St. Lawrence.—A glad reunion.—Changes in the people.—Off again for California.—Marriage.—Arrival at Aspinwall. Boating on the Chagres River.—Nude natives.—On mule back.—An anxious mother.—“All legs up.”—In Panama.

We wanted to stay ashore while there, but the authorities would not let us. George O'Gloughlin said to me, “I can manage it; we will go ashore and have a good time in spite of them, and see the city. I am a British subject, and will get a pass from the British Consul.” We went ashore, and, seeing the English flag over an office, went in as bold as any two Britons. Behind a desk sat a gentleman with a regular English mutton-chop whiskers who looked up at us, bidding us good-morning. He wanted to know our business, and George told him we were British subjects who wanted to see the city, and wanted a pass. He said, “Who are you, young man?” George said, “I am George O'Gloughlin, son of the Queen's Counselor of the county Monaghan, Ireland, and my friend is

also a British subject." We told him we had four other friends who wished to see Havana while there, and if he would pass them he would confer a favor on them and us. He said, "Young men, if I do so you will behave well while in the city?" George spoke up and said, "On the honor of an Irish gentleman, sir, we will cause no trouble." We got our ticket of good behavior.

There was in the office a young man who was formerly in the employ of the Consul. He was running a hack in Havana, and we employed him to show us the city. I was anxious to see the place where the Americans were executed, so he drove us to the ground on the south side of the city, and showed us where and how the poor fellows met their death. They were placed with their backs against the walls of the city, each man being blind-folded, and then shot to death by the Spanish soldiers. Young Crittenden and others requested not to be blind-folded, but their request was not granted. On examining the wall where they stood, there were several blood-stains to be seen. It was told us that they met their death like heroes. They no doubt thought they were doing right in trying to free Cuba from the Spanish yoke, but the poor fellows paid the penalty with their lives, and Cuba was not freed. At that time Havana was full of Spanish soldiers; on every corner you would meet them. Our guide took us to nearly every place of interest in the city, including the Bishop's palace

and other points of note. The Bishop's palace was by far the finest building that I ever had seen up to that time. It was built of marble, the style of architecture was grand and imposing, and the grounds surrounding the palace were in keeping with the building. In the inclosure were birds of the most beautiful plumage, two young alligators sporting in a pond in the center of the grounds, with fountains of water throwing their spray and forming miniature rainbows. It was indeed a paradise to look upon, and repaid us well for our visit. It would not have done for Anthony Comstock to have visited that beautiful place, or to have taken a look at the statuary that ornamented the grounds. At night there were military bands that played every evening on the grand plaza in front of the Governor-General's palace. The night we spent there was a beautiful moonlight one, such a night as is seldom seen outside of the tropics. The beauty of night and the music of the bands, the gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen on the promenade, all went to make up a grand and beautiful picture. The whole people of Havana seemed to be out enjoying the scene.

The next day we started for New York, passing the celebrated Moro Castle with its frowning batteries, ready at any moment to pour death and destruction on the enemies of Spain. In a few days we arrived at New York, after a pleasant trip of thirty days. The most of us sold our dust in New

York. Some of the passengers went to Philadelphia to the mint with theirs, and got it coined on their own account. In New York the boys all discarded their California rig, and fitted out in the latest style of "store clothes." Our party there broke up, some going east, some west and some to Europe. I have not seen one of them since.

From New York it was but a short distance to my home. Once more I was on board of a steamer running down the St. Lawrence River, through the Thousand Islands and amidst the scenes of my boyhood. Grand and beautiful St. Lawrence ! None can compare with you. I had crossed every river on the American continent that lay in my route, from the St. Lawrence to the Sacramento, but none can equal you. Well are you called "the Mother of Waters ;" for beauty of scenery and pure and sparkling waters you excel them all.

My voyage was soon ended. At the foot of the Thousand Islands lay Brockville, the home of my aged parents, whom I longed to see. I was soon folded in the arms of my aged mother and loving sisters, who looked on me as one risen from the dead. They knew not of my coming. I took them by surprise. I yet can see my loving mother taking off her "specks" and cleaning them, in order to get a better look at her long-lost son; the wanderer of the family, and her baby. My aged father's cup was full. That indeed was a happy reunion. When I left home four years previous, I

was but a boy twenty years of age, and weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds; after an absence of four years, I returned a full-grown man, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, with considerable knowledge of the world and mankind in general. My fond mother would examine me all round, remarking, "How big he has grown; California must be a good country, my son?" "Yes, mother, California is a big country; everything in it is big; her mountains, her trees, her valleys, and why not her adopted sons? We have lots of room to grow as large as we please out there, mother." I had ten thousand questions to answer, and for a time I was the lion of the hour, being the first one back from the land of gold who had gone from that section of the country. I had some gold-dust and a fifty-dollar slug, which I had to exhibit very often, to satisfy the curiosity of my friends. I was not long in parting with what little dust I brought home, and it did not bring me much profit. I enjoyed my visit for a short time. I had been gone from home for four years, and many of my old associates were gone, and scattered all over the United States. The youngsters, or next crop, had grown up and were like strangers to me. Out of one hundred and twenty or thirty apprentices who served their apprenticeship during the time I was one, but four were left in the town when I got back. Such is the way in which Uncle Sam absorbs the bone, sinew and youth of British America.

I soon tired of the ways of the country and the people, and longed for my free California life. I found myself almost like a stranger in my old home. The old town seemed to have lost its attractions for me. Outside of my family everybody seemed to me to have changed; but, I suppose, the greatest change was in myself.

After making my visit out, I once more turned my face toward the West, intending to make my permanent home on the shores of the Pacific. I took a trip to Wisconsin, where my brother resided, who, with his family, was to accompany me back to California. There was a gentleman residing on Oregon Gulch by the name of Levi Reynolds, who wanted me to bring out his wife and son with me when I came back, so I went to Madison, Wisconsin, and got her and the boy and started for New York. After arriving in New York I visited friends residing in New Jersey; made quite a number of visits, and got caught by one of New Jersey's fair daughters, who agreed to share with me the perils of life in California. We were married, and for thirty-six years she has shared the ups and downs of California life, with me like a true woman. My brother and his wife had now come on to New York, and on the 5th of September we started for Aspinwall on the steamship "United States." Our voyage was a pleasant one, and quite a number of ladies were on board. Several returning Californians with their families were wending their way

back to the Golden State, intending to make their home there.

We arrived at Aspinwall on the eighth day from New York, and as soon as landed took the cars as far as the road was finished. The fun commenced when we took the small boats up the Chagres River. The boats would carry from fifteen to twenty passengers, and were propelled by natives with long poles. There were in the boat that we were in several ladies. I had informed my folks as to what they were to expect from the crew who manned our boat. We finally got started with our dusky crew, who were all dressed up nicely. After a short time on our voyage, the darkies began to warm to their work, and off came the red bandana handkerchiefs they had around their heads; a while longer and off came their shoes; they stood at that awhile, and then off came their shirts. Some of the ladies began to feel a little delicate, and were whispering inquiries to each other as to what would be the next move, and if they would take off their cotton pants, the only vestige of clothing they had on. We had on board a gentleman with his wife from Massachusetts, and he wanted to know of me if they were going any farther with their nude scenery. I told him I did not know; but it was altogether likely that they would, as it was their custom. He said, "I will not stand it to have my wife insulted in that way." They went on for awhile, when one of them started to take off his

pants, and that raised the Yankee's ire. His wife begged of him to raise no disturbance, but he drew his "pepper-box," and gave them to understand that he would not stand any such foolishness. The natives were beginning to look quite hostile. There were four or five of them, each armed with a short sword, while our crowd was but poorly armed, and there were five or six women with us. I was the only one that had an effective weapon, a Colt's revolver. One of the boatmen understood a little English, and I talked with him. The women talked with our Yankee friend, and we got a peace patched up. The darkies kept on their breeches, and our Boston friend was satisfied. That evening we arrived at Gorgona, where we stayed all night. Gorgona was a little town or collection of huts, a sort of embarcadero, where we changed our boat conveyance for that of mule-back over the mountain, or "back-bone," of the American Continent, to the old city of Panama. There were any number of mule merchants offering the services of their animals to the weary traveler, all extolling the beauties and excellence of their respective donkeys. As for side-saddles they were unknown at that time, or at least were not in general use on that route. It was amusing to see the crowd of argonauts getting started. Many of the ladies at first refused to ride cavalier fashion, but they had to come to it. Some had young children, and they frequently hired natives or Negroes to pack them over on their backs.

One lady with a small child hired a fellow to pack it over on his back; the fellow started on ahead with the baby, and that set the mother almost wild. She had not seen it all day, and imagined she never would see it again; but, on arriving at the stopping-place, she found it all right, sitting on the darkey's lap, with a strip of pork in its mouth, sucking away at it, apparently as happy as "Young America" generally gets. There was one happy mother when she found her darling all right. The crowd strung along the trail for five or six miles. Women declared they could never stand it to get there; some wishing they were back home again, and California might go to the dogs for all they cared; others enjoying the fun and having a good time of it. I, having had some experience of the route, managed to get started ahead of the crowd, and, when we would come to one of those narrow cuts or wear-outs in the trail, I would sing out, "All legs up!" then you would see some tall rustling with the ladies of our crowd to get their feet out of the stirrups and shoot them ahead in order to clear the sides of the trail and not jam their feet. About the middle of the afternoon it came on to rain, and we got soaking wet, but the rain was warm and it did but little harm. We arrived at our stopping-place early in the evening, and got our pick of berths or cots. The last of the crowd did not get in until two or three hours later. Next morning I had my party about the first on the road, my object being

to get into Panama before the crowd, in order to get good rooms, which I accomplished. We arrived in Panama about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and put up at the Western Hotel, kept by a man by the name of Booth. There were two hotels kept by Americans—the Western and the American. We had to lay over at Panama eight days. The California steamer having not yet arrived, it gave us a good chance to see the place and take in the sights of that equatorial city.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO AND WEAVERVILLE.

The passage to San Francisco.—Distinguished fellow-passengers.—By river steamer to Colusa; thence by stage to Shasta.—On mule-back to Weaverville.—The mountain hotel.—Rapid growth of Weaverville.—The killing of Anderson by the Indians.—Vengeance; pursuit of the Indians.—The annihilation of the tribe.

Panama looked old and dilapidated, and was built similar to all other Spanish-American cities that I had seen. The seawall when built must have cost a great amount of labor and money. Some of the old guns were yet mounted on the wall—huge monsters not less than fifteen or sixteen feet long, and about two feet in diameter at the breech. The bores were small; they did not seem over three inches in diameter. There was said to be a large amount of silver in them. We visited some of the principal churches; they, like everything else, were once magnificent structures, but much of their glory had departed. We also visited the old cemetery; it was truly a golgotha, or place of skulls. Lying about promiscuously were skulls, legs, arms and all parts of the human form, with huge lizards and other reptiles crawling over them. We did not

tarry long there; one visit to the place was sufficient. The weather was very warm, and the stench from the place was rather unpleasant. When we shuffle off this mortal coil we do not want to be buried at Panama. In a few days after we got there the old steamship "California" arrived from San Francisco with her passengers, and she had to wait for some passengers who were coming to Aspinwall a week later than when we came; among them was Senator Gwin, afterwards called the "Duke of Sonora," and the Hon. Joseph McCorkle, Congressmen from California. We took passage on the "California," and steamed for San Francisco; the old Duke was quite social until he found I was a Whig, then he cut me entirely. Not so with McCorkle; he was a jolly good fellow. I found him a splendid hand to make morning cocktails, and he kept a good supply on hand. During the voyage we stopped at Acapulco and San Diego, and on the sixteenth day from Panama we arrived in San Francisco in good condition.

I was anxious to get home, and left Sacramento the evening before the big fire at that city, taking passage to Colusa on the steamer, and then by stage to Shasta.

I had been describing the beauty of the Sacramento Valley to my wife during the trip out; its beautiful flowers, etc.; but when we got into the valley everything was dried up, the roads knee-deep in dust, and not a drink of good water to be had

during our trip from Colusa to Shasta. The ladies commenced to poke fun at me, wanting me to show them some of those beautiful flowers that I described to them; another one would speak out and say, "Please, John, won't you pick me a bouquet at the next station;" In that way they amused themselves at my expense. We rode in the stage all night, and next morning arrived at Shasta about 11 o'clock, tired, and well worn out. After a good night's rest we started for Weaverville on mule-back, a distance of about forty-five miles. There was but one lady's saddle in Shasta at that time, and there were three ladies in the crowd; the consequence was that two of them had to ride cavalier style; but they had got somewhat used to that style of riding in crossing the Isthmus.

Our first day out we stopped at McLouglin's, or the Mountain House, which was built while I was home. Old "Mc" had got his wife out, and was keeping a hotel near the summit of the Trinity mountain. Old McLouglin and Mrs. "Mc" were the best of landlords. They gave us a hearty welcome. The old man, after various ups and downs, commenced to drink too much liquor, and, things not going to suit him, he came to the conclusion that he had seen sufficient of this wicked world, and one day hanged himself out in his woodshed. For at least ten years old "Mc" and Mrs. "Mc" and their Mountain House were as well known as any stopping-place in Northern California; to get there was a sure guar-

antee of kind welcome, a good supper, bed and breakfast. My friend Barstow can vouch for the truth of this, as he has often partaken of their refreshments, both solid and liquid, during his express rides between Shasta and Weaverville.

Crossing the Trinity mountain, we arrived in Weaverville that evening all right, but the Weaverville that I found was not the one that I had left six months previously. From seven or eight houses that were in the place when I left for home in the spring, it had grown to a full-sized mining town, with numerous stores, gambling-houses, hotels, livery stables, and everything composing a California mining town of the first magnitude. On my way from San Francisco up I heard of the growth of the place, but could not realize it until I got there. When I left in April there was no value to town lots. If a man wanted to sell out he got the value of his improvements. But all this was changed. Lots now became valuable, and a twenty-foot front was worth from six to eight hundred dollars. Several two-story buildings were erected; the United States Hotel, kept by Joseph Ewing and his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Ewing, now of Eureka; the American Hotel, kept by a man named Graham. The Independence Hotel was not yet finished. Two saw-mills were kept running day and night. Such was the rush, if a man wanted a bill of lumber, he had to send his bill in a month ahead. The

early settlers went at things with a will peculiar to Californians of that day.

I will have to go back some four or five months earlier, and relate some things that took place during my absence from Weaverville, that may be interesting to my readers. It was about the last of April or the first of May, '52. The firm of Anderson, McKenzie & Winston were doing the principal butchering business of the county. They bought large bands of cattle, and kept them on what was called Stuart's Fork, about sixteen miles from Weaverville, where the range was good. Old man Anderson was in the habit of driving six or eight head at a time, as they wanted to use them, to Weaverville; so, one morning he, with his dog, started for the range after his herd. The Indians were getting somewhat troublesome, and his friends, among the number W. T. Ohmstead, now of Eureka, advised him not to go alone, but take more help with him. The old man said that he was not afraid; that he and his dog could whip all the Digger Indians in the country. He started for Stuart's Fork, and got there all right; took his cattle from the herders and started back. When about five or six miles from the range he was attacked and killed by the Indians, his dog meeting the same fate. Not making his appearance, some uneasiness was felt as to his safety, and next morning, when his mule came into town, it was felt that he was dead, and a company of men started out to hunt for him. They

searched carefully, but returned without finding him. Another crowd started out next day, and found the body about half a mile from the trail, down the side of the mountain, pierced with several arrows, and lying behind a log. The spot where the body was found had the appearance that a fierce struggle had been enacted. The old man was as brave and fearless a man as ever crossed the Sierras, and no doubt sold his life as dearly as possible. The company which found the body sent it back to Weaverville for interment, and took the Indian and cattle-trail and started in pursuit. As soon as the body reached Weaverville, the cry went forth for vengeance. Every man in the place who could get away to avenge the old man did so. He was a general favorite with the people. The crowd organized under the command of Dixon, Sheriff of the county. Merchants and others furnished supplies; everything was free for the volunteers on that expedition. In the meantime the party which had found the Indians' trail followed it. They took a circuit from where they committed the murder around Weaverville, near the foot of old Bally, eight or nine miles from the town, and crossed the Trinity River near the mouth of Canyon Creek, where the re-enforcements under Sheriff Dixon overtook them with provisions. The company now numbered about seventy men. They crossed the Trinity on the Indian trail, which led up the mountain on the divide between the Trinity River

and the Hay Fork Valley. That beautiful valley had not yet been discovered by the whites. The progress of the volunteers was naturally slow, and besides they wanted to give the Indians a show to get to their home, so as to make a clean sweep of them. They trailed them to what is since known as the summit of the Hay Fork Mountain; then they turned northeast, and followed the summit of the mountain for some eighteen or twenty miles; then, turning down the mountain into the Hay Fork Valley, they crossed the Hay Fork—a tributary of the Trinity—with the avengers of old man Anderson close on their track. No bloodhound ever followed his human prey with keener scent than those boys. They trailed them into the Hay Fork Valley, the signs getting fresh. They found where the Indians had killed one of the cattle but a short time before, and scouts were sent out and the utmost caution was used. They were discovered in what is now known as Bridge Gulch, about one mile east of the Hay Fork, encamped on a flat above the natural bridge. The volunteers kept themselves under cover until after dark, in the meantime the scouts examining the approaches to the Indians' camp. The Indians were making merry over their capture, and gorging themselves with the stolen meat. In the middle of the night the volunteers divided into four parties, and stole to their respective stations. There were many of the late soldiers of the Mexican war, and western

frontiersmen from Texas and Missouri amongst them, who thoroughly understood their business as Indian hunters. When each party got their stations, they were to lie on their arms until daylight, when, at a given signal, they were to attack the camp simultaneously. The attack was well planned and well executed. When the volunteers reached the stations assigned to them, everything in the Indian camp was quiet and peaceful; all nature seemed at rest. When daylight began to make its appearance in the east, history was about to repeat itself. A second Glencoe was about to be enacted—this time in the highlands of California instead of the highlands of Scotland. A tribe of people was about to be blotted from the face of the earth for revenge. As soon as it was sufficiently light to see that none could escape, the signal was given. The parties advanced on the camp where the foe were yet sleeping, and then commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. Rifles and revolvers did the bloody work, with the help of the bowie-knife. After the carnage was over, one hundred and fifty-three dead bodies lay on the battle-field. None escaped but three infants. One of these was crawling on its dead mother's breast to find its morning meal, when one of the volunteers raised his rifle to dash its brains out; but another, more merciful, intercepted the blow and saved the child. He rolled it in his blankets, and carried it to Weaverville, and gave it to Mrs.

Harper, the wife of J H. Harper; one of the others, saved in a similar manner, was brought to town and given to the wife of Captain Dyer, and afterwards brought to Humboldt county. Captain Dyer was the brother of David Dyer, now postmaster at Bayside, in Humboldt county. Only one of the attacking party was hurt, and he but slightly wounded with an arrow. Old man Anderson was terribly avenged. The Trinity Indians were completely annihilated, and there was no more trouble with Indians for several years. The volunteers got part of the cattle back, and W. T. Olmstead was owner of part of the stolen cattle, and furnished a man by the name of Meredith for the fight. Twelve years after, I hunted cattle over the battle-ground. Part of the bones still lay bleaching on the plains; skulls and arm and leg bones were scattered over the ground in all directions.

CHAPTER XX.

PROMINENT HUMBOLDTERS.—A BLOODY TRAGEDY.

A natural bridge and a large cave.—The Hay Fork Valley.—Prominent Humboldters who lived there.—A bloody tragedy; the killing of Horton and Eliza Hardenburg by a Sheriff's *posse*.—Fate of the participants.—A letter from an old pioneer, General Denver.

In my last I mentioned a natural bridge that was discovered on the Indian raid. It is indeed a curiosity, as it spans a gulch of about one hundred feet wide. It is about one mile from Hay Fork. The top of the bridge is perhaps two hundred feet over, and joins the two mountains as completely as if done by an engineer on the most scientific principles. From the top of the bridge to the beginning of the arch is about fifty feet; then commences a perfect arch in circular form down to the water—a little over half a circle—the distance between the walls being about fifty feet; rising up and down the stream about sixty or seventy feet, and about fifty feet between the walls at the bottom. The formation of the rock is of a blue limestone, apparently intersected with streaks of quartz. The rock is very hard, and almost impossible to drill. Several large boulders seem to have fallen from the arch above,

and lie on the bottom. In the summer the stream is nearly dry, but under the arch are three or four wells, or holes, where the water stands all summer, and such water is hard to be found elsewhere—ice-cold, sweet and sparkling. The bridge is used in summer by the inhabitants of Hay Fork Valley as their picnic grounds, and many a happy day is spent there by those good people when the water dries up. Under the bridge is a most delightful place to spend three or four hours during the heat of the day. No matter how warm it is outside, when you get under its shade it is cool and refreshing. And there let the mind contemplate the vast works of nature, and the countless ages it has taken that small stream to make its way through the mountain and form such a vast arch through solid rock. Man in his littleness gets lost in contemplating the great works of the Creator. About fifty feet below the bridge on the side of the mountain is a large cave, the mouth of which is small and difficult to enter. I tried once to make an entrance and explore it, but I had too much *avoirduois* for that. Others who have explored it inform me they found a room about ten feet square and seven feet high, but up to the time of my leaving the valley it never had been thoroughly explored. Other caves may lie beyond it for aught we know.

The Indian raid led to the discovery of the Hay Fork Valley, which has since become the granery of the county, and likewise furnished the hay for

the people of Weaverville. It heads near the Yolla Bolla Mountain, running in a southwest course for about twenty miles, and emptying its waters into the South Fork of Trinity at Hyampom. In this valley are some of the best farms or ranches in Trinity county. Its mountains are covered with pine and spruce timber, and the surface is covered with a rich growth of mountain bunch-grass, the most nutritious of grasses. There have been worked some very good placer diggings on its tributaries and down in what is called the canyon. There are some rich quartz ledges in the valley, which are being worked with success and profit. Quite a number of Humboldt citizens were at one time farmers and ranchmen of Hay Fork; amongst them now residents of Humboldt county are Hon. George Williams, E. D. Kellogg, W. B. Dobbyn (one of our recent supervisors), John Carr, Abraham Rogers, Ben. Blockburger, Thomas Middleton, Alonzo Sweet, Mrs. Joseph Ewing, John Dodge, our present vegetable merchant, Henry Feenaty, and J. Francis of Hydesville.

After the fight on Hay Fork the boys returned to Weaverville, and things went on comparatively smooth until the Fourth of July, '52, when one of the bloodiest tragedies that ever took place in Northern California was enacted in that town—the killing of Horton and Eliza Hardenburg, a woman who was living with him. They kept a hotel, store and bakery, the first in the place. Horton was not

prompt in paying his bills below, where he bought his goods, and some of his creditors sued him and attached his house and contents. Dixon was Sheriff of Trinity county at the time, and he placed a keeper in charge and closed the place up. It was coming on close to the Fourth of July, and Horton wanted to open his house for that day, telling the Sheriff he could make sufficient money on the Fourth to pay the bill if allowed to do so. The Sheriff would not allow him to do it, and Horton made up his mind he would open the house any way. They were still in the house with the keeper, and on the morning of the Fourth, Horton and Eliza Hardenburg opened the place and commenced business. The keeper remonstrated with them, but to no avail, and he then reported to the Sheriff what Horton was doing. In the meantime Horton and the woman had armed themselves, with a full determination of resisting the officers. The Sheriff summoned a *posse* of five men, and went to the store of Horton. They found Horton behind the counter with a revolver cocked in his hand, pointed at the Sheriff, saying he would kill the first man of the *posse* who entered his house. The woman stepped to the door of her room, which brought her in the store, she likewise having in her hand a pointed revolver, threatening vengeance on the Sheriff and his men if they dared enter the premises. Both parties stood at bay for a few moments and then one shot was fired. I never could find out which party

turned loose first; the Sheriff's party claimed that the woman shot first, and then they turned loose with a vengeance. Horton's body was shot full of bullets, and he fell dead over the counter. Eliza Hardenburg received two loads of buckshot in the breast and she fell forward on her face and expired. Men who were present in a few minutes after the tragedy say that the sight was a horrible one to look on. Horton's body lay bleeding from a number of wounds, already cold in death; the woman's long, black hair all loose and saturated with her own blood, her breast torn open with two charges of buckshot fired at close range, and her features distorted with rage. None of the Sheriff's party got a scratch in the fight. When later in the day the miners began to come into town to spend their Fourth, the tragedy put an end to all jollification. They would gather into small parties and discuss the doings of the morning with frowning brows, and it looked at one time as if there would be more trouble, but it appeared as if no person was willing to take the lead. The Sheriff had given the order to fire, and he had the color of law on his side. A coroner's jury was summoned, who rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide. The corpses were buried side by side on a point of land not three hundred feet from where they fell. Thus ended one of the most bloody and uncalled for homicides that ever took place in a civilized community. I kept track of the participants for ten years. Every

one of them met an untimely death. Dixon, the Sheriff, either committed suicide or shot himself accidentally, and lies buried near Pine's dairy house, on the Bucksport road; Ned Meredith, the last one of the five deputies, was killed while fighting as a rebel during the war in Missouri. What a contrast between July 4th, '51, and July 4th, '52. The Fourth in '51 was spent in jollification and pleasure; everybody seemed to be happy, and he that lay dead in '52 was one of the merry-makers. I well remember at the dinner-table, when the wine flowed freely, it was voted that each man had to give a toast, sing a song, make a speech, or furnish a bottle of wine. When poor Horton's time came he arose and sung the "Star Spangled Banner" with more feeling and patriotism than I ever have since listened to. Twice had he to repeat it. Little did the crowd that sat round the festive board that day think or imagine that on the next anniversary one of their number would lie bleeding in death under the same roof where they sat enjoying themselves, cut down in the prime of his manhood, unnecessarily. Such is life. The Fourth of July, 1852, closed with sorrow over the little town of Weaverville. Far different from its predecessor one year previous; then it was all fun and good-nature. Every person seemed to be happy, and bent on enjoyment; but, alas! all was changed. Death in its most hideous form in our midst; two of our citizens, a man and woman, killed—unnecessarily, it was thought by

many. Deep and bitter feelings were expressed by a large portion of the community, but that love for law and order which ever prevails in the bosom of Americans, outweighed the feeling of revenge, and the foul deed passed off in quietness. In two or three years their graves were sluiced away by some miners, and their coffins, with a few others, were removed, by order of the County Judge, to the new cemetery west of the town, where they now lie forgotten. All the principal actors in the tragedy have long since passed to a higher tribunal than that of the miners of Weaverville. For years after the tragedy the old settlers would often talk over the bloody deed, and look back with horror on the act. Many of the old settlers of Weaverville, if they read this chapter, will well remember the Fourth of July, 1852, as being the bloodiest day in the annals of the county.

The following letter is from an old-timer, General J. W. Denver, whom all pioneers, and particularly "Trinitarians," will bear in kindly remembrance. The letter was written to *The Humboldt Mail*, in which these chapters were published in serial form, and gives General Denver's version of the election of a Senator in Trinity county in '51, in which he took a prominent part, and to

which the author makes reference in Chapter XVI. It reads as follows:

EDITOR MAIL: For sometime past I have been receiving your very interesting paper, *The Humboldt Mail*. It is very interesting to me as coming from a part of the country to which I have always been greatly attached, particularly because of the many warm personal friends I had there, whose kindness and friendship I have never forgotten. I have been especially interested in reading the articles entitled "Pioneer Days." In the last number received, of date February 18, 1888, I find one especially relating to myself, which is in the main correct, except in so far as the writer relates that there was a doubt about my election to the Senate in March, '52, a thing I never heard of before. Had I supposed at the time there was any doubt whatever about my election, I certainly would not have taken the seat. At the general election I had undoubtedly received a plurality of the votes cast, but a fraudulent return, purporting to be from Johnson's Bar on the Klamath, was made just large enough to give Harper two votes more than I appeared to have. When the votes were first announced by the Clerk of Klamath county, I was really glad that I was beaten, for I had no desire to engage in political life; but when I became satisfied of the fraud committed, I believed it was my duty as a good citizen to expose it, which I did. In the course of the contest before the Senate, Harper succeeded in raising a doubt in the minds of some of the Senators as to my eligibility, alleging that I had not been long enough in the county or in the district. Lyle united with Harper to dispose of my case first, so as to get me out of the way, and then they proposed to settle the question as between themselves. On ascertaining this state of affairs, I advised my friends to settle the matter beyond all dispute by declaring the seat vacant, and that I would return and make the race over again. This was done, and I was re-elected.

The friends of Harper and Lyle, as I was informed at the time, united and brought out Mr. Stuart as their candidate. I knew Mr. Stuart very well, and had and still have a very high regard for him. He was an excellent young man, and so far as I have heard he has borne himself well through life.

The writer of "Pioneer Days" does not give his name, but I think I recognize him. If I am not mistaken, he is the same man who with myself made a very foolhardy trip from Uniontown (now Arcata) to Weaver-ville during the time of an Indian outbreak in the fall of '53. He was

a good, clever, honest and upright blacksmith, but a strong and decided political partisan. Personally, we were always good friends; but politically, of course, I always expected him to be found on the other side. He is the one I heard had gone to Big Flat on the day of that special election, with the result that is related in "Pioneer Days." If he is the same man, please give him my compliments, and say to him that I feel greatly complimented for the opinion he entertains of me, and that I yet hope some day to be able to talk over pioneer times with him. It would afford me very great pleasure to revisit the scenes of my early manhood in Trinity and Humboldt, for I had so many warm friends there, from whom I am always pleased to hear.

Inform any old friends of mine you may meet with that I have not forgotten them, and that everything coming from that part of the country is of interest to me. With best wishes for the success of the people of Humboldt and Trinity counties, I am, Yours Respectfully,

J. W. DENVER.

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1888.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST VICTIM OF JUDGE LYNCH.

A murder.—Mike Grant's trial before Judge Lynch, and subsequent execution.—Lack of faith in the machinery of the law.—Judge Lynch's last victim in Trinity county.—Civilizing effect of women and children.—The first children in Weaverville.—An unsuccessful Water Company.

In the fall of '52 a Spanish pack train was crossing Brown's Mountain with a load of goods for Weaverville, and when near the summit, on the Weaverville side of the mountain, one of the packers discovered the dead body of a man sitting against a big pine tree, and on examining it he found a bullet-hole through the body. Coming to Weaverville he reported the facts, and a company of men started out after the body, and found it as described by the Spaniard. They recognized it as that of a man named Holt, who had left town the day before. He had considerable money on his person when leaving Weaverville, but on examination it was found that the body had been robbed of what valuables he may have possessed at the time of the murder. There was considerable excitement over the murder, and suspicion pointed to a man named Mike Grant, who

was considered a suspicious character. He worked sometimes in what was called "Old Chap Restaurant." (A man came to Weaverville by the name of Chapman, and started a restaurant. He was a middle-aged man—at that time a man over thirty years of age was called an old man—so the boys dubbed his restaurant, "Old Chap Restaurant," and it kept that name). Grant sometimes worked for "Old Chap." He was very fond of hunting and practicing at a mark with his rifle. Suspicion fell on him, for he was seen leaving town with Holt, or shortly after. He, of course, pleaded innocent, and could explain where he was on that day. He admitted being on the trail with Holt, but had parted from him at the foot of Brown's Mountain, and had been hunting all day on the mountain. He was arrested by order of Judge Lynch, and taken to the place where he said he parted with Holt on the day the murder was committed. When they arrived at the place, he refused to show them his tracks, or make any explanation that was satisfactory to them. T. M. Brown, our present Sheriff, was herding mules on Brown's Mountain near the place where the murder was committed, and T. M. Brown saw nor heard nothing of him.

Things began to look rather dark for Mike Grant, and he was taken back to town and closely confined. At a meeting of the miners and others, it was resolved to give him a trial before Judge Lynch's court for murder. The killing of a man in an affray

in those days was not looked upon as a very serious affair; the killing of a man for the purpose of robbery was something the early Californians would not tolerate or forgive, but would hunt the perpetrator to the uttermost, and, when found guilty, no mercy was shown him. In the case of Grant, a jury of twelve was summoned. Captain J. G. Messic, afterward Sheriff of Trinity county, and known to many of the old settlers of Humboldt county, was chosen Marshal for the occasion. The jury was summoned by the Marshal with fairness. The Judge appointed to try the case I have forgotten. Counsel was allowed the prisoner, and everything was conducted in an orderly manner. The whole evidence was circumstantial, but everything pointed to his guilt. The bullet taken out of the body fitted the rifle which Grant had with him that day; Grant was seen with Holt shortly before the body was found by the Spaniard; Holt's clothes were burnt by the powder, etc. It was supposed that they both traveled up Brown's Mountain together, and, when near the top, sat down to rest, as the day was warm, and that Grant drew his gun and shot him for the purpose of robbing him, and did so, as no money or valuables were found on the body.

Grant had his trial, and the jury found him guilty of murder. He was sentenced to be hanged, and if I remember correctly he was given two days between the sentence and his execution. When the time came there was some talk of a rescue, but the

Marshal had a *posse* of some thirty men picked and well armed, who guarded the prisoner to the fatal tree. I believe our present Sheriff was one of them. He was strung up to the same tree that Seymour was partly hung on, but did not get off as well as Seymour did. Sheriff Dixon, the lawful Sheriff of the county, was in Weaverville at the time, but such was the force of public opinion that he was powerless to act. People placed very little reliance in the civil law. The county government was yet in its infancy. No jails to safely keep prisoners in, no court-house to try them in, and the civil law itself held in contempt by many. Such was the state of affairs when Grant was hanged. I believe he was the last victim of Judge Lynch in Trinity county. There were other executions, but they were done by the laws of the land. There were some doubts in the minds of a few whether Grant was guilty of the crime for which he paid the penalty with his life. The better class of society were beginning to wish for a different state of society. Lynch law, in their opinion, ought to be done away with. It had accomplished its mission, as far as Trinity county was concerned, and men as a general thing wanted no more of it.

The great civilizing influence of women and children was beginning to be felt. When I left for home in the spring of '52 there was but one family of children in or about Weaverville; that was old Mr. Lindsay and his wife, for many years residents

of Arcata. There were three children of them: William, Joshua and Sarah Jane, now the wife of Miller Preston of Arcata, and widow of John Preston of the same place. They were the only children we had in the burg at that time. I believe they moved to Uniontown, now Arcata, in '52.

In the summer of '52 a company was formed to bring water, on a large scale, into Weaver basin. The principal incorporators were Humboldt men, and, as far as I can remember, their names were W. C. Young, Garland, John E. Wyman, Henry Wyman, Ben Wyman and Nixon. They located Stuart's Fork, intending to bring it a distance of forty miles. It was a big undertaking. The capital stock, if I remember correctly, was one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The survey was made, and the stock put on the market. Young seemed to be the principal manager, and Garland next. Men were set at work, and large contracts let for provisions and tools. My partner, James Hyde, furnished them with three hundred picks, or had the contract for that number. Everything was to be on a grand scale. A large number of men were set at work at one hundred dollars per month and found. Many of the business men of Weaverville took stock in the enterprise, and others let the concern have money and goods to large amounts.

Things went on well for a while, until at last money became scarce with the managers, and Young

went below to raise a large amount, but failed to do so. The winter came on very severe; the price of provisions went up enormously. The snow on the mountain where the men were at work was from five to ten feet deep, and the men had to quit work and come to town. All operations ceased, and the work came to a standstill until the next spring. In the meantime Young and Garland were below trying to get funds. They would send word to Weaverville that everything was going on well with them, and that in a short time they would be back with plenty of money, pay their debts and resume work on the ditch. The spring came, and the summer, but no funds. In the meantime everybody that had anything to do with it became disgusted. The Wyman's left for Uniontown, losing everything they put into the enterprise, besides their time. Young and Garland by common consent were voted "bilks." The thing fell through, and the ditch was never completed. Had they obtained sufficient funds to have completed the ditch, it would have been splendid property. Judge Wyman years afterwards informed me that if Young and Garland had acted honestly and fairly the work could have been finished, and it would have made them all wealthy. They were both wild speculators. In '57 another company was organized, and the route re-surveyed, and an effort made to raise funds to bring in the water and finish the ditch, but it proved a failure. Those who got bit in the Young ditch were not

willing to take hold again; consequently, after three thousand dollars had been expended by eight of us, who were elected directors, the scheme failed, and the directors had to go down in their own pockets to foot the bills. That ended the big ditch. No more large mining operations were undertaken for some time. Two had proven failures—the Arkansas dam and the canal or ditch of Young. Both would have proven successes had they been in the hands of competent men, and managed by those who understood their business.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCES.

General Denver.—Housekeeping in Weaverville.—The noble pioneer women.

I see a letter from General J. W. Denver in reply to some of my assertions in "Pioneer Days." I am glad I made them, as it has been the means of bringing him out of his shell. I would sooner take a little scolding than not to hear from him at all, as for twenty years he has kept himself hidden from many of his old friends in Northern California. Old friend, you are not forgotten, I can assure you. There are many of us old gray-headed pioneers yet left who look back with pleasure to being acquainted with you, and of having your friendship and esteem. Four or five old gray-beards were standing on the corner of one of our streets discussing old times the morning after your letter was published, when one of them laughingly remarked, "I wonder if the General remembers his trip in '53 from Eureka to Uniontown in a small boat, with several ladies on board?" He would not explain himself, so we were in the dark about that

trip. The General in his letter says he knows nothing of the Indian Creek returns, it being the first time he ever heard of it. I believe he speaks correctly. If there was anything wrong about them, I am sure he knew nothing of it, nor did I ever hear that he had anything to do with the transaction whatever. So far as my memory serves me, he was not in the county the day of election; but I think the General was misinformed concerning the bringing out of R. G. Stuart as a candidate for the Senate. Neither John A. Lyle or John H. Harper had anything to do with it. As I remarked before, his name was suggested by myself at a meeting of a few Whigs, held in a room in the Missouri Hotel, on J Street, Sacramento City. There were present at the time F. S. McKenzie and Mr. McMillan, the two Representatives to the Legislature from Trinity, both Whigs. Neither John A. Lyle or John H. Harper were present at that meeting. Old friend, you were about right in your surmises. You and I did take a very foolhardy trip in the Indian outbreak in the fall of '53 from Uniontown to Weaverville. I had more curiosity then than now. In a short time I will give my recollections of that trip in "Pioneer Days," so far as I can remember the circumstances.

Well, to come back to Weaverville, after my digression: When we arrived in town we brought the largest delegation of ladies that had yet arrived at one time to become permanent settlers. They

were Mrs. Levi Reynolds, Mrs. Thomas Carr and Mrs. John Carr. The streets were full of people, all men, anxious to get a look at the new arrivals. Mrs. Reynolds was to go to Oregon Gulch, six miles from Weaverville, and the two Mrs. Carr were to become residents of Weaverville for many years. The ladies who rode cavalier style were somewhat backward about riding into town in that style, but they were in for it. The accommodations at the hotels were limited, the United States Hotel had but one private room and the American Hotel but one room. The sleeping apartments of the hotels were generally large rooms, or corrals as they were sometimes called, where there were rows of cots placed for beds, and sometimes there would be from twenty to fifty men occupying the same room. As for private rooms, they were a luxury that was seldom aspired to by the common individual.

We got housed pretty well. Before I started home in the spring I gave orders to my friend Captain Cummings to have a house built for me during the summer, and showed him where to build it; but he neglected it until some fellow jumped the ground, and left me minus a lot and minus a house. At that time boarding at a hotel was very expensive—sixteen dollars a week—and as we had six in the family it was drawing quite heavily on my funds, so we thought we had better get to house-keeping as soon as possible. No such things as dwelling-houses were to rent; there were none in

the place; but Comstock & Martin had a sort of house where they sometimes stored their barley, and they told me we could use that until I could build a house. I, like a good husband, took my wife to view the premises. We found it a house about twelve by sixteen feet, with neither doors, windows or floor; nothing but posts put into the ground and shakes nailed on to them. Not a very imposing house, some of our native daughters will say, to bring a bride to. We came to the conclusion that we would move in and go to housekeeping. Our furniture was on a par with the house; our dining-table was made by driving stakes down in the floor and nailing poles on them to receive the top, which was composed of shakes nailed from pole to pole. I do not mean the North or South Pole, I mean the poles we used for that table. Our bedroom sets were similar to our table, and made of the same material; and our dining-room chairs were nail-kegs or dry-goods boxes; our china and crockery-ware was made in a tinsmith shop; our cooking-stove a mud fireplace. We took four or five shakes off the side of our castle and nailed some white domestic cotton over it for a window, and we hung a blanket over our door.

Such was our first beginning at housekeeping in California, and it was the experience of thousands of others. There is a great deal said and written about the early pioneer fathers of California—and they deserve all that is said about them—but very

little is said about the pioneer mothers of California; they deserve to share somewhat of the glory of being pioneers of this great State. Many of the women of the early days were women who had been brought up in luxury, refinement and comfort, in their homes back in the older States. They voluntarily left their homes with the men of their choice, leaving fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and everything held dear to the feminine heart, braving the dangers of the plains and the ocean, and the discomforts of California life. Such were the early mothers of California. Native sons and daughters, to those brave and fearless early pioneer women do you owe everything you now possess that is worthy to be called civilization. Your churches, your school-houses where you received your moral training, your observance of God's holy day, the Sunday-school, and everything that goes to elevate our race, were gifts of your pioneer mothers, who brought them from their early homes, and spread and established them here in this our God-favored land. Therefore, when the anniversary of your State's natal-day rolls round from year to year, and you, native sons and daughters, meet together in joy, thanksgiving and merry-making, forget not your pioneer mothers; but look back with pride and say, "I, too, am the child of a pioneer mother as well as of a pioneer father." And when time shall have accomplished its work, and they be laid in the silent grave, cherish their mem-

ory. They in their day accomplished a good work, and you are receiving the benefits of their toil. Would that some gifted pen could do them justice.

Well, after getting to housekeeping, the next thing was to get a house built, with some of the comforts of life attached to it. I started in to build, intending to build a two-story house, with a dwelling upstairs and a shop below. My lot was in the center of the town, and in a good locality for business. All sorts of building material was very high; lumber was worth ten cents per foot, and scarce at that; the winter was fast coming on; shakes were worth fifty dollars per thousand and nails fifty cents per pound; flour, after the big fire in Sacramento, took a rise and went up to sixty cents per pound; the principal flour in the State was stored in Sacramento City, that being the principal point for furnishing the miners with their supplies. A very large amount was destroyed by the fire, and the speculators of San Francisco made a "corner," and ran prices up to fabulous figures. There was no flour then produced in the State, our supplies coming around Cape Horn and from Chile. New stock could not be had for four or five months, so they had a good time of it, and made much money out of their speculation. I hurried up the building as fast as possible, as it was getting late in the season and frequently raining. In the meantime I made a contract with John F. Chellis, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the State, to burn me eight hundred

barrels of charcoal at one dollar per barrel. He commenced chopping the wood for the coal, but, the rain coming on, he had to quit work; that left me minus the coal, and I got none burnt by Governor Chellis before the winter set in. We got moved into our house, and it was well we did, for when the storm set in it came on with a vengeance. For forty-two days in succession it either rained or snowed. At one time the snow in the streets of Weaverville was four or five feet deep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALMOST A FAMINE.

The first ball in Weaverville; ten dollars per ticket.—Houses crushed by snow; Senator John P. Jones buried under one of them; his clever trick.

Here we were in a fix; snowed in the Weaverville basin with no provisions to amount to anything on hand, and all communication cut off with the outside world. The snow on the Trinity Mountain was said to be twenty feet deep. The last sack of flour for sale in Weaverville I purchased from Cody & Harrington, paying them sixty-two dollars and fifty cents for a fifty-pound sack. I could not have got it at all except on account of having two women in the family. McKenzie & Winston, the butchers, had a few very lean beef cattle on hand and these they retailed out at sixty cents per pound, and, being friends of mine, they let me have a whole quarter of beef. It was the blackest beef that ever came under my observation. Jim Howe had raised some small potatoes the summer previous. He tried to raise them without irrigation, so they were very small. I purchased fifty-pounds of

them for twenty-five dollars. As luck would have it, Comstock & Martin, the livery-stable keepers, had laid in their winter supply of barley, consequently there was plenty of barley in town, and that beat nothing by a long way. I bought three sacks of that commodity from them, paying them forty cents a pound for it, and I bought three coffee-mills to grind it in. My family was large—five men and two women. We set to work on the coffee-mills, grinding flour out of the barley. We punched holes in the bottom of a gold-pan for a sieve. We had barley bread, barley mush, and barley pancakes, night, noon and morning, for about six weeks. No butter, no sugar, a little molasses, no coffee; however, we made “coffee” out of burnt barley; very little tea, no beans, and very little of anything else in the shape of provisions. Nearly every person lived on barley straight. The first salutation when two fellows met would be, “Hello, Tom,” or “Jack,” “how is the barley holding out?” “I have some, how is yours?” “O, bully!” One of the hotels held out during the time. They charged two dollars for each meal. A man stood at the dining-room door, and you had to pay your two dollars before entering that dining-room, and then you had to take chances on what you got to eat. The *menu* was not very choice, but you had to come down with your cash before you entered. *Grub was grub* that winter in Weaverville, yet every person seemed happy and jovial. Wood, too,

became scarce, the depth of the snow keeping people from getting around to get it. The only thing with which we were well stocked were whisky and cards. During the winter reports came into town that there was a pack-train loaded with flour and provisions at Lewiston, eight or ten miles distant from Weaverville, on the Trinity River. A crowd turned out and broke the trail with shovels to get into town, but after all their work, when they got the trail open over the mountain, they found the train was loaded with tom-iron and whisky; a few sacks of beans were all the eatables that were found on the train. The boys got the beans to town, and they were retailed at one dollar per pound, and no man could get over ten pounds for love or money. The previous winter was so open that no person made any preparation for a hard one, and it came and caught us napping; yet everybody seemed to be happy. No mining was done while the snow lay so deep on the ground, but when the spring opened and the snow commenced to go off, there was plenty of water everywhere, and the miners reaped a rich harvest.

I well remember the first ball given in Weaverville. It was on the night of December 24, 1852, and was given at the Independent Hotel. Tickets were ten dollars each. There was a sufficient number of ladies in town to make up two sets. It was considered a grand affair—something new for that burg. Everybody enjoyed himself hugely, and more boiled

shirts were worn that night than ever before on one occasion at Weaverville. One fellow would buy a "rig;" he would dance a while in it and then lend it to some other fellow for a while, who would use it for an hour or so and then pass it around, and in that way the "store clothes" were kept well occupied. Boots were used in the same way. The ball passed off in fine style, and everybody was well pleased. The only trouble was that the boys did not get dancing enough. On New Year's night, nothing would do but that we must have a ball at my house. We got "Black Dave" for a musician, and a fellow by the name of John Cody to call the sets. The room was not large; they could dance two sets with a little crowding. When the time for refreshments came on, all we could offer to our guests was barley bread and barley coffee. I believe Mrs. Carr had a couple of apple pies made out of dried apples to offer to the ladies. Such was the first private dance held in Weaverville. There were present at that private party four ladies, now residents of Eureka, namely: Mrs. Henrietta Ewing, Mrs. Thomas Carr, Mrs. A. Monroe (then Miss Albee) and Mrs. John Carr.

Some of the gentlemen who assembled that New Year's night, '53, to enjoy themselves under "Black Dave's fiddling, have since become leading men of the nation. Amongst them were John P. Jones, Senator from the State of Nevada, then a young, ruddy-faced boy; J. C. Burch, afterwards a member

of Congress; F. S. McKenzie, one of the State Prison Directors of California, and afterwards an officer of the rebel army, killed while fighting Siegel in Missouri in '62; Ed. Rowe, Deputy State Treasurer when J. Neely Johnson was Governor of California; Will Lowe, afterwards Sheriff of the county and another rebel officer during our late unpleasantness. These were a few of the boys who partook of our hospitality and barley cakes at the first private party given in Trinity county.

The houses of that day were built in a hurry and not very strongly put together, and, when the heavy snow came on, the roofs had to be shoveled or scraped off. Frequently, if not cleaned off, the weight of snow would break them down. Nearly everybody would be at work cleaning the snow as soon as the rafters showed any signs of weakening, which they would do by bending in the center. A merchant by the name of Farewell had a stock of goods on the opposite side of the street from my place of business. He went below before the storm commenced for his winter stock of goods and left John P. Jones in charge as clerk and bookkeeper. John P. never liked manual labor very well, and he failed to keep the snow off the roof of the store. There was getting to be a big load on it, and the rafters showed all signs of "caving," and the neighbors advised him to use a little elbow-grease and clean the building; but he declined, saying he did not hire to Farewell to shovel snow, and he would

be d--d if he would do it. Saturday night John P. and some of his chums sat up pretty late playing cards in the store, and the snow was coming down with a vengeance. Next morning being Sunday John P. was late about getting up. About 9 I was standing in my door, when I heard a cracking across the street, and, on looking over where the noise came from, I saw that the Farewell store had at last succumbed to the snow, and John P. was under the ruins. In a few moments there was a crowd gathered. Some thought Jones was surely crushed to death, and they kept constantly calling him, but got no response. Shovels were brought and used freely, in shoveling the snow off the ruins and clearing off the *debris* to get at Jones' body; yet no signs of Jones until the boys had the *debris* cleared up to where the counter stood, and had cleared away the snow and shakes around it; there under the counter lay the embryo U. S. Senator, rolled up in his blankets, and taking it as easy as a clam at high tide. The boys commenced cursing him for not answering when called, and thus putting them out of suspense as to whether he was hurt or not. Jones replied, "I am too smart for that; look at all that snow you have shoveled off those goods, and the stuff you have cleared up for me; if I had answered you and let you know that I was not hurt, you would not have dug me out of the snow, and then I would have had all the work to do myself." Jones got some "tall cursing." Farewell was minus his

storehouse, beside the loss of and damage to his goods. If I remember rightly, when Farewell came back he was so disgusted that he sold out what goods he had left, and bade good-bye to Weaver-ville forever. Not so with John P.; he remained in town and went to clerking for Dick Clifford.

In the course of time the snow began to disappear, the trains began to come into town over the mountains, provisions got plentiful, the miners had plenty of water, and everything was again flourishing. The winter of '52 and '53 was a hard one, and had it not been for Comstock & Martin's barley, I do not know what would have become of the people. Many would have suffered and starved. There were not less than eight hundred souls in Weaver-ville basin when the storm set in. Comstock & Martin were selling barley at forty cents per pound before the scarcity, and be it said to their credit, they never raised one cent on the price, nor did they ever refuse a man credit for barley because he had no money. They could have had a very high price for it if they had demanded it. There was very little suffering, and everybody felt well and happy. All knew that the state of affairs could not last long, and the prospect ahead was good.

CHAPTER XXIV.

POLITICS, MURDER AND FIRE.

The Presidential election of '52.—J. P. Albee and family.—The house of Carr, Cummings & George.—Fire.—Noble generosity.—Rebuilding.

In November, '52, the Presidential election took place, Scott and Graham being the Whig candidates—the last nominations the Whigs ever made. Pierce and King were the Democratic nominees. The Whigs of Weaverville bought a large flag, and inscribed thereon, "Scott and Graham," in large letters, and raised a fine pole. The Democrats bought a large flag, with a large golden star in the center of the field. There was a big pine tree at the upper end of the town. The Democrats trimmed their tree of its limbs, rove halyards in the top, and threw their banner to the breeze. Church & Mix were keeping store then in a log-house in Weaverville, and the Democratic tree or flag-pole was in front of their store. Church was a Whig and Mix was a Democrat. They had a sign out which read: "Church & Mix, Provisions and Liquors." The word "provisions" was under Church's name and "liquors" under Mix's. When

they were trimming the tree a limb fell on the sign cutting it squarely in two, leaving the name of Church standing, with "provisions" under it, and taking off Mix and "liquors." The Whigs used to poke fun at Mix, saying the Democratic portion of the firm had fallen. "Church and provisions" politics ran high in Weaverville. The election came on, and everybody voted. There were no registry laws then in California, and the Democrats "got away with" the Whigs in Weaverville as well as the balance of the United States. Everything passed off quietly—not one fight on election day. The largest vote ever polled in Weaverville was polled at that election—if I remember correctly, nearly nine hundred votes. The San Francisco papers, in commenting on the election, remarked on the good morals of the American electors, saying that the election passed off at Weaverville, Trinity county, without one single fight, although Weaverville was the wickedest place in California. We Weaverites did not believe the insinuation against our morals and good standing, and considered it a slander on our peaceful burg.

I would not be doing justice if I did not honorably mention the name of one of Weaverville's pioneer mothers who is now a resident of Eureka—Mrs. Albee, wife of J. P. Albee, who was cruelly murdered by the Indians in November, '62, on Redwood Creek, in this county. In the early part of the summer of '52, J. P. Albee and an old gentle-

man by the name of Hovey brought some milch cows to Weaverville to furnish the town with milk. They started a restaurant in connection with their milk business, which was afterwards turned into the St. Charles Hotel, one of the leading hotels of Weaverville. Albee's family came to Weaverville about October, '52. His was the largest family of children that had yet made their appearance in town. His oldest child, now Mrs. Monroe of this city, was then a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age. She was considered quite a young lady for those days. They stayed in town during the hard winter, and in the summer of '53 removed to Humboldt county, another old resident of Humboldt accompanying them over the mountains—Peter Houck of Eel River Valley. They settled on Salmon Creek, and in May, '56, removed to Redwood. In '62, during the Indian war, Mr. Albee moved his family to Arcata for protection against the savages who were then on the war-path. But he continued to go back and forth to his ranch, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his family and friends. J. P. Albee was a man who was kind and just in his dealings, always taking the part of the weak against the strong, and was the friend of the Indians when the white men abused them. He put confidence in them and unwisely trusted them too far, and they cruelly repaid him by taking his life. His remains were discovered near his house on his ranch, and buried by the soldiers who were

then in the field. By his death Mrs. Albee was left with five small children to provide for, with very little means, the Indians having destroyed his property and run off much of his stock. Here commenced a heroic struggle for the brave mother to support, maintain and educate her family, which she nobly accomplished. The old lady has now eight children, twenty-six grand-children and six great-grand-children, all living, making forty of her direct descendants now living in California, the most of them in Humboldt county. Our tardy Government some years since passed an indemnity bill reimbursing those persons who were losers by the Indian wars and depredations in Northern California, and I believe she was voted sixteen thousand dollars for her losses, but she has not yet received one cent. I suppose red-tapeism will keep the old lady out of it while she lives, and it may come when it is too late to do her any good.

But let us get back to Weaverville. We were beginning to get everything in running order—after the hard winter everything was flourishing. I found that the blacksmith shop under the dwelling-house would not answer very well, as the fine dust from the shop would go all over, and made our rooms upstairs very uncomfortable to live in. I made up my mind to turn the lower part into a store, and build a shop on a vacant lot next the store. Myself, with two others, went into the mercantile business under the firm name of Carr,

Cummings & George. John George had a pack-train of twenty-four mules which he put into the concern. A few days after the partnership was formed, I had an offer for my house and lot of three thousand five hundred dollars by Madam Bachelor, to fit it up for a gambling-house. I refused it; got a train-load of goods in, and opened out business with good prospects, and in less than one week, while at dinner one day, an alarm of fire was given. Weaverville was about to receive its first baptism of the fiery element. On running downstairs I found the American Hotel all in flames. It was the next building to mine, and caught on the side next to our store and dwelling-house. To try to put it out was all in vain. The only thing to be done was to save what few goods we could before the fire drove us out. I had, before leaving San Francisco in the fall previous, bought some furniture and a stove—I believe the first in Weaverville. It was all upstairs, together with my wife's gold watch and clothing. We saved very little of it. We got some of the goods out of the store before the fire drove us out. The fire swept up the main street on the east side, clearing everything before it. The houses were built of pine shakes and lined with cotton. When the immense blaze would strike the next house in its course up the street it would seem to melt out of existence in a moment. It ran up Main street to Court street, and up Court street as far as there was anything to burn. Crossing Court street

it burned up and down the street, until stopping at the United States Hotel, kept by Joseph Ewing and wife, where by superhuman exertions of the people it was checked. Very few goods were saved. The time from the first alarm until the fire was arrested was but twenty-eight minutes. It being noon when the fire commenced, there were very few persons in town—the miners were all at work, the most of them some distance from the town; but they got there as soon as possible and did good work. There was no water or anything to work with. P. M. Eder had the day before arrived in town with a large stock of goods—ninety mule loads. They were put in the American Hotel for storage until he could find or build a store. That was the building where the fire started. He never saved one dollar's worth of the goods. Nearly every merchant of the town lost heavily. To me it was the first set back, and I lost it all in a few moment's time. Six thousand dollars would not cover my personal loss. When the first fire started Mrs. Graham, the landlady of the American Hotel, was sick. Her husband went to her room and carried her out the back door and left her but a short distance from the building. As the fire progressed the heat became so great where she lay that it was setting her clothing on fire. Mrs. Carr, seeing the danger she was in, at great risk to herself ran in and carried the sick woman in her arms to a safe place. Before she could reach a place of safety our

own house was in flames. She saved nothing of her own clothing, watch and what jewelry she had—all went, and all that was left to her was the clothing on her back. The fire left us naked. Before the fire was yet out one of my partners—Cummings—started for the mill, two miles below town, and ordered a bill of lumber to rebuild. He was first on hand and got his lumber. The same evening a load arrived on the ground, and we had to put the fire out on the burnt sills in order to lay the new ones.

In the meantime an express messenger was dispatched to Shasta with the news of the fire. Shasta was then a business place. It was the head of wagon navigation. There were several large wholesale houses that furnished the principal goods for all the northern mines. From one of these houses we purchased our goods—the firm of Todd & Jones. They were doing a large business in Shasta. As soon as they heard of the fire they immediately sent one of their clerks—Grant I. Taggart—over to Weaverville to see if we wanted any help to rebuild, and if so to draw on them for the amount needed. Grant I. Taggart has since been elected Clerk of the Supreme Court, and is now in the real estate business in Oakland.

The next day after the fire, when Taggart arrived in Weaverville, we had the floor laid for our store, and in six days after the fire the store was complete—counter, shelves and everything ready for

business. The next day after the fire I was at work sharpening picks, and doing business in that line as if nothing had happened. In a few days our train arrived with a load of goods. Todd & Jones hired another train, loaded it with goods, and sent it on. We knew nothing of it until it arrived in Weaverville, consigned to Carr, Cummings & George, with the freight all paid. Freight in those days was no small item in the cost of the goods. Ten cents per pound was the going rate that spring from Shasta to Weaverville. Inside of ten days we were in full blast, as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER XXV.

POLITICS AND WAR.

Comstock and Martin.—The old pine stump.—A street battle.—Pierce, Church & Company.—The Home Guards.—Encampment at Red Bluff; hungry soldiers.—A Masonic lodge organized; its officers.—The Odd Fellows.—First school in Weaverville.

After the fire we were again left houseless. Comstock & Martin again came to our rescue, their place of business having escaped the fire. They had a story-and-a-half house, the lower floor of which was used as an office and storeroom for grain, and the upper part was partly used as an office for the big ditch company, occupied by Messrs. Young, Garland & Wyman. They kindly offered us the front room upstairs until we could get a house built to live in, which we occupied.

A history of the early days of Weaverville would not be complete without something said about the firm of Comstock & Martin. Israel Comstock and John Martin were amongst the first settlers of Weaverville. I believe they were there in '50; at least, I found them mining there when I arrived in February, '51. Israel Comstock was a genuine specimen of the tall Yankee Democrat. Nearly

seven feet in hight, and as good-natured as he was big. The only way you could get him angry was to ask him how tall he was, or to say anything about his hight to him. He was a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, and close to their corral gate was a big pine stump, which the boys used to call "the Democratic stump." For six months before the election the stump would be occupied by Israel and the candidates discussing their chances for a nomination. The Whigs used to say if that old pine stump could talk and tell all the rascality and jobs put up around it, there would be some very hard yarns given to the political history of Trinity county. Comstock remained a genuine Democrat.

There was an establishment in the upper end of town called the Spanish corral. It was not strictly a very moral place; a sort of a dance-house where, when each set was over, they all promenaded to the bar for refreshments. The inmates, or female portion, were generally Chilanos, Kanackas and Mexicans. Some of the women got dissatisfied and wanted to leave the town, but the proprietors did not want them to leave. The women made a private arrangement with Tom Dawson and John Maloy, two packers, to take them to Shasta, and they tried to get them away without the keeper's knowledge, but he discovered the plot. The women and packers started off, but, when they got about the middle of the main street, there commenced a perfect fusilade, or miniature battle, be-

tween the parties. There must have been fifty or sixty shots fired in the street, with a perfect Babel of voices, and no choice language used. On that occasion we were sleeping upstairs, and, when they had fought down the street to near the livery-stable building where we were sleeping, the bullets commenced cracking against the house pretty lively. My wife was somewhat alarmed, as the house was made of shakes and not bullet-proof by any means. We lay down on the floor until the fight got past the house, and then the danger was over. I expected to see at least a half-dozen funerals next day, but, to my surprise, there were no persons hurt on either side. It was a beautiful moon-light night, and how so much shooting could be done without somebody getting hurt was surprising to me.

Until the firing on Fort Sumter, the firm of Comstock & Martin united in business with them John E. Church and Jesse Pierce, and formed one of the largest business houses in Northern California, under the name of Pierce, Church & Co., doing a large forwarding and mercantile business. Pierce went to San Francisco, Comstock to Red Bluff, and Church & Martin remained in Weaverville to attend to the business there. Old Israel was at Red Bluff attending to the forwarding, as that place was the head of water navigation, and all goods going north had to be re-shipped either on wagons or by pack mules to their destination.

I well remember, in the summer of '63, during the civil war, there were two companies of home guards organized in Trinity county, the Douglass City Rifles and Halleck Rifles. I belonged to the Douglass City Rifles—both companies belonged to the 5th Brigade. We were ordered to Red Bluff for encampment and drill, a distance of about ninety miles, for ten days' service. The camp was located on a creek about two and one-half miles below Red Bluff, where we played soldier. The last day of the encampment we were ordered to strike tents and march for Red Bluff, and, when the brigade arrived at the town, we were marched and counter-marched and drilled for the space of three or four hours, for the gratification of the people of that town and General John Bidwell, the commanding officer, in particular. When the parade was dismissed there were no preparations made to feed or shelter the troops. The boys felt pretty hungry and mad about that time, and made application to General Bidwell, but he told them he could do nothing for them. Old Israel Comstock was at the Bluff at the time, and such treatment of the Trinity county boys raised his Yankee ire, and he went after General Bidwell in good style. He told the boys of Trinity to go to the hotel and get what they wanted, and he would foot the bills. Such was Israel Comstock, one of God's noblemen, and a true specimen of the early pioneers of Cali-

fornia. He died a few years since at Red Bluff. Peace to his ashes.

John Martin, Comstock's partner, is still in the land of the living, one of the best-known men in Northern California. He is the last of the firm that commenced business in Weaverville thirty-six years since, and is running the old livery stable yet. John Martin was like his old partner Comstock, a State of Main man, a Whig in politics in early days; but afterwards became a leading Republican, and a live one too. When Comstock went to Red Bluff to live, John Martin took advantage of his absence, and turned the old Democratic headquarters into Republican headquarters, and, I believe, it remains so to this day. Many a Republican job was put up in and around that old Democratic stump. John was a good, jovial fellow, and for thirty years there was not a marriage, ball, dinner, christening, or social party given in or about Weaverville but that if John Martin was not at the head of it, it was considered that there was something wrong. Remaining an old bachelor all this time, yet he got caught at last. A few months since I saw the account of his marriage in the San Francisco papers. His bride must indeed be a paragon of perfection to catch the old boy at last. John, all your old Trinity friends now residing in Humboldt county wish you much joy and happiness, hoping the old nest of Martins will be well stocked with young Martins, and the old birds be spared to them until they are

full-feathered and ready to fly. John, old boy, success to you and your bride.

To come back to '52. In the summer of that year the first Masonic lodge was started in Weaver-ville, known as Trinity Lodge, No. 27, with a man by the name of Chamberlin as Master, Dr. Winston as Senior Warden and C. L. N. Vaughn as Junior Warden. The lodge-room was in a building at the lower end of the town, owned by a man by the name of James Cameron, in the upper story of which I received my first lesson in the mystic tie in the fall of '52, I being the second Mason raised to the third degree in the old lodge, which has since turned out many a bright Mason. Cameron sold the building to Madam Bush, and she started the Polka Saloon, and the Masons moved into the upper story of the court-house, and remained there until the county built a court-house.

J. F. Chellis had the contract for building the court-house, and the Masons got permission from the County Court to build a third story on the building and make a lodge-room of it, paying J. F. Chellis twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars for adding the third story, or lodge-room, to the building. When completed it made a safe and comfortable lodge. The Odd Fellows did not organize, I believe, until along in the summer of '53, when they started North Star Lodge, which became a flourishing one.

The first school was started in '53 as a private

enterprise, taught by a lady by the name of Mrs. Edwards, now Mrs. Belcher of San Francisco. She had but six or seven pupils, three out of one family—the Upton's—two boys and one girl. Mr. Upton was a lawyer of Weaverville, at one time a member of the Legislature of California, afterwards Chief Justice of Oregon, and the last time I heard of him he was Third Auditor of the Treasury at Washington. I believe there were some two or three pupils from the family of Mr. Conway, who was then working at mining on West Weaver. Such was the beginning of civilization in Weaverville.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A TRIP TO HUMBOLDT.

A trip to Humboldt.—Indian war rumors.—Judge Peters and the jokers.
—Volunteers in pursuit of Indians.—Uniontown.—Return to Weaverville with General Denver.

During the summer of '53, hearing of the beauties and richness of Humboldt county, I made up my mind to visit that section. Buying a mule, I started from Weaverville, to take a more extended view of the resources of this county. On my arriving at Big Flat, on the lower Trinity, there were rumors of the Indians having broken out, and being on the war path. I found waiting for company Judge Peters and two others, and we were joined there by General Denver, all bound for Uniontown, now Arcata. We laid by for a couple of days before starting, and, in the meantime, word came to Big Flat that Johnson, the packer, was killed by the Indians while encamped on a prairie in the red-woods. The five of us held a consultation whether to venture over the trail or not. We came to the conclusion to take the chances and go through, and did so.

Before starting the boys had some fun with Judge Peters. Every morning, while staying there, the Judge would dress himself for the road, with a couple of pistols in his belt, and leggings on; he also had on one spur. There were one saloon and a store on Big Flat at that time. The saloon was kept by old Daddy McGann, and the store by Stuart & Williams—R. G. Stuart and R. M. Williams. When Peters would make his appearance in the store, Bob Stuart would tell him he had the spur on the wrong foot, as the brush on the trail all grew on that side, and the Judge would change it to the other foot; after a while he would visit old Daddy McGann, and then the boys would reason with him and tell him that the brush all grew on the other side of the trail, and off would come the spur; the Judge complaining all the time that people could not tell him the truth. The Judge was somewhat of a military man, and he would insist on the five of us forming ourselves into a company for drill, and, in case the Indians attacked us, we could fight them systematically; and then he would drill us, he having had some experience in Virginia as a military officer. The Judge was a high-toned Virginian, and claimed to belong to the first families of Virginia. Well, after a time we got started, the Judge complaining that we were the most careless d—d set that he ever traveled with. All went well the first day out, or until we had crossed the South Fork and were getting into the Indian coun-

try; then the Judge began scolding us for our carelessness, complaining of our loud talk, and said if there was a hostile Indian within ten miles of us he could hear us and would surely attack us, and that we must not speak at all; but, if attacked, not to fire until he would give the signal. General Denver, although a brother Democrat, was not on good terms with the Judge, and the General got a big disgust on with the Judge. The rest of us were amused at his foolishness. Finally, as we were drawing close to where Johnson was killed, the Judge drew his pistol from his belt and ordered the rest of us to do the same. This got the General's ire up, and, calling to me, he said, "That damn fool will kill some of us; we are in more danger from him than we are from the Indians; make him put up that revolver." The Judge had shot one man some time before, in mistake for an Indian, on the same trail. I rode up to the Judge and requested him to put up his gun until he should have more need of it. He became indignant, and wanted to know if I knew who he was. I told him, "I suppose you are Judge Peters." He said, "Sir, I am a Virginia gentleman." "Then, sir," I replied, "put up your gun, and act like a gentleman." He would not do it until finally the other four of us told him distinctly, if he did not do so, he would have to travel alone, for we were going to take no chances of being shot by him.

The Judge put his pistol up under protest, and

we proceeded on our journey, coming in due time to where Johnson, the packer, was killed and buried. Our trail led through redwoods and prairie country. In the afternoon we came to where the boys were camped who were hunting the Indians. They were under the command of "Rease" Wiley, now of Eureka, then of Uniontown. They were a welcome sight to us, as we were completely in the dark as far as knowing anything about the hostiles or the men in pursuit of them until we struck this camp. Some distance from Angels Ranch we found about thirty men who had volunteered to go after the hostiles in about an hour's time after the news came of the death of Johnson. Johnson was killed, and his partner was shot and wounded badly, but he got over it. The report was that it was their own fault, for, when they camped for the night, some Indians and squaws came into camp, and the two white men seized a squaw each, and made them stay with them all night. In the middle of the night the Indians made an attack on them, killing Johnson and badly wounding his partner, the squaws helping the Indians. We made Angels Ranch that night. It was kept by a man by the name of Bill Evans. There were a number of travelers like ourselves stopping at Angels Ranch and waiting for more company.

We started next morning, quite a band of us, for Uniontown, and arrived all right about the middle of the afternoon, and found the place a good deal

excited over the Indian troubles. We found Uniontown quite a town for those days; everything had a sort of permanent look about it. We put up at the American Hotel, then kept by "Rease" Wiley, a good place to stop at, with lots of fresh vegetables and fresh milk and butter, something we were not accustomed to getting in the mines. The hotel was on the northeast corner of the plaza. Nearly opposite on the other side of the street, was Murdock's store, and opposite that was Boles & Coddington's store. Boles & Coddington did quite a large business. They had a branch store on Big Bar, on the Trinity River, where they sold a large amount of gold-dust. Near the southwest corner of the plaza W. C. Martin and H. J. Dart kept store. Old man Jacoby kept a restaurant on the south side of the plaza, and a bar and billiard room, which was considered the "tony" place of the town. Old Mr. Nixon had a dwelling-house on the northwest corner of the plaza, which was the best private dwelling I had yet seen in the State. General Denver made a political speech for the Democratic side of the house while we were at Uniontown. In about eight or ten days the volunteers returned from the war, with not a scalp to adorn their shields. It was a bloodless war, so far as they were concerned. Here the General and myself were in a pretty fix, wanting to get home, and no one but us two willing to take the chances. We had about eighty miles of Indian country to travel through, and not even

Judge Peters to accompany us or give us the benefit of his experience. We left Uniontown in the afternoon, and staid at Bates' all night. We had expected that there might be more company at that point wanting to go through; but we were disappointed, as no person wanted to take the chances of the trip. Next morning Denver and myself started on our foolhardy trip, with our eyes and ears open, ready for a fight at any moment, and expecting it; but, as good fortune favored us, we made the South Fork the first night, after a hard day's ride, and stopped all night with Pole Hill, who kept a sort of a hotel or stopping-place for travelers at the crossing of the South Fork. We considered the worst part of the journey over, as there had been no depredations done above the South Fork as yet. Next morning we were again on the road, and made Big Flat that night, if I remember correctly, well tired out and very glad to be in a land of safety. It was, as Denver remarked, a very foolhardy trip for two of us to make; but we made it all right. I had more courage then than I have now. The next day's ride was an easy one, from Big Flat to Weaverville, where we arrived all right. I took the trip to see the country, and considered I was well repaid for my trouble. My first sight of Arcata was a pleasing one. I thought it one of the most beautiful places for a town I had seen in the State, lying in and surrounded by a beautiful and productive country, with a forest of majestic red-

woods for a background, and Humboldt Bay lying in front of it. All vegetation round the town looked green and fresh--so different from what I had been accustomed to. To me it seemed like an earthly paradise. We did not visit Eureka or any other portion of the county. I made up my mind then that at some future day Humboldt county should be my permanent home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DESPERADO KILLED.—WATER TROUBLES.

A gambler and desperado killed.—Gamblers and desperados contributed to California by the disbanded American army of the Mexican war.—Joseph McGee shoots McElroy.—A full jail.

During my absence from Weaverville there took place one of those unfortunate circumstances whereby a man lost his life. There was a "sport" in town—I have forgotten his name. He had committed some offense, and there was a warrant out for his arrest. The warrant was given to Harry J. Seaman, who was Deputy Sheriff under William M. Lowe. Harry undertook to serve the warrant, but the fellow would not be arrested. He drew his pistol, and told the deputy that neither he nor any other man could arrest him. The deputy then drew his pistol, and the two men stood facing each other for some little time. William M. Lowe, the Sheriff, was close by, in Ike Dixon's barber shop, getting shaved. Hearing the noise and loud talk, he jumped out of the chair, and, on going to the door, took in the situation at a glance. He ran to his deputy, and, taking the pistol out of his hand,

he told the fellow to throw up his hands and surrender, or he would kill him. The fellow refused to surrender, and Lowe blazed away, the bullet striking him in the breast and going clear through him and lodging in the door-frame of our store. The whole fracas took place under our awning and immediately in front of our store. The bullet remained in the door-frame until the next winter, when the building burned down. The fellow expired in a few minutes after being hit. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide—killed while resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty." He was buried, and that was the last said about him. He lived the life of a gambler and desperado, and died by the hand of violence, like hundreds of others in the early days of California.

Every few days one would hear or read of some such tragedy, when the American army that conquered Mexico was disbanded. Gold was shortly afterwards discovered, and many of the gamblers and desperadoes that accompanied the army to Mexico turned their attention to California, and frequently tried to run the country in their own way; but they generally got snubbed. Sometimes their brawls and cutting and shooting scrapes would be amongst themselves, and then there was very little attention paid to them. I remember very distinctly about a shooting scrape that took place between McGee and another sport by the name of

McElroy. McGee was known as the worst man in Weaverville, and generally known as Hell-roaring McGee. His proper name was Joseph McGee, and he came from the State of Tennessee. He was elected the first Assessor of Trinity county, which then embraced Humboldt within its borders. McGee, while assessing, collected all the money he could, and made but very small returns to the County Treasury. The Grand Jury got after him and found several indictments against him, and he left the county for the county's good. The fracas between the two men grew out of a dispute over a game of cards one night, when both men drew their pistols and fired. There was a scattering out of that house for a few moments. McGee got in his work first, and shot McElroy, and with his usual luck came out of the fracas unhurt. McElroy was taken to his room, supposed to be mortally wounded, and there hovered between life and death for some days.

At times he was out of his head. His room was in the American Hotel, upstairs, the stairs being on the outside of the building. One day, while in one of his delirious fits, he sprang out of bed, and, seizing a large bowie-knife, made for the door and out on the platform at the head of the stairs. There he stood, with no clothing on but his undershirt and drawers, cursing and swearing in a fearful manner that he would cut the heart out of every son of man in Weaverville. The carpenters were

at work on my building, next to the American. As soon as they saw the plight he was in—crazy, with a bowie-knife in his hand—they made tracks for some more sheltered nook. Some men came through the building and took his knife from him and got him back into his room before any damage was done. He finally got well, and I learned afterwards that he became quite a good man.

In the summer of 1853 the water troubles commenced on West Weaver. I gave a short sketch of the first ditches that were brought into Weaverville in the summer of '51. About the same time there was a ditch taken out of West Weaver, and brought into Sidney Hill and other diggings in that vicinity. Dr. William Ware got control of the West Weaver ditch and enlarged it so that, for the most part of the dry season, he turned all the water of West Weaver into it, and left the miners below the dam with no water to work their claims. The old law of riparian rights—that is, that the water of a stream cannot be turned out of its natural channel when required there—was the law the miners claimed under, and they contended for their rights under that law. They remonstrated with Dr. Ware, but to no purpose. The Doctor would not listen to them. Finally, after having several miners' meetings over the matter, and sending committees to try and compromise with him, they came to the conclusion that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and that they

would try to get their rights in some more effective manner. It was resolved at one of their meetings to cut the dam out by force, and fight if necessary. Accordingly the meeting resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and started for Dr. Ware's dam, armed and equipped with rifles, pistols, axes, picks and shovels, bent on having water to work their claims. There were about one hundred and twenty of them. When they got to the dam they found three or four men working on the dam. Dr. Ware's men could offer no resistance to such a crowd, who commenced on the dam and made short work of it. In a few minutes there was plenty of water running down the bed of the stream. They then posted a notice that if the dam was again put in they would cut it out again, and returned to their claims and their work. Dr. Ware started for Weaverville, three or four miles distance, and entered complaint against nine of the principal leaders of the West Weaver miners, and had them arrested for maliciously destroying property. They were arrested and brought to Weaverville by Sheriff Lowe, and confined in the county jail. Several of the business men of the town offered to bail them out, but they refused all bail. In the meantime the balance of the miners who were engaged in cutting out the dam came to Weaverville in a body—over one hundred of them—telling the Sheriff that they were as guilty as those who were in prison, and wanted him to serve them all alike.

The Sheriff remonstrated, but to no avail. He either had to let the others out or put them in. The Sheriff replied:

“If you are so damned anxious to go to jail, in you go!”

Now the jail was a very small building, made of hewn logs, not over eighteen or twenty feet square, and Lowe had to put about one hundred and twenty-five men into it. He got them all in, but they were packed as close as sardines in a box. The jail was poorly ventilated. After the door was closed for a few minutes and the air cut off, it became almost intolerable. In the meantime the miners from other parts came into town to the number of several hundred and went to Sheriff Lowe, demanding the immediate release of the whole of the prisoners, or that they be confined in some more fit place. If he did not grant their request, they told him they would pull the jail down in short order. Sheriff Lowe said the most of them were in jail at their own request, but he would do the best he could for them. On consultation with the County Judge, they decided to take the boys out and confine them in the court-room, which was large and well ventilated. The culprits were quite comfortable in their new prison, and all went well until supper time came. The boys began to get hungry, and demanded the Sheriff to get them their supper. This set Sheriff Lowe to thinking. He went to the restaurants to order supper for his

prisoners, but the restaurants of that time in Weaverville were not very extensive, and not well supplied with conveniences for so large a crowd of county boarders. Besides, meals at that time were one dollar each, in cash, and the county had no cash to pay, and the county scrip was worth fifty cents on the dollar. The restaurant men were not anxious to accommodate the Sheriff in the "grub" line for fifty cents on the dollar. Finally the Sheriff got mad and went to the court-house. Flinging the doors open, he exclaimed :

"Get out of here, every mother's son of you, and get your own suppers, or go without, and be damned to you!"

The boys left hurrahing for Sheriff Lowe.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MINATURE IRELAND.

Conspiracy to hang Doctor William, Ware.—First water-melons.—
Serving on a grand jury.

After the miners were released from custody there were some tall threats against Dr. Ware, as he was the means of sending so many persons to jail. I was one day at work in my shop, when a friend named Seely came in. We talked for awhile about the water troubles, and the miners being imprisoned, when he remarked:

“Do you know that Dr. Ware is a Mason?”

“No, I was not aware of it,” said I.

He assured me that he was. In a short time after Seely left the shop a friend of mine came in—a miner from West Weaver—and one of the men who had been in jail. I said to him:

“Billy, do you know that Dr. Ware is a Mason?” He seemed to be thunderstruck with the information.

“Do you know him to be such?” he asked.

I told him my informant. His reply was:

“O God; can that be so?” He again asked, “Is it so?”

I told him I thought it was the truth. He stood for some minutes in contemplation, and then asked to see me privately. We then went to a private place, when he informed me that he and eight others had entered into a conspiracy to hang Dr. Ware on a certain night, and that I must stop it or prevent it. They had, he informed me, bound themselves under the most solemn oath to take his life and be avenged on him for indignities that he had caused them. Being cast into jail like common felons was more than they could stand. Smarting under their wrongs they entered into that dreadful conspiracy which, had it been carried into effect, each would have regretted to the last days of his life. I consulted with Dr. Harris, a friend that could be relied on. We came to the conclusion to go that night and warn Dr. Ware of his danger. In the afternoon it came on to rain. That night we (Dr. Harris and myself) agreed to meet at 9 o'clock and go to the Doctor's cabin and warn him of the impending danger. It was a fearfully wet night. We dared not take a lantern with us, and the trail led up through the mines, and was very difficult to follow, and dangerous at that. We finally, after many mishaps, got to his cabin. The old gentleman and two others were quietly sitting by the fire when we entered. The Doctor was surprised to see us at such an hour and on such a night. I had had some little difficulty with the Doctor, and we had not spoken to each other for the past

year. We informed the Doctor that we had a little business with him, and wished to converse with him a few minutes in private. The Doctor consented, and we went out of the cabin and under the woodshed. We found him what he was represented to be. We then informed him of the conspiracy to take his life, or do him some great bodily injury. The Doctor was very much alarmed, and did not know what course to pursue. We advised him not to sleep in his cabin until he had notice from us that it was safe to do so, but to sleep with some of his neighbor miners until the thing was settled, and not to push the suits against the miners that were then pending before the courts. The Doctor agreed to follow our advice in every particular, and did so.

In the meantime my West Weaver friend went home, and, as he informed me afterwards, he called on the other conspirators and told them that he would have nothing more to do with the matter, and advised the others to drop the thing, and not commit a crime that they would forever repent. Finally one after another came to his views, and agreed not to molest the Doctor in any private manner whatever. They kept their words. In the meantime the Doctor kept out of his cabin at night for some time, and withdrew the suits against the miners for malicious mischief. In a short time afterwards the matter was settled by compromise, and things again wore a peaceful aspect in Weaver-

ville. After our mission to Dr. Ware's was completed, and the Doctor was warned of his danger, Harris and myself returned to town. And a good time we had getting there. How we ever escaped falling into some of the mining holes or ditches that beset our trail, was a mystery to both of us; but, aside from a few tumbles over piles of tailings and a few bruises, we got back all right.

Looking back over a lapse of thirty-six years, and thinking over the tragedy that was likely to have occurred, I cannot but feel thankful that Providence interfered and made me instrumental through the agency of that noble order which has been the pride of the good and great men of all nations and all ages of the world, in saving the life of a fellow-mortal. Through its agency I was informed of a great crime that was about being committed; through its agency I was able to counteract and stop the committal of that great crime, which would have brought shame and disgrace upon every good citizen of the county, besides taking the life of a good man and a worthy citizen. The men who entered into the conspiracy I never knew except the one referred to, and he was a good man. He stood well in the community, but was young and high-spirited. It galled them terribly to think that they should be committed to prison for contending for what they thought to be their rights as Americans, hence their banding together to do that rash act, which, thank Heaven, they were prevented

from carrying out. I would not have written this, but the principal actors have long since left the county or died, and Dr. William Ware, a short time since, paid the great debt of nature, leaving behind him the name of a good man, and one of Trinity's early and enterprising citizens. The conspiracy was never known except to Dr. Harris and myself and those engaged in it.

Some time in '52, two enterprising citizens, A. J. Felter and Dan Sullivan, took up and located some large flats near the mouth of Oregon Gulch for the purpose of gardening and raising fruit. It proved a paying venture. The land was good, and everything they put in the ground did remarkably well. I remember the first watermelons they brought to town for sale. If my memory serves me right, they sent over two pack mules loaded with them. Their place was about seven miles from town. Melons were things we old inhabitants never expected to regale ourselves with; but, in the course of time, they came with other luxuries the oldest inhabitant never dreamed of. Well, we had to have some of the melons. Asking the price, and being informed they were so much per pound, I picked out one and weighed it. It came to the modest sum of two dollars and fifty cents, and cheap at that. They went off like hot cakes, and could not begin to supply the demand. In a short time these gentlemen had a fine strawberry patch in full operation, and such strawberries as they

raised were hard to beat. In due course of time Mrs. Felter—Jack Felter's wife, a very estimable lady—made her appearance from the State of Ohio. Felter bought out Sullivan, and he returned to Boston where he belonged. At this time they were running a pack-train to Shasta, keeping store, running the garden and hotel, and doing quite a business. Every summer, for several years, they had a grand ball or strawberry party, when the beauty and chivalry of Trinity county would assemble there to eat strawberries, and at night to trip the light fantastic toe. Many a pleasant party assembled on Oregon Gulch at the home of Jack Felter in the early days of California. Jack and his good wife are now residents of San Bernardino City.

A few words concerning Oregon Gulch. Gold was found in it in the summer of '50 by some Oregonians, but there was very little work done there that season. When I passed up it in February, '51, there were no persons working on it. We prospected on the gulch, and found very good prospects, and intended to come back, if we found no better in Weaverville. That summer, or the summer of '51, there was quite a rush to the northern mines, and Oregon Gulch got its share. Quite a number of the sons of the Emerald Isle located on the gulch, and it became a miniature Ireland. There were two parties of them (they were always at war), the Daceys and the Foy crowd. Nearly every Grand Jury that met had more or less cases from

Oregon Gulch. If the Dacey crowd had no grievance to redress, then the Foy crowd had. In their way they made work for the Grand Juries every session.

I remember in the spring of '55 being drawn on the Grand Jury. Judge R. T. Miller was County Judge at that time, and he appointed Major Cox foreman of the jury. The usual batch of complaints came up from Oregon Gulch. This time it was the Daceys who were the aggressors, and Tom Foy laid his complaint before the Grand Jury. When the business came up in its usual form, Tom appeared before the Grand Jury, to give his version of the affair. He was sworn to tell what he knew about it.

"May it please your honors," was Tom's reply, "just look at me face! That's ividence anuff for you gintlemin—that ought to be ividence to convict the murdering villians of murder, and so it ought."

Tom's face presented rather a dilapidated appearance. His beauty was certainly spoiled for a while. It was the worst looking face that I had seen in many a day. But Tom couldn't give a very intelligent account of the affair. He was well "set up," at the time the fight occurred, with Oregon Gulch "tanglefoot." After Tom got through with his evidence and had left the jury-room, some one of the Grand Jury made a motion that it be left to Archy Mitchell and myself. As the plaintiff or

complaining witness was an Irishman, and the defendants were Irishmen, and we two—Archy and myself—were Irishmen, it was nothing but right and proper that we Irishmen should settle the matter in our own way. We objected to the arrangement, but it was “no go.” We finally recommended that, as it was a drunken row, and no one knew who was to blame, it would be better to drop the matter, as no person was seriously hurt. Tom was very much disappointed, gave the Grand Jury a piece of his mind, and the matter ended at that.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHINESE WAR.

Another conflagration.—A battle between two bands of Chinamen.—
Furnishing the implements of war.—Many killed.

Again in the winter of '53 the fire fiend gave us a loud call. This time it broke out at the St. Charles Hotel, kept by old man Hovey, and burned up a large portion of the town. Weaverville has suffered more from fires, I believe, than any mining town in the State. Five times it had been laid in in ashes, and each time by the push and energy of her citizens the town was again rebuilt. Finally her citizens commenced building fire-proof brick in several parts of the town, which put a stop to the frequent fires to which we had been subject.

In the summer of '54 the burg was thrown out of its usually quiet and peaceful ways by two bands of hostile Chinamen, the Hongkongs and Cantons. It appeared that, for several months previous, there had been trouble between the factions. One or the other of the parties would occasionally get some of their men hurt by the opposite faction, and then there would be war on a miniature scale. Finally

they killed one of the Cantons' leading men, and patience ceased to be a virtue with them. They challenged the Hongkongs for a regular pitched battle, to come off about a month ahead. The Hongkongs accepted the challenge thus thrown at them, and commenced preparing for action. The first I knew of the impending war came from one of the China bosses, who came into the shop with a pattern similar to the iron of a pike-pole, and wanted to know how much I would charge to make one hundred like the pattern, out of steel. I told him one dollar and fifty cents each. He told me to go ahead. About an hour later the boss of the Hongkongs came into the shop and asked :

“ How much one hundred? ”

I told him one dollar and fifty cents. He told me if I would quit making them for the Cantons he would give me two hundred for his company. I said :

“ All right, John. ”

In a short time afterwards the boss of the Cantons made his appearance, and told me, if I would quit the Hongkongs' work, he would give me two dollars and a half, and I could make him three hundred more. I said :

“ All right, John. ”

They were a little different from the first lot, but just as easily made. This was crowding things in my line pretty heavily, besides my regular work, which was driving me considerable. For three

weeks I ran the shop day and night, making China instruments of war. Some of the queerest things I made for them that I have ever seen or read of—great spears with three prongs, heavy enough for old Goliath to have wielded in his day; others were made something like brush scythes. And they would take them away from the shop before they were cold, and pay up for them. They had nearly every blacksmith shop in the county engaged in like manner. In' the meantime other Chinamen were in the woods, cutting poles fourteen or fifteen feet long, bringing them to town, and dressing them up for handles for the instruments we were making. Things were going on finely. After they got one or two hundred armed men on each side they would frequently drill in the streets. One party had the upper end of town, on Court street, and the other party had the lower end. So there was very little danger of them coming together in town, and the whites gave them to understand that if they got to fighting in the streets and injured a white man, the whites would kill every mother's son of them on both sides. Finally both armies got armed and drilled, and the day was set for the fight.

In the meantime William M. Lowe, the Sheriff of the county, came to me and forbade my making any more war instruments for the belligerents, or delivering any that I had on hand, knowing that they were going to disturb the peace with them. I tried to reason with him, but it was "no go."

Finally I inquired of him what the penalty was.

“A fine of five hundred dollars!”

“Is that all?” I said, “and when will you enforce it?”

“When the Grand Jury meets,” said he, “I will have you indicted sure.”

“All right, Mr. Lowe,” I replied, “I can afford to pay five hundred dollars, and then come out winner in the game.” I went on making war instruments. That was the last I heard of it. I was not indicted.

The day before the fight the Cantons made a grand demonstration through Main street. They turned out about two hundred and fifty or three hundred strong, with all the grand panoply of war. Their arms consisted of the spikes, dart-shaped implements and spears, all fastened on to poles fourteen or sixteen feet long. At the head of the pole where the steel entered was tied red-silk ribbons. With their swallow-tailed dragon banner floating to the breeze, they made a warlike appearance, the marching and counter-marching up and down the streets striking terror into the breasts of their enemies.

The day appointed for the battle arrived, and the town was full of hostile Chinamen—a complete gathering of the clans. The military spirit ran high amongst the followers of Confucius. Miners from all parts of the county came to see the fun. Two o'clock in the afternoon was the time set for

the grand affair to come off. The place chosen was some large flats east of the town and near East Weaver. At the appointed time the hostile armies were facing each other in battle array—the Hongkongs being divided into two grand divisions perhaps one hundred yards apart, while the Cantons, or small party, were in a compact body, waiting for the onslaught.

The battle-ground was full of people. Sheriff Lowe was on the ground trying to summon a *posse*, or an army of his own, to stop the fight. He would go up to a man, take his name, and summon him to his aid. The reply would be:

“Go to h—l, Lowe—we came here to see the fight, and we are going to see it.”

The understanding between the whites and Chinamen was that there should be no firearms used in the fight—that the fighting was to be done with their own implements of war. Finally, when the Sheriff found he could not stop the fight, he left the ground in perfect disgust, cursing the boys for being such d—d poor American citizens, and swearing he would have every mother’s son of them indicted by the Grand Jury at its next session. The boys came to see the fight, and they were going to see it. The Grand Jury had no terrors for them.

It was long after 2 o’clock, and no fight yet. The hostile armies stood facing each other, hallooing all sorts of slang at each other in their own language. Finally it began to be rumored that there

was not going to be a fight—that they were fooling the boys who had come so far to see it. That was more than the honest miners could stand, and they were not going to stand it either. Finally, after waiting until patience was exhausted, they started to drive the two armies together and make them fight, whether they wanted to or not. The ground where the battle was to take place was full of washed gravel—rocks of all sizes were abundant. Forty or fifty of the boys got behind each army and commenced rocking and driving them together. In the meantime another party of whites got between the two divisions of the Hongkongs and would not let one division take any part in the fight. This left the big party really the smallest. When the Cantons saw the turn things had taken in their favor, they charged across the gulch, or flats, up the bank and into the ranks of the Hongkongs. The Hongkongs stood to their work like men. As soon as they crossed pikes with each other, then commenced the popping of pistols. I was standing with a number of others on a large log, on the brow of the gulch, a short distance from the scene of the fight. When the pistols commenced popping I turned round to jump off the log so as to get behind it. A Swede was standing on the same log with a six-shooter in his hand, shooting into the combatants indiscriminately, just for the fun of it. Before I left the log he fell over with a bullet through his brain. He never knew what hurt him. As soon as he fell,

there was a scampering--behind the log was considered a much safer place than on top of it. The fellow died immediately. He no doubt was shot by a white man close by. In after years I was told the fellow's name who fired the fatal shot. But the general verdict was that it served him right.

The charge across the gulch was made in fine style. The Hongkongs withstood the onslaught until they saw their supports cut off by the whites. They then broke and ran. Of course there were several of them wounded and lying on the field. As the enemy passed them by each warrior of the Cantons would stop and plunge his pike or dart into his unfortunate foeman who had fallen. No mercy there. Some of the dead had at least twenty wounds in them. There were several killed on each side, but the Hongkongs were the heaviest losers. The whites acted unfairly in the matter--they took the side of a small crowd, and prevented one-half of the Hongkongs taking part in the fight, which discouraged the rest of them. The Cantons had pistols concealed, and, when in close quarters, commenced using them with deadly effect. The Hongkongs made a masterly retreat, showing some tall running. When the pistols came into play the whites commenced to move for trees and logs that had "behinds" to them, but there was no person hurt but the Swede, who was killed close to where I was standing.

After the fight the victorious Cantons marched

into town with all the pride and glory of Napoleon's old guard when making their last charge at Waterloo. At their headquarters on Court street they had one grand jubilee, and all were invited to partake of their hospitality. Brandy and liquors of all kinds flowed free—the town was painted red, and it was a grand day for the free-whisky “bum.” The wounded were taken to headquarters and properly cared for, the dead to be buried on the morrow with all the pomp that a victorious army could bestow on their fallen heroes.

The army of the Hongkongs was broken and dispersed. They returned to their headquarters after dark, with their banners trailing in the dust, leaving many of their fallen braves on the field of battle, cold in death. Quite a number of the Hongkongs were buried about a mile and a half below the town.

Thus ended the China war for a time in Trinity county.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SEVERE WINTER.—MAKING HOMES.

Plenty of provisions.—A prosperous year.—Advancement in civilization.—Hovey's green peas and silver forks.—Slicing a man's coat-tail.—Additions to Weaverville society.—The benign influence of women and children.

After the Chinese fight and the boys had had their fun and returned to their claims, things about town settled down to every-day quiet. The winter had come, and a very hard one it was. Snow lay between three and four feet deep all over Weaver-ville basin, and there was very little work done in the mines. Unlike the winter of 1852-3, we had plenty of provisions in the valley to last during the snow blockade. The people had not yet forgotten their experience of 1852-3, when barley and coffee mills were in demand. Every miner and company laid in a good stock of flour, beans, sugar and bacon, so as not again to be placed on barley rations. The only commodity of which there was a scarcity was firewood. The town had now become quite large, and wood had to be hauled a considerable distance; and hauling through three or four feet of snow was

a difficult task. Wood went up to twenty dollars per cord.

As soon as the spring came and the snow began to melt, the miners were in their glory. The summer of 1855 was a prosperous one for old Trinity. Nothing startling took place during the year. The county was dropping its fast, devil-may-care manner of early days, and assuming a more civilized state. Many of the miners had changed their opinions of California, and began to think it a pretty good place in which to make a home, and many of them went back East for their wives and families or sweethearts, with the intention of making their homes here. Thus the State was gaining a permanent population. The manner of living was fast changing. In early days the everlasting "slap-jack" and rancid bacon, or saleratus biscuit and coffee sweetened with Chinese sugar, formed the daily food of the miner. His dining outfit consisted of a tin plate, a sheath-knife, a fork whittled out of a stick, and the everlasting tin cup for his coffee.

Things at this time had taken a decided turn for the better. Men had learned that California could produce something besides hides and tallow and gold. The few experiments made at raising vegetables proved a decided success. I well remember the first green peas that came to market; they were raised on Oregon Gulch, and were worth fifty cents per pound. Old man Hovey was then keeping the

St. Charles Hotel. The old man was a Massachusetts Yankee, and prided himself on keeping the best house in town, and on having everything the market afforded. Hovey bought all the green peas that Felter had to sell that day, and then put up posters announcing that on Sunday the St. Charles Hotel would have green peas for dinner, with silver forks to eat them with. Previous to this the best hotels in Weaverville had but two-pronged forks, and iron at that. The old man Hovey was a little cranky, or at least was so considered by many of the boys. They often played some trick upon him. The miners generally came to town on Sunday to get what they called a "square" dinner. A large crowd came from West Weaver Creek on that Sunday to partake of Hovey's green peas with silver forks. Now, the West Weaver miners at that time were made up of the hardest class of "scalawags" in the State. As a joke on Hovey they formed a plan to steal his green peas, and they accomplished it.

The old landlord had his peas all shelled in the kitchen on Saturday night and made ready for the pot for Sunday's dinner. A considerable number of the West Weaver jokers were in town Saturday night, and next morning Hovey's green peas had taken wings and disappeared. It was a disappointment to Hovey, but the old man in Yankeeland had been a deacon of the Baptist Church, and now he did not swear; but he must have thought bad

words. Well, the boys thought they would give old man Hovey and the St. Charles Hotel a "benefit" anyway, notwithstanding the peas were stolen. But, alas! the silver forks followed the green peas. Every fellow had pocketed one of Hovey's silver forks, and got away with it. This was the last stroke for Hovey; he got disgusted with California and left the State. He sold out to David Hinds, a crusty old fellow from New Jersey, who could hold his own with the boys.

He improved the St. Charles Hotel so far as to get a dozen arm-chairs for the bar-room. One day a miner came in and placed himself in one of these chairs, pulled out his knife, and commenced whittling one of the arms. Dave espied what he was doing. He hauled up a chair alongside of the fellow, pulled out his knife, and commenced making ribbons of the fellow's coat-tail. There were several men in the bar-room at the time, and, preceiving what was going on, they began to laugh. The fellow cutting the chair turned his head to see what the men were laughing at, and then, perceiving Dave cutting his coat-tail, jumped up and asked: "What the d—l are you cutting my coat for?" Dave coolly remarked: "What the d—l are you cutting my chair for? Have I not as good a right to cut your coat as you have to cut my chair?" The fellow studied a moment, and replied: "You have." He then said: "Gentlemen, it is my treat." Dave made a further addition to the St. Charles by bring-

ing his family. One member of the family, a daughter of sixteen or seventeen, was quite an addition not only to the St. Charles Hotel, but also to Weaverville society.

We were getting on famously. The town could now boast of three marriageable young ladies, viz.: Miss Hinds, Miss Connor, and Miss Morgan, a step-daughter of Dick Clifford. Miss Hinds died unmarried. Miss Connor married Charles Sloan, was for a long time a resident of Hydesville in this county, and now lives in the hills not far from Blocksburg. Miss Morgan married Henry Haeker, one of Weaverville's early merchants. She died several years since, leaving quite a family of children, now men and women grown. The school children had become quite numerous, and the public schools of the State had become well established. Robert Desty, now of San Francisco, the compiler of our Criminal Code, was one of the first teachers in the public schools of Weaverville.

How great and beneficent is the influence of women and children upon men! Without the influence of virtuous women, men would soon relapse into barbarism, and become as wild as the savages that roam over the plains. We have seen this illustrated in the early days of California. When virtuous women were very few in the State, men who had been taught better things at their mothers' knees, became reckless and indulged in all manner of vice and wickedness. Many of the men who avoided

the gambling-table and the wine-cup, allowed themselves to become unshaven and unkempt until their own mothers would not have known them. But, as soon as true women began to arrive in the mines and settlements of California, what a change! Men forsook the gambling-table and the wine-cup; the razor and the bathtub came into frequent use; white shirts, and what the boys called "store clothes," were more in demand; and an evening spent in the company of ladies was much prized. Yet, with all their seeming roughness, in the presence of women and children, nine-tenths of them were perfect gentlemen. Many of them were men of education and refinement. For three or four years the great majority of the women of California, if you could call them women, were of the basest kind. They were importations of the very worst elements of French, Spanish, Mexican, Chileans, Australian and American women, whose society was more demoralizing than that of the fallen angels or the imps of "Dante's Inferno." But, when the true women from every land made their appearance, bringing with them children, the school, the church and their own refined and virtuous society, then soon society became changed for the better. Civil law took the place of lynch law, and the free use of the knife and pistol became less frequent.

But, to come back to my subject: David Hinds kept the St. Charles Hotel until it burned down;

and he did not rebuild the hotel again. He was elected Foreign Miners' License Collector, beating Henry Jones, a brother of John P. Jones, before the Republican Convention of '63. After serving out his term he moved to Santa Cruz, where he became one of Santa Cruz's leading citizens, and was twice elected Mayor of that city. One of his sons, Firm Hinds, was Auditor, I believe, of Oakland, for a number of years. The old man died at Santa Cruz but a short time since.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BUILDING OF HIGHWAYS.

Taking up agricultural lands.—Building highways.—William S. Lowden and his public-spirited enterprises.—The Weaverville and Shasta wagon road, stages and buggies.

The year of 1856 the peoples' attention was principally taken up with politics. As I have given a short sketch of the Presidential election in "Pioneer Politics," I will omit it here.

Trinity county has some very good agricultural lands situated on her streams and in her valleys. The early settlers, when they found that the soil repaid the husbandman bountifully for his labor, took up nearly every acre fit for agricultural purposes, and more especially where water could be had for irrigation. All along the valley of the Trinity there were very valuable ranches located, and in Hay Fork Valley, and in the valley of Stewart's Fork. Those ranches have supplied the residents of Trinity county with flour, vegetables, hay, and the productions of the dairy since 1854, and likewise with fruit of the very best quality. I do not think that the fruit of Trinity county can be equalled in

the State, and there are thousands of acres of fruit-producing land within her borders. When the mines are worked out her fruit will make the county as prosperous as it was in the flush days of her mines.

Up to 1857 there was no communication with the outside world but by pack-train. All the products of the ranches had to be packed to Weaverville on mules at a large expense, inasmuch as no wagon-roads of any considerable length led from the town. One of those early pioneers by the name of William S. Lowden is the man to whom Trinity county and Northern California is more indebted than to any other for his public spirit and enterprise. To him belongs the credit of agitating and carrying out the system of the public roads in Northern California. The Lowden boys, as they were called, were among the early packers of Northern California. They ran a large pack-train from Shasta and Red Bluffs to all parts of the northern mines. They located one of the best ranches on Trinity River, I believe as early as 1851, and called it the Grass Valley Ranch. The place afterward became better known as the "Lowden Ranch." It was situated about nine miles from Weaverville, and became one of the best paying properties in the county. There were three brothers of them, William, Matt and Frank, all of them men of sterling worth. After a time their father, mother and sister came from Illinois to make their home in California, and at the Low-

den Ranch. Miss Lowden married the Hon. James W. Tinnin, then a merchant doing business at Weaverville, and lately Surveyor of the Port of San Francisco, during President Cleveland's administration. William bought Matt's and Frank's interests in the ranch, and they went off to the northern mines.

William S. Lowden built one of the first bridges on Trinity River at his place. The products of the place, except what was used on the ranch, had to be packed on mules to Weaverville to find a market. Lowden's Ranch became one of the popular places between Weaverville and Shasta. He had for several years been talking about the building of a wagon-road from Weaverville to Shasta. Many of us ridiculed the idea of building a wagon-road over Trinity and Brown's Mountain, that could be of any use for the transportation of heavy goods. In 1857 he formed what was called the Weaverville and Shasta Wagon-road Company. I believe the stock was forty or fifty thousand dollars. The most of the stock was taken, and Lowden began work on the road in a systematic manner. The grade was nowhere to be over five degrees. Many were afraid to take shares in the enterprise for fear of heavy assessments, but contributed what they thought proper. It was like many other new enterprises; there were many doubting Thomases, and often one would hear the remark that it would take two or three hundred thousand dollars to build a

wagon-road over the mountains to Shasta. Lowden paid no attention to anything but his road. In due time the road was finished, and a good one it was. Lowden became the lion of the hour. In a short time after the completion of the road, we had our daily four-horse coaches running between Weaverville and Shasta. This was something that old settlers never imagined would come to pass in their day. What a change in seven years! The first time I went from Weaverville to Shasta I paid sixteen dollars to ride a pack-mule on an *aparejo*, with ropes for stirrups, and it required two days to make the trip. Freight wagons soon came rolling into town laden with goods. Here was a great convenience for the merchant. His merchandise now came in original or unbroken packages. By the old system of packing no package of over three hundred pounds could be laden on mules, and seldom a package of over one hundred and fifty pounds was taken by the packers.

Furniture for dwelling-houses now became quite common, and people now began to provide their homes with not only the comforts of life but many of the luxuries.

As soon as the Lowden road became a success the outlying towns began building roads to Weaverville, and in a short time there was a number of small stages running into Weaverville. It became quite a common thing to hear the sound of the stage drivers' voices singing out: "All aboard for Oregon

Gulch, Junction City, McGilvery's Ranch, Red Hill and North Fork." Then again it would be: "All aboard for Douglas City, Trinity River and Steiner's Flat." Then it would be: "All aboard for Douglas City, Redding Creek, Brown's Creek and Hay Fork Valley." Our enterprising liverymen, Messrs. Comstock & Martin, never were behind in public spirit. They furnished their stable with buggies, carriage horses and harnesses. Thus with the advent of the wagon-road came all the luxuries of civilized living. The Lowden road was a toll road, and the tolls, when the road was first opened, were quite high. Lowden got control of the most of the stock, and made some money out of it; but whether the stockholders made anything out of the road or not, it was a grand improvement for Northern California.

Bates and Van Meter as early as 1852 took up a ranch near Minersville. They, like the other ranchmen, had to pack their products to Weaverville on mules, and, like other ranchmen, felt the need of roads. At the election of 1858, Fordyce Bates was elected to the Legislature from Trinity, and he, with the assistance of the members from Humboldt, Mendocino, and two others of the northern counties, got an act through the Legislature, and it became a law, appropriating the State's portion of the poll-taxes collected in the five northern counties for two years, for the purpose of laying out and building roads in those counties. The Board of Supervisors

in each county had the appointment of commissioners to lay out the money to the best advantage. The Hon. George Williams, now of Ferndale, was at that time one of the Supervisors of Trinity county, and owned a ranch in Hay Fork Valley. He was anxious for the road to be completed from Hay Fork to Weaverville. I had at the same time a ranch also in Hay Fork Valley, and needed the road. The Board of Supervisors appointed Fordyce Bates and myself as commissioners to lay out the money so appropriated. The money, about twenty-eight hundred dollars, was divided equally between Bates and myself, each having about the same distance of road to build. There were some sixteen miles of mountain to grade over. I started a subscription list and got nearly a thousand dollars subscribed towards paying for the road. I had it properly graded by Henry Hart, the County Surveyor, and then commenced work, and in about three months' time I finished the road, leaving seven hundred dollars in debt for the road.

The question then was, where was the money coming from to pay this seven hundred dollars? Somebody proposed a grand ball to be given at Douglas City, and the proceeds to be applied to the payment of the debt. The plan was adopted, and proved to be a complete success. I sold the ball tickets at seven dollars and fifty cents each, and after paying expenses I had a few dollars less than seven hundred dollars with which to pay the debt.

Bates got his end of the road built. This gave a road through the center of the county of about sixty miles north and south. The other counties received but very little value for their portion of the appropriation. In Humboldt county I have heard there were but six hundred dollars in the fund, and that was spent by sending out commissioners to view the road and report. Trinity was the most populous of the five counties named in the bill, hence her portion of the appropriation was the largest. In early days we had no county funds to draw on for roads or trails. Generally when a trail or road was needed men went down in their own pockets, or raised subscriptions, to build the same. The early settlers had very crude ideas of road-building in the mountains. The major portion of the pioneers was from the Western States, where they had no mountains to contend with. They usually selected some creek-bottom or gulch running in the direction in which they wanted to go, cut out the dead wood, and there made trails or roads. When they got the trail or road to the head of the creek they generally ran into a mountain so steep that a squirrel would have to "double teams" to carry a hickory-nut up it; then the next winter would fill the creek or gulch up with dead timber, and wash the trails out of sight. Thousands of dollars spent by early settlers in this manner were just as good as thrown away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXODUS OF MINERS.—TORRENTS AND FLOODS.

Improvements in the methods of mining in California.—Characteristics of the early miners.—The winter of 1861-2.—“Jeff Davis” and the flood.—Immense losses.

In the year of 1858 Northern California got its first back-set. In 1857 the mines on Frazer River were discovered, and reports of very rich and extensive diggings were circulated all over California. The shallow diggings and gulches in this State were getting pretty well worked over; likewise the river bars. Men had to work their claims more systematically. The day had gone by when a man could go into almost any gulch or bar, and set his rocker, and make from five to twenty dollars per day. It began to require more capital, and a different manner of working. Several high benches or bars on the river were found to be rich, but there was no water with which to work them. On nearly every riffle on the Trinity River, for sixty or eighty miles up and down the river, there were large bucket-wheels built to raise the water. They

were generally built on riffles, as the swift current kept the wheels in good motion all the time. These wheels were from twenty to forty feet in diameter, and would raise quite a sluice-head of water, which was conveyed to the claim in sluice-boxes or ditches. The rocker and "long-tom" of the early miner were now discarded. The ground-sluice and flume took their place. It took considerable capital to work such claims. Generally from two to ten thousand dollars were spent before one dollar was realized, and few of the miners possessed that amount.

Many of the early miners saved but little. Too many of them liked the monte-table and the bar too well for their own good, and spent their dust as fast as they took it out. With the news of the discovery of rich diggings on Frazer River there commenced a "stampede" for the new diggings. Every fellow that could sell his claim and tools, and many that could not sell, but had sufficient money to take them there, left expecting to find a new California. It has always been one of the drawbacks of the California miner that he was always looking for something better. I have frequently known miners that were making twelve or sixteen dollars per day to pick up their tools and blankets and start for some new gulch or flat that had been recently discovered and was said to be rich, but most of them did not better themselves. The Frazer River excitement took from the counties of Shasta, Trinity and Klamath not less than

one thousand miners who never returned. Shortly thereafter the John Day River and the northern mines were discovered. Another rush then began for these localities. Such was the miner's life. He was always on the go, and was never contented. He lived on excitement, and wandered from one excitement to another. Yet to this class of men the Pacific States owe a deep debt of gratitude. To them the country owes its first explorations. No section of the country was too distant for them to penetrate. In their prospecting tours, no mountains were too high for them to cross; no Indians so hostile that they would not venture amongst them. If they found diggings, there they would stay until some other of their kind penetrated into some yet farther wilderness in search of the precious metals. They seldom bettered their condition, but opened the way for American civilization, and laid the foundations of future States. Many of those brave pioneers found their graves beside their lone cabins in the northern mountains. Many of them became inmates of the county hospitals, and went to a pauper's grave without even a slab to mark their last resting-place. Such has been the fate of many of the early pioneers of the Pacific Coast. They sowed the seed for others to harvest, but seldom reaped any benefit themselves, and grew old and decrepit, poor in purse, and without a home or a place to lay their gray heads in peace, and without a wife or a child to drop a tear or plant a flower on

their lonely graves. They deserve well of the nation. From Arizona's sun-burned mountains and plains to Alaska's frozen streams and snowy mountains, in every mining-camp over this vast domain, you will find an old and gray Californian still in pursuit of better diggings, with his roll of blankets on his back and sheath-knife by his side, his ever faithful rifle on his shoulder, and still on the tramp and hunting his "home-stake."

Well, to come back to Northern California. The winter of 1861-2 was a hard one. From November until the latter part of March there was a succession of storms and floods. I remember my being in Weaverville, I think it was in the month of December, 1861. I had been summoned as a witness at that term. Getting through with the court business, I met J. A. Strudivant. He invited me to go home with him to his place on Trinity River, saying that I would have so much less to travel the next day. I accepted his offer, and at about 2 o'clock P. M. we started. It had been raining all the day previous. The ground was covered with snow one foot deep, and on the mountains much deeper. We arrived at the ranch just before dark, and I wanted to cross his bridge and stay at John Carter's that night, but "Uncle" Strudivant would not listen to any such thing. Stay with him I must. He told me that the bridge was named Jeff Davis, and that old Trinity could not carry enough water to wash "Jeff" out, and that, besides, he

wanted to show me that night the error of my ways in being a black Republican. Well, against my better judgment, I consented to stay with him. Uncle Joe was from Arkansas, and a dyed-in-the-wool secessionist. He had a private cottage a short distance from the ranch and toll-house. It was close to the foot of the mountain, the divide between Weaverville and the Trinity River. After supper Uncle Joe and I repaired to the cottage. After building a fire and making things comfortable, Uncle Joe commenced his proselyting. He and I advocated our respective sides of the political issues until 11 o'clock, when we "turned in." It rained all afternoon and night. The weather had turned warm, and the rain came down in torrents. Several times I went to the door during our political discussion, and every time it seemed to be raining harder, and I wished myself on the otherside of Trinity River. I frequently said, "Uncle Joe, I am afraid the bridge will go." His reply was, "Jeff will stand it." Once he said, "Now, John, we will take the bridge as an omen. If the bridge stands the flood and comes out all right, we will take it for granted that Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy will come out all right. If it goes down the Trinity River, then we look on the Southern Confederacy as going to h—l a fluking." "All right, Uncle Joe," I replied, "I will sympathize with you in the loss of your bridge, but be rejoiced if it should prove a true omen and "Jeff" should take a voyage down

the river a fluking." We slept until about 4 o'clock in the morning, when Jerry Whitmore, one of Uncle Joe's partners, came to where we were, and knocked on the door to wake us up. Uncle Joe called out, "What is wanted?" Jerry replied, "The bridge is gone—not a stick left, and the water will soon be up to the house." Uncle Joe thought a moment, and then, looking at me, said, "John, Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy have gone to h—I sure, and I know it." I felt sorry for the loss of my friend's bridge, but if it was going to be a forecast of the Southern Confederacy's fate, then I could rejoice.

The water in the river had been rising all night, and men were stationed on the bridge with poles to keep logs from striking the piers. At about 4 o'clock in the morning a large spruce tree came down the river with roots, branches and all. The men seeing it come, and knowing the bridge was doomed, escaped from the bridge before the roots of the tree struck it. It was well they did, for one of the men who were on the bridge told me next morning that as soon as the tree struck the bridge it went through it as if nothing had been in its way, cutting it completely in two, and the whole structure fell into the river and was soon out of sight. As soon as daylight came Uncle Joe and I went to the ruins. Not a plank of the bridge was left. The rain was yet pouring down. The snow was nearly all gone. Everything around the place looked des-

olate. On the flat where the house was built they had the finest bearing orchard in Northern California. If the river rose but a little more, the trees would be swept away, and the house with them. All the forenoon the river continued to rise, and at last it began to spread over the orchard and wash the black loam away. Finally, as the current became stronger amongst the trees, one after another began to fall, some floating off with the water, and others hanging by the roots. Trinity that morning was playing havoc with the settlers on its banks. It was dreadful to look upon. Standing on high ground, one could see property of all kinds on its way to the ocean. The river itself seemed like some mighty uncontrollable monster of destruction broken away from its bonds, rushing uncontrollably on, and everywhere carrying ruin and destruction in its course. When rising, the river seemed highest in the middle. When falling, it became lowest in the middle, and all the drift worked toward the center of the stream. When the river was at or near its highest, one could see floating down parts of mills, sluice-boxes, miners' cabins, water-wheels, hen-coops, parts of bridges, bales of hay, household furniture, sawed lumber, old logs, huge spruce and pine trees that had withstood former storms for hundreds of years—all rushing down that mad stream on their way to the boundless ocean. From the head settlement to the mouth of the Trinity River, for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, everything

was swept to destruction. Not a bridge was left, or a mining-wheel or a sluice-box. Parts of ranches and miners' cabins met the same fate. The labor of hundreds of men, and their savings of years, invested in bridges, mines and ranches, were all swept away. In forty-eight hours the valley of the Trinity was left desolate. The county never recovered from that disastrous flood. Many of the mining-wheels and bridges were never rebuilt.

I had to lie over for four days; I then swam my horse across Trinity River about a mile above the ranch, while I was taken across in a canoe by Cush Given. The trail thence to Hay Fork was almost completely washed away wherever washing was possible. A few years previous Michael Rush and others started a wagon-road up what was called Stanmore's Gulch. They made it about four miles up the gulch, and, running into a big mountain, left off there. On my way to Hay Fork my way lay through the Stanmore Gulch. When I arrived at the gulch, expecting to find a passable road, there was not a vestige of the road in sight. The gulch was so filled with logs and drift-wood that it was almost impassable. When I arrived home I found that I had not escaped a portion of the general calamity. Part of my fence and about four acres of my best bottom-land were gone. A number of my cattle had succumbed to the storm. Taking it in all, the winter of 1861-2 was the most disastrous that Northern California has ever experienced since its settlement by the Americans.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SHAM MARRIAGE AND DUEL.

A newspaper established at Douglas City.—Gowey and Hough and their packer, Dusky.—Entrapping Dusky into a sham marriage.—The sham duel that followed.—How a Jew got his finger bitten.

I think it was along in the winter 1859 when Douglas City was quite pretentious. Some of its citizens were in hopes that their burg would out-rival Weaverville, and, to help build up the place, two enterprising citizens started a newspaper called the *Douglas City Gazette*, and edited and owned by two respectable members of the large and influential Jones family. The *Gazette* became a great favorite while it lasted.

If there is any one thing which the live Yankee must have for his comfort and happiness it is his newspaper. Deprive him of that, and you deprive him of a large amount of his comfort in this world. Well, this embryo city had its newspaper. A newspaper without an editor is, like a church without a preacher, of but very little account. The *Douglas City Gazette* had an editor, and a lively one he was. Douglas City had its stores and other business

houses. At that time the largest firm in the city was Govey & Hough. They sold merchandise for several miles up and down the river, and did a large business. They kept a small pack-train running for the delivery of goods to their customers, in place of the delivery wagon of the present day. In their store the miners would generally congregate in the evenings, "swap lies" and "put up jobs" on someone, and the proprietors of the store were the worst of the lot. The firm kept a packer named Dusky to run their delivery train. In some things Dusky was not as sharp as he might have been. He was somewhat given to "blowing," and was a little soft on the ladies. About this time there was living in the city a grass-widow, a big, healthy Dutch woman. Dusky became smitten with her, and was strongly inclined toward matrimony. Hough learned of this from the widow, and fixed up a scheme for Dusky. She agreed with Hough to have a mock marriage and a general good time at Dusky's expense. Dusky, in due time, proposed to the grass-widow, and, of course, was accepted. The wedding was set. Dusky invited his friends to the wedding feast, and they were many. The happy day arrived, and all things were ready, except that there was no one to perform the ceremony. Hough had promised Dusky that he would secure some one for that purpose, but forgot to do so. Some one spoke up and said that John Estus, being a married man, had a right to perform the marriage rite in the absence of a min-

ister and justice of the peace. John said this was true, and he then married the couple in due form.

After the ceremony, Dusky and his "bride" received the congratulations of the guests. Hough and Estus acted as master of ceremonies. If the State had been searched from San Diego to Del Norte, no two men could have been found more worthy or better able to do honor to the occasion. Wine flowed freely, and the health of the bride was often toasted in flowing glasses. Everything passed off finely; but all things must come to an end. Midnight was near, and the marriage guests were taking their departure, most of them feeling the effects of the wedding feast. Among the honored guests was the editor of the *Douglas City Gazette*.

After the house was clear of the guests, the bridegroom was congratulating himself and the bride on the good time they had had. The wedding was held at the house of the bride. After a time the bride coolly remarked, "Mr. Dusky, I want to go to bed, and it is time you were going home." "Home?" replied Dusky, in amazement; "this is my home. Were we not married to-night?"

"No, we were not married," she replied. "The boys and myself were having a good time at your expense; and don't you think we had it? The whole affair was only a big joke on you." Dusky had to travel back to his lonely bed at the store.

The next day Dusky was decidedly on the war-path, threatening to kill Estus, Hough and a dozen

others. He had calmed down somewhat when the *Douglas City Gazette* made its appearance on publication day, with a full and complete account of the marriage and of what a glorious time was had at the wedding. This was the last straw that broke poor Dusky's back, and blood he would have. His friends advised him not to kill the editor like a dog, but to give him a chance for his life; like a true Southern gentleman to challenge the editor to mortal combat. Dusky was from Missouri, and the proposal seemed to strike his fancy. He sent the editor a challenge, and it was duly accepted. Hough was Dusky's second, and I believe Estus was the editor's. The day was set for the duel. They were to fight with rifles at ten paces' distance. The fatal day arrived. Both parties were punctual to the minute. Dr. White was on the ground, ready to render medical aid to both of the combatants if necessary. It was winter, and the ground was covered with snow. The combatants took their stations ten paces apart, with their backs to each other. At the signal, "One, two, three!" they were to turn and fire. When the signal was given, both turned and fired. Dr. White stood near the editor. The latter staggered and fell into the arms of his second. Dr. White ran up to him and threw a lot of red ink all over his shirt-bosom, to give the appearance of blood-stain. Hough said to Dusky, "You had better be getting away as fast as you can; you have killed him, and they will hang you sure."

Dusky made for the stable, and, saddling Hough's saddle-horse, fled down the river as fast as the horse could carry him. In the meantime the editor was carried a short distance to his sanctum. His printing office was in a big log-cabin, in one end of which was his sanctum. He was carried and laid on the bed, apparently in a dying condition. It was now night, and watchers were needed. Many of the boys did not know that the duel was a sham one, and that the editor was "playing 'possum" all the time. There was a little Polish Jew by the name of Dowbroski who kept a watchmaker's shop at Douglas City at that time. He was one of the best and good-natured fellows that ever lived. He and another man volunteered to watch by the bedside of the wounded man and give the medicine as directed. Dr. White prescribed a teaspoonful of brandy (under its Latin name) to be given every ten minutes. About 10 o'clock the editor began to get sleepy, and wanted to get rid of his watchers. He got the lockjaw; it was a bad case. He moaned piteously. Dowbroski went to give him his medicine, and found he could not open his mouth, and remarked: "Poor fellow, he is almost gone;" and then took a spoon-handle and tried to pry the editor's teeth apart, so as to get his fingers between the editor's teeth to keep his mouth open while taking his medicine. As soon as Dowbroski got his fingers in the editor closed his teeth upon them. Dowbroski yelled, "Mein Gott!

Mein Gott! Come here quick! He bites mein fingers off." They got Dowbroski's fingers out of the editor's mouth, and "Dob" went off to have his fingers dressed. The other watchers and the editor took a drink of brandy all round.

Next morning our editor appeared in his sanctum as good as new.

What became of Dusky? Hough, fearing that he would lose his saddle-horse, after some days succeeded in finding where Dusky was, and sent him word that the editor was all right and not much hurt, and for him to come back and nothing would be said about it. When Dusky came back and learned that the duel was a hoax, like the wedding, he got completely disgusted and left the place.

He afterwards turned as an Indian fighter. In one of the battles he got shot full of arrows. Somebody asked him why he did not get behind a tree. Dusky replied, "The trees had no behind to them;" meaning that the Indians were all around him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ATTACK ON A DESERTED INDIAN RANCHERIA.

Hostile Indians.—Calling out the troops.—John P. Jones goes to war in a carriage.

In the summer of 1863 the counties of Humboldt, Klamath, Del Norte and lower Trinity, were overrun with hostile Indians. Five or six companies of volunteers were called out by Governor Stanford to suppress them. Trinity county sent to the field Company C, commanded by Captain Abraham Miller, who joined the other troops in the field under the command of Colonel S. G. Whipple, operating principally in Humboldt and Klamath counties, and on the lower Trinity. Word frequently came to Hay Fork and Douglas City that roving bands of hostile Indians had been seen near the back settlements. The settlers were kept in constant alarm. Just previous to this time two men had been killed, the mail-carrier and a soldier by the name of Terry. A soldier by the name of Orin Washington, belonging to the same company, was badly wounded, but managed to escape and reached the settlements. Upper Trinity had not

been much troubled by the Indians since the murder of John Anderson in 1852. In that year they were defeated, and their strongest tribe was annihilated at Bridge Gulch in Hay Fork Valley by the avengers of Anderson. It was only roving bands from distant parts of the country that troubled the settlers. In 1863 the war spirit was abroad in the land. Nearly every town had its military company organized and ready for the field. Douglas City was not behind in her military spirit. The Douglas City Rifles were ready for duty whenever called upon. They were commanded by Captain John Hough.

One day word came to Douglas City that one of those roving bands of hostiles had been seen near Clemmings' ranch, about four miles east of Douglas City. It was reported that they were to attack the ranch that night. It was reported through the town that Clemmings' ranch was about to be burned by the Indians. The "long roll" of the company was beaten, and soon the gallant sons of Mars were gathered at their armory, ready for the fray. Word in the meantime was sent to Weaverville, the county seat, for John P. Jones, the Sheriff of the county. He had the only authority to order out the troops. The boys lay on their arms, waiting for orders. About sunset the Sheriff made his appearance in a two-seated carriage drawn by a pair of white horses, accompanied by Egbert Allen, then District Attorney for the county, and David E.

Gordon, editor of the *Trinity Journal*. The company lost no time in getting ready to march to the front. They were soon under way. At dark we crossed Smith's bridge over the Trinity River and the Portuguese claims. There was a large amount of mining done on the east side of the river, and at night it was difficult to get through the piles of "tailings" and ground ditches that obstructed our road. Yet we continued on our way like old veterans, and overcame all obstacles, until we reached Redding's Creek, where the road was good.

In the meantime our Sheriff in command was riding as best he could in his buggy. The buggy had side-lamps, which the Sheriff lighted that he might better see the road. Here we were, on a secret expedition, expecting to take the Indians by surprise. The whole thing looked so ridiculous that many of the boys had their little jokes over that night's march.

About 11 o'clock we reached the ranch where we expected to find the foe. Upon our arrival in sight of the buildings, all was dark and still. The occupants of the ranch had all retired, seemingly in perfect security. The company halted, and an officer was dispatched to the house to investigate and wake up Mr. Clemmins, the owner of the ranch. Clemmins at last, after much knocking, made his appearance, and inquired what the matter was, and why he was disturbed in his peaceful slumbers. On being informed of our errand, he replied that he

had seen no hostile Indians in or about the place. The company was ordered into the corral for the night. Guards were placed in true military style. I happened to be Sergeant of the guards that night. In the meantime the Sheriff had his white team unhitched, and prepared to spend the night in the midst of his soldiers. Nevada's future Senator never did things by halves. In the buggy was a demijohn full of Henry Hocker's best whisky. Before retiring the Sheriff called the boys round him to partake of the contents of the demijohn, to which call they speedily responded. Most of the boys were very thirsty after their long march. After a time the camp got quiet, and most of the soldiers were in the land of dreams. I heard a voice crying, "Sergeant of the guard! Sergeant of the guard!" I being that officer went immediately to see what the trouble was. I found Sheriff Jones, Editor Gordon, and District Attorney Allen lying alongside of each other, stretched at full length in the middle of the corral. I asked them what they wanted. Sheriff Jones replied, "Sergeant, take a drink first, and then we will give our orders." My reply was, "Gentlemen, good soldiers never drink when on duty. Gentlemen, what are your wants?" Sheriff Jones replied, "Sergeant, we want you to furnish us a pillow each. This corral has no soft side to it." "All right, gentlemen," I replied. "I suppose you are not particular about what the pillows are made of?" "No," they replied. I then searched as well

as I could in the dark until I found three whole "buffalo-chips." They were well dried. Taking them in my arms, I went to my three heroes. Telling each of them to raise his head, I placed one of the "chips" under it, remarking, "It is the best I can do for you, gentlemen." One of them replied, "It beats h—l out of nothing." The order was for the guard to wake the command at day-dawn. About half a mile from the corral there was an old Indian *rancheria* that sometimes was used by Indians as a stopping-place. The report in some way originated that a number of Indians were in the *rancheria*, and we were to attack them at day-break. As soon as light appeared in the east, I awoke our sleeping braves. The order was given to "fall in" and load with ball cartridge, and away we went for the old *rancheria*. This was situated on a large flat gulch east of Clemmings' house. It was composed of ten or twelve bark lodges, conical in shape. When we came in sight of it the company divided into three divisions. One division was to cross the flat below the *rancheria* and get into position on the other side. Another division went to intercept the Indians if they ran up the gulch. The remaining division was to attack from the front. This was the plan of battle made by our officers.

As soon as each division arrived at its station, the signal was given to begin the fight. The company was armed with Mississippi "yagers" and sword

bayonets. The order was to fire one volley, and then to fix bayonets and charge. This order was promptly obeyed. A deadly fire was poured into the old bark lodges, and then the boys charged. The three divisions met in the middle of the old *rancheria*, with not a living or dead Indian in sight, nor had there been an Indian there for three months previous.

Well, we were a disappointed lot of fellows. I have often thought since that time that the Douglas City Rifles were under the special care of a kind, directing Providence. If it were not so, half of us would have got badly hurt, for, owing to the location of the ground and the position of the firing parties, we were apparently firing into each other. But none of us got hurt.

After this capture of the old *rancheria*, we were marched back to Clemmins' corral, where we found that Sheriff Jones, Editor Gordon and Attorney Allen had retreated in good order to Weaverville before hostilities commenced, taking with them all the commissary stores, if any were left from the previous night. The order was given, "Break ranks, and go as you please to headquarters at Douglas City." I believe I was the last to arrive there, making my appearance about 11 or 12 o'clock that day, on a load of hay belonging to Mr. Clemmins.

Such was the battle of Clemmins' Ranch. For years afterwards, if you wanted to get one of the

Douglas City Rifles angry, all you had to do was to say "Clemmins' Ranch" to him.

In September, 1864, there occurred an unfortunate Indian raid into Hay Fork Valley, throwing a gloom over the valley, and causing the death of John Hessig, a young man not over sixteen years of age, the son of Mrs. John Francis, now of Hydesville. John Francis and young Hessig, with two other men, were engaged in digging a water-ditch, to bring water on their mining-claims situated in Hay Fork Valley. They coming upon a large boulder that had to be blasted, John Hessig went to the camp for powder and a fuse. When near the camp, he was shot by the Indians, who lay in ambush behind a log-cabin. John Francis was about one hundred and twenty-five yards from Hessig when he received the fatal shot. The Indians seeing Francis, also took a shot at him. Their bullets struck the ground about six inches from where Francis was standing. John Hessig was a young man of promise. He came to Weaverville with his parents when a child, and was among the first children of that town. He got his education at Weaverville, and being well thought of by a large circle of acquaintances, his death at the hands of the merciless savages threw a gloom over the whole county.

A small company of men started after the Indians, and trailed them for five or six miles, when they came to where the Indians had had a fight over the plunder, and there they found a dead Indian.

They then turned back, and the death of John Hessig went unavenged.

The next raid made by the savages into the valley was on October 13, 1868, when Thomas Burke was killed by them, leaving a widow and three children. Mrs. Burke is a sister of John Francis, of Hydesville, and was formerly of Illinois. Her escape with her two children seems almost miraculous. Their place was situated on the wagon-road to Weaverville, about one and a half miles above the Carr Ranch. Burke was working in the field across the gulch from the house. The dogs all that morning had been making a fuss, but Burke could discover nothing wrong. He went to his work. Mrs. Burke was dressing her two youngest children. The oldest was then in Weaverville at school. The Indians made their appearance in the door and ordered her off. She immediately took the two children and ran out, hallooing to her husband for help. She ran for the bridge that was across the creek on the road, and there she met Mr. Burke on the bridge. The Indians followed her down to the bridge. Burke, upon meeting her on the bridge, reached for one of the children, when he was shot and fell dead over the end of the bridge. She then fled with her two children down the road towards Carr's Ranch, the dogs keeping between her and the Indians. The Indians, it appears, did not wish to kill her. They told her to go on. She made her way for nearly two miles to the crossing of

Carr's Creek, where she sank down exhausted. There two teamsters, who were on their way to Weaverville with loads of grain, found her. They immediately unhitched their teams and took her to the town of Hay Fork.

A party started for the scene of the murder. They found the body of Burke in the creek where he fell, and his house robbed and burned. A company was organized, and started on the Indians' trail; Steve Fleming as Captain, J. S. Hoit, N. B. Farlin, William H. Rush, John Large, Orin Treat, Josiah Drinkwater, Levi Good, John C. Post, M. B. Myers, James S. Wilburn and John Kelly are the names of the men who composed the company.

Captain Fleming followed the Indian trail to Big Larabee Creek, where a fight occurred with the Indians. The Indians retreated, and the volunteers followed their trail by the blood. On the south slope of Chalk Mountain, and near the place where the house of J. W. Maxwell now stands, Josiah Drinkwater received a shot from a wounded Indian lying behind a log, on the 26th of November. Drinkwater was mortally wounded. The company carried him to the house of Silas Hoglan on the Van Duzen, where he died on the 28th of November, 1868.

This was the last raid made, and the last of the Indian troubles in Humboldt and Trinity counties.

The author is indebted to John Francis and

Henry Feenaty, both of Hydesville, for the names of the men who composed Captain Fleming's company and the date of the occurrence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DISADVANTAGES OF THE MAIL SERVICE.

How the mail was carried from Hoopa to Weaverville in 1863.—A perilous business.—Killing of Walter Van Arman, the carrier, by Indians.

Any man can carry the mails over the mountain trails now-a-days (if he is lucky enough to get a contract), but it was not every man who wanted a contract twenty-five years ago. But the mail bags had to go and come, and some one had to "face the music." Many a life was lost in this service in the early days of California, the particulars of which have never been told.

In 1863 there was a mail route from Fort Gaston, Hoopa Valley, to Weaverville. The Indians were on the warpath; they had devastated the valley of the Trinity for miles, had killed a good many whites and Chinamen, and had determined to clear the country of all intruders. Between Hoopa and Weaverville they were especially bold and troublesome, and the mail-carrier had no picnic, as the reader may easily imagine.

Walter Van Arman was the mail-carrier at that

time. On the 12th of September, at 6 o'clock in the evening, he was to leave Fort Gaston, but, owing to disturbances up the river, it was thought best to send an escort with him. Accordingly two soldiers of Company C, First Battalion Mountaineers, were detailed. One of them tells the party's experience as follows:

We left Fort Gaston at 6 o'clock that evening—September 12th—and crossed the South Fork of the Trinity about 11 o'clock. We passed Indian camps, but the Indians were all asleep, and we didn't disturb them. We reached Burnt Ranch at daylight. Crossing the main river at Cedar Flat, we went up the north side as far as Sandy Bar. As we came in sight of the rocks at that point I told Van Arman the Indians were in there, sure. I knew it just as well then as I did afterwards; I saw them. But Van said they were Chinamen, and we rode on.

Just as we got onto the bar, we got a volley from the rocks, and Terry fell from his mule. He called to me not to leave him, and Van and I jumped off from our mules and ran to him. Another volley and we both got it—Van Arman in the pit of the stomach and I in the right side. Van had held to his bridle rein, so he mounted and rode up the trail, bidding me good-bye as he threw the mail sacks to the ground. Terry was dead. There was nothing for me but to "hoof it," as my mule had fled with Terry's. The Indians kept up their fire as I hobbled away, another shot taking effect in my right

thigh. After going a hundred yards or more I sat down and tied up my wounds the best I could, for I was bleeding a good deal. About four hundred yards further up the trail I found Van Arman's mule, but not Van Arman. Supposing he had gone on, I climbed onto the mule and pushed on to Taylor's Flat. Here I found only some Chinamen the Indians had killed in the morning, and I didn't stop. I crossed the river here, headed for Little Prairie, thus eluding two Indians who had followed me, and who were soon after killed by McWhorter at Oregon Gulch. The store and some houses at Little Prairie had been burned the day before, and I had to ride on to Cox's Bar before I could attend to my wounds, which kept me off duty for a year. The people at Cox's Bar and all along the river were in arms, and a company was organized at Weaverville, headed by Richard Clifford.

The next day a party of men going down the trail, found a scrap of paper sticking in a stump near where I found Van's mule. On it was written:

WALTER VAN ARMAN,

Shot by the Indians,

Sept. 16, 1863.

It seems he had gone up the hill, fully conscious of his mortal wound, and had laid down and died within sight of the trail, though his body was not found until some time afterward. James Denny

found and buried the body at Big Flat. Terry's body was found pinned to the ground with knives taken from the Chinamen killed at Taylor's Flat. After these Chinamen had been killed, the Indians went to Drake's house and got breakfast. The Indian, Big Jim, told me afterwards at Hoopa, that they set the table for all hands—there were twenty-one of them—and they rang the bell for breakfast. After that they fired the buildings, Drake's house being the only one that didn't burn. It stands there yet, a relic of early days.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PIONEER POLITICS.

The Know-nothing party in California.—Its whole State ticket elected.—The Democratic convention at Weaverville in '54 captured by the Know-nothings.—An Irishman killed.—The lodge-room of the Know-nothings collapses.—Ludicrous incidents.

After the election of Pierce and King, in 1852, as President and Vice-President, politics in California were very quiet. The overwhelming defeat of the Whig candidates—Scott and Graham—proved to be the death-knell of the Whig party, which had out-lived its usefulness. But there arose on its ruins the short-lived American or Know-nothing party, which in 1854 swept the State from Del Norte to San Diego, electing J. N. Johnston Governor, with the whole State ticket and a large majority of both houses of the Legislature.

Trinity county had always been Democratic up to this time. A nomination on that ticket was equivalent to an election, and of course there was a good deal of wire-pulling, trading and swapping in their conventions to obtain the nominations. I remember when the Democratic Convention was

called to meet in Weaverville in 1854, at the time the Know-nothing party was organized in Trinity county. The organization was secret, no outsider knowing anything of its working, or any of its members. The question arose among the simon-pure Democracy how to keep the Know-nothings out of the party. Fears were entertained that the Know-nothings would capture the convention and have things their own way, which fears were correct. Out of between forty or fifty members of the convention fully two-thirds were Know-nothings.

There were two candidates for the Legislature in the field. W. W. Upton, who had acted with the Democratic party up to that time and still professed to be acting with it, and A. J. Felter, a resident of Oregon Gulch, and a simon-pure Democrat—were the two aspirants for Legislative honors before the convention. I had been informed by good authority that W. W. Upton was the Know-nothing candidate, and had received their nomination from different lodges in the county. The morning the convention was to meet I informed Felter of what I had been told, and that I believed a majority of the convention were Know-nothings. He could hardly realize it, as he knew all the members personally and knew them to be good and sound Democrats. I told him he would see for himself before night. Well, the convention organized and Felter's officers got left when the nominations were made. Upton and Felter were placed in nomination, the

result of the ballot being that Felter got about one-third of the votes and Upton got the other two-thirds. There was one mad Democrat about that time, and his name was Andrew Jackson Felter. His friends withdrew from the convention and held one of their own, and nominated him for the Legislature. Felter was badly beaten at the polls, Oregon Gulch being the only precinct in the county going Democratic. The Democrats were cleaned out throughout the State as well as in Trinity county.

About this time prejudice ran high against the foreign-born citizen, and especially did the Irish element come in for a good share of abuse. I remember a tragedy that took place one Sunday night about this time. A large number of people were in town, and a row was kicked up in a saloon kept by a Frenchman named Amanda. It appeared that a free fight was going on, and in the melee an Irishman (I have forgotten his name) had a bowie-knife run into him twice, and he died almost immediately. Next morning there was an inquest held on the remains by 'Squire Connor, who summoned a coroner's jury and examined some forty or fifty witnesses, but none of them knew anything of the killing. The jury remained in session for two days, and at the end of that time they were no wiser than when they commenced. No person seemed to know who did the killing, yet there were seventy or eighty persons in the saloon at the time, and the

saloon was a small building. During a residence of nearly forty years in California and Arizona, there never came under my notice a parallel case to this murder committed at Weaverville in the summer of 1855. The secret was well preserved. The victim was buried after the inquest, and in a few days the affair was quite forgotten. A few years after the occurrence, when politics had taken a different turn, it was several times hinted to me that the murderer could be identified, but not sufficient evidence could be had even then. Some of the parties who testified before the coroner's jury and swore they knew nothing of the affair, hinted that they knew more than they testified to when before the coroner's jury. Such evidence would be of little account, however, and the case was dropped. During the years of 1854-5-6 the foreign-born citizen was a good deal below par, more especially the Irish Catholic, or Pope's Irish, as they were then called.

In the summer of 1855 there occurred an accident which came near creating serious consequences. At that time there were very few two-story buildings in Weaverville, or second-story apartments to let. There was a firm by the name of Harris & Mitchell, carpenters and builders, doing business in the town. Frank Harris was a New Hampshire Yankee, and Archie Mitchell was a good-natured Irishman. Harris was a member of the Know-nothing party, and he agreed to build an

upper story on their shop for a lodge-room. The boys agreed to pay big rent, and Archie submitted. In the course of time the lodge-room was finished and the boys moved into their quarters all right. The floor of the lodge-room was well covered with sawdust in order to deaden the sound. They met there several evenings, and all went smoothly until one Saturday night. Saturday night and Sundays nearly all of the miners would come to town to hear the news, get their papers and mail matters, and such other things as they might need during the coming week. My dwelling-house was but a short distance from Harris & Mitchell's shop, where the boys were having their meeting. On the afore-said Saturday night—a beautiful moonlight evening—about half-past 8 o'clock, my wife and myself were sitting on the porch enjoying the cool of the evening, when suddenly we were startled by a great noise which appeared to come from the Knowing lodge. Looking in that direction I saw that the lodge-room had caved in and was enveloped in a cloud of sawdust. I started immediately for the wreck—it took but a short time to get there. Just as I got to the end of the building the first man came out—it was Jesse S. Pitzer, making for his home, minus a hat, with his hair all full of sawdust. I Said to him:

“Jesse, are you hurt?” He made no answer, but broke for his house, which was but a short distance.

The next fellow I saw was Judge Turner.

“Is that you, Judge Turner—are you hurt?”

“No, it is not me. For heaven’s sake give me a hat and never say you saw me here.”

He took my hat and then broke like a quarter horse for the lower end of the town, through piles of gravel and tailings. By this time I made my way into the ruins. The building had spread apart and let down the second floor, sawdust, Know-nothings and all. Such a scrambling to get out and get away from everybody, I never saw before. By this time the crowd began to gather, clearing up the ruins and taking account of the killed and wounded. We found three men hurt—two of them not seriously, but one, George Sherburne, had his arm broken and was made a cripple for life.

After helping at the ruins I went down town—the defunct lodge was situated on Court street, while “down-town” was along on Main street. I visited some of the saloons to hear the news and see what was up. There was some tall swearing, and some heavy threats, if they could find the d—d Irishman that weakened the building and let the floor down. Many of the boys thought Archie Mitchell had a hand in the business, but Frank Harris, his partner, belonging to the Know-nothings, and Mitchell having many friends and known to be a good honest man, the accusation was dropped and the boys came to the conclusion that it was the fault of the building.

Jesse S. Pitzer got the nomination for District

Judge and my friend Turner was left out in the cold, and I was minus a hat. Pitzer, up to this time, had been one of the leaders of the Democratic party, but when it was found that he had deserted the Democratic party they commenced to look for a candidate to defeat Pitzer. Their choice fell upon James Hanna of Humboldt county. Although a life-long Whig, Mr. Hanna was known to be opposed to the Know-nothing movement. He received the nomination of the Democratic party and canvassed the district, but was beaten by Pitzer the same as all other candidates on the Democratic ticket. Judge Pitzer served but a short time, when he resigned.

I did not meet Judge Turner for several years after the fall of the Know-nothing lodge-room. I had moved to Eureka in 1866. Standing in my shop door one day talking to my partner, he remarked:

“Here comes Judge Turner! I will introduce you to him.”

“I had the honor of the Judge’s acquaintance many years ago,” said I as we shook hands.

“I do not remember you,” he said, after looking me over; “at what place were we acquainted?”

“Sir, you owe me a new hat that I lent you many years ago, and this is the first time I have seen you since.”

“I do not understand—please explain,” said the Judge.

"Judge, you were in Weaverville in the year 1855."

"Yes sir, I was."

"Do you remember the night the Know-nothing lodge collapsed?—do you remember meeting a fellow as you were getting out of the ruins the back way, minus a hat, and your coat and hair all filled with sawdust, and you begged the fellow's hat from him?"

"I believe I do."

"And you never returned that hat."

The Judge looked at me for a moment and said:

"Look here, my friend, if you never say anything about that hat I will furnish you all the hats you want for the next ten years."

During Know-nothing times many amusing things and incidents took place. There was a fellow by the name of Ned Nugent mining on Sidney Hill. Ned was a Yankee Irishman, born in Maine, but as Irish as Paddy's brogue; small of stature but large of combativeness. When he came to town Ned generally got drunk, and either got licked himself or licked some one else—generally the former. Ned became a Know-nothing, and as zealous in the cause as any son of the Puritans. I was passing by Sam Krider's saloon one evening, and hearing a row I stepped in to see see what the fuss was about. There was Ned standing in the middle of the floor and a lot of fellows standing around him. Ned was cursing the Know-nothings good and strong for not

coming to his assistance when he gave the sign of distress. He had got whipped, and none of his Know-nothing brothers would take it up for him. There was an Irishman in the crowd who was about three sheets in the wind, and when he heard Ned cursing his brothers, Mike staggered out in front of him and said :

“Ned, be gub, that’s a lie of yours. As soon as I saw the sign of distress didn’t I rush to your assistance like a man, and so I did !” The thing looked so ridiculous that it set the boys all in a good humor. Somebody proposed the drinks, and there the matter ended.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FORMATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The City of Sacramento the first in California to go Republican.—The rule of the Southern element in the State.—Organizing a Fremont and Dayton club in Weaverville.—A Republican speaker “egged.”—Doctor O. J. Gates “fighting mad.”—The “border ruffians.”—Frank M. Pixley’s speech.—Threats of intimidation.—Marching to the polls.

The Kansas and Nebraska act knocked the life out of the Know-nothing party in California. As soon as the passage of that act was known, men began to take sides on the slavery question—Northern men with the North, Southern men with the South. I well remember, just after that memorable fight for the organization of the House of Representatives in 1855, which resulted in the election of N. P. Banks as Speaker, that C. P. Rice, John Cole and myself were on our way from Weaverville to Shasta on business. We stopped at a wayside tavern for a drink—nearly everyone drank more or less at that time—and on entering the bar-room some of the party asked:

“What’s the news?”

“Bad! very bad news from Washington,” said

the landlord. "That d—d black Republican, Banks, is elected Speaker of the House, and the country is going to h—l a fluking!"

We looked at each other, and filling and touching our glasses in the old familiar way, Rice said:

"Here's to the black Republican, N. P. Banks, and the men that elected him!"

The landlord gave us an angry look, and said he didn't think there were any black Republicans in California. The reply was, that when the proper time came he would find plenty of them.

About this time the City of Sacramento held her municipal election, and, with the assistance of sore Democrats, the Republicans elected their ticket. If my memory serves me right, to the City of Sacramento belongs the honor of being the first city of the State to give the first Republican victory. My business called me to Auburn, in Placer county, and all the talk a person could hear was, "N. P. Banks!" and "the black Republican!" or "the d—d black abolitionist!"

After my return from Auburn I stopped for a short time at Sacramento, putting up at the Western House. One of my children became sick, and not caring to travel with a sick child, I concluded to lay over at Sacramento for a few days. I called in Dr. Harkness, then a practicing physician in the city, to attend to the child. In conversation with the doctor I found him like myself, an ardent Republican, and we were mutually glad to know each

other. He requested me to go with him and he would make me acquainted with some of the Republicans of Sacramento. I went with him to the office of Cornelius Cole—then a young lawyer of the city, and afterwards a United States Senator—where I was introduced to many of the Republicans of Sacramento. It was there agreed that when I went home I would do all I could to organize the Republicans in Trinity county. After several meetings and lots of good Republican advice and counsel, I accepted the mission. No young ordained missionary to the heathen ever accepted his calling with more zeal to convert the heathen, than I did mine to spread the doctrine of free soil and free men. I had taken my political lessons from Seward, Greeley and Wendell Phillips, and men of their stripe—lessons that I never had reason to go back on to this day. Well, after a short stay at Sacramento my child got better and we started for home in Trinity. After arriving home I declared myself a black Republican, and commenced proselyting. Then commenced my political troubles. Several of my warmest friends were men of Southern birth, and very much opposed to anything that interfered with the sacred institution of slavery. One of them—J. C. Burch, afterwards a member of Congress—told me he hoped there would be one county in the State that would not disgrace herself by casting a Republican vote, and he hoped Trinity would be that county. I told him that, if I lived until elec-

tion day, Fremont and Dayton would get one vote at least, and that vote would be mine. They then commenced different tactics, and tried boycotting. Some of them went to men who were patronizing me, and informed them, if they did not take their work from me, they would not patronize them—one firm in particular, Comstock & Martin, that was running a livery stable. John Martin told me his answer to them was: “You can go to h—l with your patronage. I will patronize whom I please, and if you don’t like it you need not patronize this ‘shebang!’” John then informed me that black Republicanism came too near home to him, as his father and brothers were all Republicans at home in Maine. Up to this time the Southern element had ruled in California.

No man could get a nomination on either ticket unless he was known to be “sound on the goose;” or, in other words, if he was known to have any free-soil sentiments he was spotted at the ballot-box, and likewise socially.

I remember one old gentleman by the name of Lathrop, that started a garden at the mouth of Weaver Creek. The old man was an abolitionist, and was the talk of the whole camp for his assurance in expressing himself as such. When speaking of the Republicans the rough element would generally call them thieving, black Republican s. o. b.’s; but the more refined would often say:

"John, I like you as a man, but d—n your politics!"

Such were the trials and scoffs borne by the early Republicans of California. We had to take more scoffs and jeers than the Salvation Army of the present day.

But to come back to proselyting. I was like the most of missionaries; I made but little headway at first. Sometimes a fellow would come into the shop and call me aside to ask, in a low tone of voice, how the Republican party was getting on. My answer would be:

"First-rate—don't you want to join a Fremont and Dayton club?"

"Well, I don't know as I want to just now—I may after awhile. That is my way of thinking, you bet!"

I had bought me some blank club headings from Sacramento, and when I got a fellow like the above, I would draw my club-roll on him, and in most cases he would sign it. When, by hard work and a good deal of talk, I procured fifteen names to my club-roll, I thought it about time to organize, and notified each member to meet at my shop on a certain night after 9 o'clock for the purpose of organizing and electing the club officers.

The boys responded, every one being present. The shop doors were locked, and the club proceeded to elect its officers and get to work, each member agreeing to do all he could honorably for the elec-

tion of John C. Fremont and W. L. Dayton as President and Vice-President of the United States. The writer of this article was elected first president of the club. In the meantime our Republican friends at Sacramento had requested me to forward to them the names of men that were likely to become Republicans, that they might furnish them Republican literature. To this work the club devoted itself vigorously, besides extending the membership of the club.

About this time the organization at Sacramento sent a young man by the name of Wheelock to our section of the country to help organize. He brought letters of introduction to me, directing me to give him all the assistance in my power to forward the work.

I called the club together, and we discussed the matter as to whether it was best to hold a public meeting or not. The club voted to hold the meeting, and we procured Clifford's hall for the purpose. The meeting was organized about 8 o'clock in the evening, and quite a crowd had assembled. I was informed that there was likely to be trouble, and my friends advised me not to go there. I called the meeting to order, and was elected to preside. I introduced the speaker, stating the object of the meeting. When Mr. Wheelock commenced speaking, some of the crowd began yelling and stamping, with cries of "put the d—d black Republican out!" "Tar and feather him!" and such like talk. About

this time some one in the crowd commenced throwing eggs at the speaker. Wheelock kept his temper, and replied, "I like eggs, but I prefer them in a little different style." Dr. O. J. Gates, now of Eureka, stood it as long as he could, and then commenced on the disturbers of the peace. He told them they were cowardly ruffians, and he could whip any four of them any way they had a mind to fight him. He talked to them of their high-toned chivalry and boasted courage in attacking one single man, and he a stranger in their midst. The doctor talked fight, and he meant it, too. I have known him for thirty-six years, and that was the only time I remember to have seen him fighting mad.

As soon as the trouble quieted down a little, I told the disturbers of the meeting that those eggs would soon hatch, and that each one would bring forth a Republican chicken. The words were prophetic. Wheelock finished his speech without further interruption that night. The *Trinity Journal* (edited and published by David E. Gordon and E. J. Curtis) was not backward in publishing this outrage as a disgrace to Weaverville and a blot on the name of free speech in America.

Such were some of the tactics that the opponents of the Republican party used to suppress it in its infancy in California. Weaverville was not the only town or city where eggs were used to break up Republican meetings. At the capital of the State,

if my memory serves me right, Judge Tracy—one of the first men of the State—was served in like manner. Even the immortal and eloquent Baker, who, a few years later, laid down his life at Ball's Bluff that the Republic might live, could not address a meeting of his fellow-citizens and Americans without being insulted and his meeting disturbed. The same element was using the same tactics that they used two years previous in Kansas, and with no better results. They did not frighten or bulldoze the people of Kansas, nor yet the people of California.

After the meeting we began occasionally to receive letters from some of the outside precincts, encouraging us in Weaverville to go on with the good work, and not allow a few eggs in the hands of the "border ruffians," as they were then called, to deter us. We received letters from such men as John F. Chillis, of Minersville—afterwards Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Governor Stanford. and my life-long friend, Fred Leech of Junction City and now of Rohnerville, in this county. Major Price of Canyon City, although a Southern man by birth and education, was one of the pioneer Republicans of Trinity county, and did good service in the early days of the Republican party.

Things went on fairly well for a time, but nearly every day a Republican would hear insulting remarks and jeers thrown at him continually. About

this time the State Central Committee was getting down to its work in good shape, sending out speakers to stump the State—some of the ablest speakers of the State taking the stump for Fremont and Dayton. Amongst the number was Frank M. Pixley of San Francisco, now editor of the *Argonaut*. At that time Pixley was in the full vigor of manhood, and one of the best stump speakers I ever had the pleasure of listening to. Pixley was billed for the Northern part of the State, and took in Trinity county as part of his territory. Word was sent to the Republicans of Weaverville that the Hon. Frank M. Pixley would address the citizens of Weaverville on a certain day, and we advertised the meeting throughout the county as well as possible, for at that time the facilities for advertising were not so good as they are at present. Pixley arrived in due time, but his reputation got there ahead of him, which was to the effect that he would not stand any nonsense, and that roughs interfering with him generally got the worst of it. He was properly received by the Fremont and Dayton club, which then had increased to twenty-five or thirty members. Charley Thomas' theater was procured to hold the meeting in. It would seat six or seven hundred people, and was well filled on the occasion. In due time the meeting was organized and the speaker introduced, but the applause was very faint. Pixley then commenced his speech of nearly two hours' duration—one of the most

logical and convincing arguments in favor of free soil and free men that it was ever my good fortune to listen to. Only twice was he interrupted during the whole time he was speaking—his sallies of wit and good humor soon put a stop to the interruptions. One of the interruptions appeared to come from some fellow in the middle of the house, who, from his manner of speech, appeared to be an Irishman. Pixley stopped a moment and straightened himself up; then, sticking his thumbs into the arm-lets of his vest and pointing his finger in the direction of the disturber, said:

“That fellow that interrupted me appears to be an Irishman! Now, sir, if it were not for that ship-load of potatoes my father helped to send over to old Ireland in 1846, during the famine, you would not be here to-night disturbing an American addressing his countrymen! You would have starved to death, as you deserved!”

No more interruptions from that part of the house. The evening was quite warm and the windows were raised in order to give the audience fresh air. Some fellow outside came up to one of the windows, and, without showing himself, commenced braying like a jackass. Pixley heard him through, and then said, in his sarcastic way:

“Balaam’s ass has spoken. No, it was not Balaam’s ass that spoke; we will not insult Balaam’s ass by comparing that ass at the window to him. Balaam’s ass was a brave one; he spoke out

what he meant, and was not afraid to show himself, but that ass at the window is too big a coward to show himself."

That was the last interruption that night. Pixley's speech set men to thinking, and did a good deal of good. We had no other speakers during the campaign, but the club worked hard. The other parties—the American and Democratic—seemed to have forgotten their animosities. In order to humiliate the black Republicans they seemed to pull together. Two years previous the American and Know-nothing party had swept the State, electing their Governor—J. Neely Johnson—and all the State officers, with both branches of the Legislature, which made the supporters of Fillmore and Donelson quite jubilant and sure of carrying the State for the American ticket that fall. They counted without their host, as we Republicans frequently told them. We said to them, "A great majority of the men of Southern proclivities who acted and voted with your party two years ago, will vote for Buchanan and Breckenridge, and leave you Northern Know-nothings to vote for Fillmore and Donnelson, and then laugh at your gullibility." It turned out about as was predicted. Buchanan carried the State, and Fillmore came out only second best. Many of the men who voted for Fillmore declared themselves Republicans after election. But I am getting ahead of my time—let us come back to the election.

Word was brought to the Republican club that no black Republicans would be allowed to cast a vote for Fremont and Dayton in Weaverville on the day of the election; if they did, or attempted to vote, a few of them would get badly hurt. I called the club together, and we discussed the reports that were in circulation. The club voted unanimously that it was "vote, and fight if necessary," recommending that each member arm himself, and be on hand at 2 P. M., and march to the polls in a body. The polls were held in the old court-house, at the head of Court street. The club then numbered between fifteen and twenty members, and was composed of men who knew their rights, and had the courage to maintain them.

Election day arrived and the polls were duly opened, but no Republican was appointed on the election board—not even a clerk up to 12 o'clock; no Republican at the polls, and the chivalry began to think their threats were having the desired effect. Several men came to me and wanted to know if the Republicans were scared off, or if they were going to allow the border ruffians to succeed with their threats. After 1 o'clock the Republicans began to gather at the place designated. At 2 o'clock every member was on the ground, well armed, and with a full determination not to interfere with any man's rights or allow any man to interfere with ours. The club fell in line and marched to the polls. On arriving at the polling

place we found fully two hundred men gathered around. There were about a dozen men standing apparently in front of the window where the judges received the tickets. Those at the head of the club marched up as near to the window as possible, waiting for their turn to cast their votes. Mr. Turner was judge of the election. He politely requested the persons who were obstructing the passage to the window to step back and allow the voters to come up and vote. Three or four of them stepped aside. Being president of the club, I said:

“Gentlemen, we came here to vote, and we are going to vote—peaceably if we can, or fight if we must! But we want you all distinctly to understand that we are going to vote!”

They all stepped out of the way, except one fellow by the name of Lyman Pruit. He said he was there to challenge the votes, as he had a right to do. I replied that we would not dispute his right. I then stepped to the window and offered my vote. My friend Pruit said:

“I challenge that vote!”

This was before the law was passed compelling voters to fold their ballots before going to the polls. Before handing my ballot to the judge I unfolded it and told my friend Pruit to read it if he could read.

“If you can’t read it I will do it for you,” said I. “You see the names of John C. Fremont and W. L. Dayton on it don’t you? I believe you are one

of the men who made the boast that no black Republican should vote here this day; but black Republicans vote this day for Fremont and Dayton!"

Mr. Turner, the Judge, asked Pruit on what grounds the vote was challenged. Pruit replied:

"On the ground that it is unconstitutional for a black Republican to vote in California!"

"Is that all the grounds you have for your challenge, Mr. Pruit?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Yes, and that is plenty."

"Then," Mr. Turner replied, "if that is all, I guess black Republicans have the right to vote in California," and in went the ticket—the first Republican vote cast in Weaverville.

By a previous arrangement made before going to the polls, when one of our number voted he stepped to one side of the ranks until another voted, and he stepped on the other side, and so on until all had voted; then the club quietly marched down town and were not further molested. Many told me if it had not been for the manner the club chose of voting, and the bold front that was put on, there would have been serious trouble at the polls; but the border-ruffian crowd saw very plainly that they would have to take some lead as well as give it, and they concluded to let the "nigger-worshippers" vote in peace. And it was well they did.

After the polls were closed a friend named Chapman called and congratulated the club on its manner of conducting its business, and informed me

that he was at the head of forty or fifty good and true Americans, and said, if the Republicans had been molested in their rights as American citizens, they would have taken a hand in the affray, closing with the remark: "We won't stand any border-ruffians in California." But, thanks to a kind Providence, the election passed off quietly—and I do not remember even one fist-fight taking place that day.

Well, the result of the election was, as all readers know, that Buchanan carried the State, with Fillmore second, and our candidate—Fremont—last in the race. California polled something over twenty-two thousand votes, and Trinity county about one hundred and seventy votes. Seventy-four Republican votes were polled in Weaverville. So much for a beginning. Many more votes would have been polled, but men were afraid to vote their sentiments, threats of all kinds being made against those who would dare vote the black Republican ticket.

When we look back, after a lapse of nearly thirty-four years, and take into consideration that band of twenty-two thousand fearless and freedom-loving American citizens who voted for Fremont and Dayton in 1856, amidst jeers and threats and boycotts and rotten eggs, and in danger of mobs which often occurred, without any hope of future reward, we can see that duty and a keen sense of justice induced them to follow the new light; that no re-

wards or promises of fat offices, either civil or military, were needed to prompt such men to duty. Nobly did they perform it. They planted well, and the crop has been harvested sooner than many of us expected. I often wonder how many of the old pioneer Republicans of California are now in the land of the living, and how many of them are now residents of this State. Many of them laid down their lives on the battle-fields of the Republic, that their country might live. Among them was the gallant and eloquent Baker, who, while leading his Californians against their country's foes, was cruelly sacrificed at Ball's Bluff in 1861, with many other brave boys from our Golden State.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FIRST REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.—EFFORT TO DIVIDE THE STATE.

The candidates for Governor.—Pistol politics.—John B. Weller's speech.
—The two wings of the Democratic party.—Duels.—Slaves in California.—“Virginia poorhouse.”—Broderick and Gwin.

After the Presidential election in 1856, things in the political line went on smoothly for a time, the Republican party gaining strength slowly but surely. The next contest was to be for Governor and State officers, in 1857. The Republicans of the State had but little hope of winning anything; but they put on a bold front, called a convention and nominated Edward Stanley for Governor, with a full State ticket. Mr. Stanley was a Southern man by birth, a North Carolinian, and had, I believe, been Governor of his native State and a member of Congress. He was a lawyer, and stood at the head of his profession; a man of pure and spotless life, and an ardent and enthusiastic Republican. The Democrats nominated John B. Weller, one of the leading Democrats in the State, and a native of Ohio. Bowie was the American party's nominee for Governor, but he cut a small figure,

although polling more votes than Edward Stanley, the Republican nominee. The Democratic fight was to down the black Republicans, or "nigger-worshippers" as they were frequently called, and often they were termed the "sectional party."

Here were two men leading their respective parties—John B. Weller at the head of the pro-slavery Democratic party, born and reared in free-soil Ohio, and Edward Stanley, born and reared in pro-slavery North Carolina, leading the Republican free-soil party in California. This was an anomaly that I do not believe had a parallel in any other State in the Union.

In 1857 I had removed to Sonoma county, and was residing in the city of Petaluma. John B. Weller was stumping the State, and delivered one of his pro-slavery speeches in that city. Sonoma county at that time was the banner Democratic county of the State, most of its early settlers having come from the border Southern States and being intensely pro-slavery in their politics. The name of "black Republicans" stunk in their nostrils worse than that of a horse-thief. Petaluma at that time was the principal city or town of the county. There was quite a number of Republicans in the place, and a small organization was kept up. A number of the business men were Republicans, but would not join the organization for fear of their business being injured.

But let us come back to John B. Weller's speech.

From the time he mounted the rostrum for nearly two hours he poured into the Republican ranks such a tirade of abuse as I think has never been excelled in the State. To the American party he had very little to say, but advised every man that was formerly a member of that party, if they were true Americans, to come over to the Democratic party and save their country; which advice I believe nearly every one of Southern birth acted on, leaving the Northern men who were not Republicans to vote alone for Bowie—the same old trick they played on them two years previous in the Presidential election. Weller made at the close of his speech a powerful appeal for all Democrats to stick to their ticket and not to scratch a single name. He remarked that “no good Democrat ever scratched his ticket,” and some one in the crowd asked him if he was going to vote for himself.

“Yes sir, I am; I always vote for the best man, and when I vote the whole of the Democratic ticket I know I am voting for the best men.”

If I remember correctly, neither the Republican nor the American party sent any man into Sonoma county—it was hopelessly Democratic. They sent their speakers into counties where they thought they could do some good. During the war Sonoma county would, at every election, roll up her usual Democratic majority—from ten to sixteen hundred.

Well, in due time the election came off, the Democrats, us usual, making a clean sweep, elec-

ting John B. Weller Governor, and Joseph Walkup, of Placer county, Lieutenant-Governor, and both the Congressmen. Both branches of the Legislature were largely Democratic. If my memory is not at fault, San Francisco elected a few Republican members, and some of the mining counties elected a few Americans or Know-nothings. Such was the state of politics in California in 1857.

On the assembling of the Legislature the chivalry wing of the Democratic party had control of both branches, with the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. The two Congressmen elected were Scott and McKibbin. Scott was a "chiv." of the first water, while Joe McKibbin was rather on the free-soil order—a friend of D. C. Broderick. At this time, and for several years previous, there were in the Democratic party two factions that hated each other with as deadly a hatred as ever existed between Guelph and Ghibelline, and ready to spring at each other's throats on the slightest provocation. I have made reference to the chivalry wing of the Democrats—led and controlled by such men as Gwin, Weller, Terry, Latham, Burch, Scott and men of their political opinions—who set up the divine institution of slavery as the summit of all earthly blessings, and when in power their votes and influence were used to propagate and help it. California was only secondary in their minds and affections. The other faction were known as Brode-

rick Democrats, men who did not fall down and worship Baal. They were generally men from the free States, and led and controlled by such men as D. C. Broderick, Joseph McKibbin, John Bigler, John Curry and Democrats of that stripe. There was a fierce war carried on between these factions, from the formation of the Constitutional Convention which gave California her free Constitution, down to the day that the fatal dueling pistol in the hands of Judge Terry took the life of that Democratic champion of the people's rights, David C. Broderick. For ten years this fierce war of Democratic factions was waged within its organization, each party trying for supremacy. The lamented Broderick was not the only one that fell by their factional fights. State Senator William I. Furguson fell by the duelist bullet of George Pen Johnson, in the year of 1858. Furguson was one of the rising young men of the State, and, as in the case of his friend Broderick, a quarrel was sought with him. While in San Francisco he was challenged by Johnson, a well-known duelist. Furguson had to be got out of the way—he knew too much about their bargains and sales; it would never do to let his evidence come before the people of California at the polls. It was said at the time that Furguson was personally knowing to some very dirty jobs between the factions. Yet, with all their family quarrelings and deadly hatred, just before election they would patch up a truce and generally come forth a united Democracy at the

polls on election day. I once said to a prominent Democrat, a friend of mine who was running for Congress:

“Colonel, how is it that you Democrats are always fighting and quarreling and ready to cut each other’s throats before election, and yet when you come to the polls you all vote the straight Democratic ticket?” He replied, laughing:

“Why, John, we are like cats—the more we fight and quarrel, the more we propagate our species.”

From 1849 to 1861 the State of California was as much under the control of the Southern wing of the Democratic party as South Carolina, and voted in Congress for Southern interests to all intents and purposes; as intensely Southern as Mississippi or any other of the fire-eating States. From the adoption of the State constitution in 1849 to 1861, the Southern wing of that party did everything in their power to divide the State, their purpose being to make a slave State out of the Southern portion of it. One of the members from San Joaquin county, if I remember correctly, introduced a resolution in the Assembly at the session of 1852, inviting and allowing fifty families from the Southern States, with their negro slaves, to settle in the Southern counties. It is said that some families actually came, but they found they could not hold their slaves, so gave up the job and sent some of them back, while others became free. Such was the fight that Southern Democrats made to establish the “divine institu-

tion" in California. For twelve years that fight was kept up—until the first rebel gun was fired at Fort Sumter, which was the death-knell to their pretensions. Looking back over that twelve years between 1849 and 1861, it is surprising how the Southern wing of the Democratic party managed to perpetuate its power. Being not over one-third of the voters of the State, its politicians managed to rule the State and fill nine-tenths of the offices, from United States Senators down to constables. I have often asked some of them why it was so. Their reply generally was:

"We of the South are better politicians than you Northern men, and we were born to rule anyway. You Northern men are good workers and business men, and we are perfectly willing you should do it."

For a long time the custom-house and mint at San Francisco were known as the Virginia poor-houses, from the number of scions of the first families of Virginia that were stowed away there on fat salaries.

In the Legislature of 1857 occurred that memorable election which sent Broderick to the United States Senate, with William M. Gwin as his colleague. For years Broderick had been planning to reach that high position, while the chivalry wing, with equal persistence, was plotting to keep him from the coveted prize. When the Legislature met in January, 1857, it was found in caucus that Broderick was master of the situation, and that not

only could he be elected himself, but he could dictate the election of the other Senator as well. Gwin and Latham both aspired to that honor. It was then that Gwin came out in a public card, acknowledging his obligation to the stone-cutter's son for his election, and resigning all his political patronage to Broderick and his friends. Humiliating indeed it must have been to this proud son of chivalry to make those humble confessions to the man, above all others, his faction hated and despised. But he never intended to keep the promise he made to Broderick, in order to secure his election. When Gwin arrived at Washington he had the President—Buchanan—and the whole Democratic party of the South at his back. Broderick and his friends were completely ignored, and Gwin and the chivalry were again in the ascendant in California.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE STATE DIVIDED.—KILLING OF BRODERICK.

The Democracy divided on the Kansas question.—Fights, murders, ballot-box stuffing.—Stanford and Latham the nominees for Governor.—Broderick killed by Terry.

Again in 1859 the State election came on, and we had a somewhat different opponent to battle with. The Kansas troubles were agitating the country. Civil war had commenced in that territory on a small scale. The Kansas-Nebraska Act had left the slavery question to the decision of the people of the territory directly interested. Free-State men from the North had emigrated to Kansas under the auspices of the anti-slavery societies in quite large numbers, while the Southern States had sent their pro-slavery men to plant the "divine institution" in that free land. The anti-slavery party, it is said, had armed its disciples with Sharp's rifles, free-soil tracts and bibles; while the pro-slavery emigrants (known as border ruffians) were armed with the revolver and deadly bowie-knife. On the prairies of Kansas those hostile factions met, each side representing the fiery element of its section.

They could not long dwell together in peace—it needed but a spark to ignite the whole mass. The spark was not long in coming.

For a number of years the newspapers of the land were filled with accounts of fights, murders, ballot-box stuffings, and various other crimes that would disgrace the annals of the Apache or Comanche Indians. Both parties in Kansas called conventions in order to frame constitutions for the embryo State. The pro-slavery party held their convention at Lecompton, framed a constitution, and submitted it to the people. Bands of armed men crossed over from Missouri, took possession of the polls, and would allow no one to vote unless he voted for the Lecompton constitution, which recognized the “divine institution” of slavery. When the free-state men saw that they had the whole State of Missouri to fight against and to vote against, they refused to recognize the election or have anything to do with it, and it of course received a large majority of all the votes cast. In due time the bantam hatched at Lecompton, was, with a great flourish of trumpets, sent on to Washington, styled the Lecompton constitution, and purporting to be the work of the people of Kansas at the polls; when, in fact, not one-third of the people of Kansas voted on the day of election. The whole machinery of the election was in the hands of the pro-slavery party, and as long as pen, ink and paper held out, they were not wanting for votes to give the Lecompton

constitution all the majority it needed. On its arrival at Washington it became the adopted child of President Buchanan and the Democratic party. Fealty to it became the shibboleth of the Democratic party, and woe to the Democrat who had the manliness and courage to oppose that fraud—the most damnable that ever was sought to be imposed on a free people by a corrupt administration. When the bill to admit Kansas under the Lecompton constitution was introduced in the Senate of the United States, then commenced the battle of the giants. The Senate at that time contained some of the greatest minds of the age. Such men as Seward of New York, Sumner of Massachusetts, Douglas of Illinois, Hamlin of Maine, Broderick of California, and many others of national reputation, led that historic fight for freedom. Nor were there lacking talent and statesmanship to advocate the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, for such men as Jefferson Davis, Hammond, Judah P. Benjamin, Toombs, Slidell, William M. Gwin of California, Mason of Virginia, and the whole South stood as its sponsors. Fierce were the debates that took place in the Senate. So powerful was the party lash of the Democratic party that but three of the Democratic Senators then in the Senate had sufficient independence to disobey its mandates and vote for the extension of freedom. These men were immediately read out of the party, and ostracized both socially and politically by the Pres-

ident and the Democratic party at Washington. Their names will stand in the history of their country as men that loved freedom more than party, and the good of their country above the smiles and plaudits of the slave power. Such were Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, D. C. Broderick of California, and Stuart of Michigan.

The Lecompton constitution was defeated. The people of Kansas then called another convention, framed a free constitution and submitted it to the *bona fide* people of Kansas for ratification in the summer of 1858, and it was ratified by the lawful voters of Kansas by over five to one—yet the State was not admitted to the Union until January 29th, 1861. The slave power kept her out as long as possible. But to come back to events in California.

I had to dwell somewhat on events taking place in other sections of the land, that my readers might have a better understanding of what took place in California. Our State election for Governor, State officers and members of Congress occurred in 1859, and the parties in the field contending for the mastery were the Republican party, that portion of the Democratic party sometimes called the Lecompton Democrats, and the anti-Lecompton or Broderick Democrats—men opposed to the administration because of the attitude Buchanan had taken on the Kansas question, and opposed to the President of the United States sending United States troops to Kansas for the suppression of free

speech and free votes. The American or Know-nothing party had gone out of existence—the nation had more on its hands than to wrangle over a few thousand foreign-born citizens and the Pope of Rome. In 1859, then, we had three parties in the field. The Republican party held its convention at Sacramento City, and nominated Leland Stanford—then a merchant of Sacramento—for Governor, James F. Kennedy for Lieutenant-Governor, and Joseph McKibbin and E. D. Baker for Congress, with a full State ticket.

The Lecompton or pro-slavery wing of the Democratic party nominated Milton S. Latham for Governor, and J. G. Downey of Los Angeles for Lieutenant-Governor. Latham I believe was a native of Ohio, but when a young man went to Alabama as a school teacher, and there learned to out Herod Herod in his devotion to the slave power. J. G. Downey was, I believe, an Irishman by birth. J. C. Burch and C. L. Scott were nominated for Congress, Burch being a Missourian and Scott, I believe, a Virginian.

The anti-Lecompton Democrats nominated Judge John Curry for Governor. Mr. Curry was said to be a Republican, had been a warm supporter of David C. Broderick, and a man of clean hands, politically speaking. John Conness was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. For Congressmen Joseph McKibbin—one of the Republican nominees—received the nomination, and S. A. Booker, of San

Joaquin county for second Congressman, with a full State ticket.

Senator Broderick came from Washington to organize his anti-Lecompton party, and make a fight for his political life. In the Senate of the United States he was ostracized by the President and the Democratic party. He had expected to reward his friends with office, but Buchanan had treated his recommendations with contempt and himself with freezing coldness. Gwin, his colleague--the man who had but a short time previous made such humiliating concessions to him in order to be elected--was now the dispenser of the public patronage in California. After his humiliating bargain with Broderick, Gwin returned to Washington, and President Buchanan treated him as a martyr to the cause. They both returned to California to take part in the State election. Both Broderick and Gwin stumped the State, each one accusing the other of political trickery and jobbery. Gwin's speeches throughout the canvass were coupled with sneers, insults and personal abuse of Broderick. The pro-slavery or Democratic Legislature that was elected in 1858 was largely Lecompton and friendly to Gwin. A previous Legislature had passed resolutions instructing Senator Broderick to vote with the Administration on the Lecompton issue. Senator Broderick was too much of an honest man and a lover of his country to do so. The Legislature in the spring of 1859 passed reso-

lutions condemning him for the language used by him in the Senate regarding the President's attitude on the Lecompton constitution. The whole tribe of Lecompton politicians poured out their vials of wrath on the head of Broderick as the author of all their woes. Broderick spoke in Weaver-ville during the campaign, and in his remarks said, when he started out to canvass the State, his intentions had been to discuss the political questions of the day in a gentlemanly manner, but his opponents would not allow him to do so. He remarked that if Senator Gwin had any personal grievances to settle with him they should be settled in some other way than on the stump.

"If I have insulted Senator Gwin," said he, "sufficiently to induce him to go about the State and make a blackguard of himself, he should seek the remedy that is open to all gentlemen who feel offended."

He had to be got out of their way. There were plenty of duelists in their ranks who stood ready to do the bidding of their party on the slightest provocation, or without any provocation at all. Senator Broderick, like Senator Ferguson, was a doomed man, and sooner or later they were bound to kill him. The whole host of the Southern politicians were on his track, and did everything they could to provoke a fight, taunting him with cowardice, pusillanimity, and belittling him in every way that was in their power. They finally accomplished

their end. Broderick fell by the bullet of David S. Terry, the man whose life he had been instrumental in saving when the *vigilantes*, in 1856, at San Francisco, had him a prisoner at Fort Gunny Bags for the stabbing of Hopkins, the vigilance committee policeman. How did David S. Terry reward Broderick for his services and friendship on that memorable occasion? Broderick was like unto the man, who, finding a serpent frozen and lifeless, warmed it to life in his bosom, and then for his recompense, it stung him to death.

David C. Broderick, the people's friend, lies sleeping in Lone Mountain cemetery, beloved and respected, his memory enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A nation mourned his loss—he died a martyr to his convictions. How was it with his slayer, David S. Terry? Despised and shunned by a large portion of his countrymen—a man of blood. His life in this State was one of turmoil and contention; at war with himself and everything that stood in his way. In the evening of his life he met a violent death at the hands of David Nagle, a United States officer in the discharge of his duties. He died as he had lived, and went to his grave unhonored and unwept. Those who knew him best say he had many good qualities to offset his bad ones. Let the good ones live, the bad ones be buried in the grave of oblivion.

CHAPTER XL.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1859.

A triangular fight.—California's representatives in Congress voting with the South.—Latham elected to succeed Broderick.—Mourning Broderick's death.—John G. Downey, Governor.

During the canvass of 1859 the three parties put forth their utmost strength. The Republicans had able speakers in the field. E. D. Baker, then nominee for Congress, was said to be the brightest orator that ever stumped the State; and that was saying a good deal, for whatever else California needed, she was not short of good speakers and politicians. For ten years California was the dumping-ground of disappointed politicians east of the Rocky Mountains. They came to California to recuperate their fortunes and enlighten the poor benighted California miners. Joseph McKibbin, the other nominee on the Republican ticket, was a fair speaker and a member of Congress. Leland Stanford, the nominee for Governor, was a fair, average speaker, and stumped the lower counties for the ticket. The other State officers had their fields of labor parceled out to them.

Milton S. Latham, the Lecompton nominee for

Governor, was then considered the ablest Democratic speaker of the State. John G. Downey, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, was from Los Angeles, and did his work in the southern portion of the State. John C. Burch, the Lecompton nominee for Congress, was a good speaker, and a lawyer by profession. He resided at Weaverville and practiced his profession, having tried his luck in the mines with but little success. Like the balance of the Southern politicians, he was a strong pro-slavery man. Being born in Missouri, where he lived until he came to California in 1850, he had naturally inherited his pro-slavery opinions—a man of good impulses, warm-hearted, and generous to a fault. Such a man was John C. Burch, a strong Democrat, a man who believed that the Democratic party could do no wrong. I remember, in discussing politics one day, I said to him :

“ Burch, if the Democratic party would go in for dissolving the Union, and call it a Democratic measure, you would go for it if you were elected.” He replied, “ I would not.” He was elected, and when the nation’s life, in 1861, seemed to hang by a slender thread—when State after State was withdrawing her Senators and Representatives from both houses of Congress and passing secession ordinances, Representative Burch, knowing full well that California could never be carried into the Southern confederacy, did all he could while at Washington to form a Pacific Republic. His at-

tempt came to naught—California was true to herself and loyal to the nation that gave her birth. Scott, his colleague, was also a man of Southern birth—I believe a Virginian—and of fair abilities. He belonged to the Lecompton or chivalry wing of the party, and while in Congress voted with the secessionists and for Southern measures just as much as if he represented South Carolina or Mississippi in Congress, instead of the free and loyal State of California. John Conness, the anti-Lecompton candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was an Irishman by birth, and was from El Dorado county. He was a fair speaker, and canvassed the central and southern portions of the State. Samuel A. Booker of San Joaquin, the second Congressman, canvassed the southern counties. I know but little of him, as I never heard him address an audience, but he stood well in public esteem.

The three parties warmed well to their work. Before the canvass had advanced far the Republicans were pouring hot shot into the Lecompton ranks, and into James Buchanan in particular, for his doings in the Kansas troubles, and for his unjust manner of treating the *bona fide* settlers of that territory by sending United States troops to dragoon them into submission. The Republicans in the campaign were treated with a little more courtesy than had ever been shown them before in the State. They had carried ten States in the last Presidential election, and were increasing in Cali-

foria. Their candidates and speakers were men of good standing, and well known in the State. The border-ruffian element was learning the lesson that Amerians, when aroused, could give as well as take hard knocks. In some precincts the Republican speakers were interrupted and insulted by the border ruffians as usual, but not to as great an extent as in previous elections. Their attention was more taken up with the fight between the two wings of their own party. I verily believe that the pro-slavery wing, or the Gwin faction, would have much preferred Leland Stanford for Governor to John Curry. Anything to down David C. Broderick and his friends, was their motto, and there was little love lost. The anti-Lecomptonites were as anxious to beat Gwin and his faction as the Lecomptonites were to beat the former. It was very amusing for Republicans to hear their old enemies abusing each other and calling each other pet names. Broderick's discourses on the stump were principally relating to Gwin's humiliation and trickery, his broken promises and his treachery to California, the State that had honored him with a seat in the United States Senate. He scored Gwin on the Homestead bill, as being opposed to it, and accused him of being the paid agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, that was then monopolizing the carrying trade and mail between New York and San Francisco. Gwin would be introducing railroad bills in the Senate, but they were generally pigeon-

holed until he got ready to come back to his constituents in California. Then he would stick them in his coat-tail pockets to exhibit to his constituents, and try to make them believe that he was working for a railroad across the plains. A good many newspapers were uncharitable enough to say that the honorable Senator was all the time in the pay of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to kill all such railroad bills, and they made a great many people in California believe it was the truth. On the other hand Senator Gwin stigmatized Senator Broderick for not obeying the resolutions of the Legislature of California on the Lecompton constitution question, and with being a renegade from the Democratic party—that he had been read out of the party.

It appeared from the discussion during the canvass that Milton S. Latham was somewhat mixed up in the previous Senatorial contest. It was asserted at the time that he was willing to relinquish to Broderick all the appointments, with the exception of three or four that he had promised to some of his particular friends at San Francisco, for Broderick's assistance in electing Latham to the Senate of the United States. It was said that Senator Furguson was the negotiator between Broderick and Latham, and that Furguson had the correspondence in the transaction. It was certainly believed at the time that this was the principal reason for the duel between George Pen Johnson

and Ferguson—that those letters might be had possession of by Latham and his friends, and which went to prove it. It was said that, after Ferguson was killed in the duel with Johnson, his private desk was broken open and those letters appertaining to the Senatorial bargain and sale were stolen therefrom. Latham denied the accusation on the stump. Ferguson was in his grave, and the papers relating to it were stolen from the desk of the dead Senator. And so stands the matter up to the present day.

Such was the standing of political parties at the State election of 1859. The election occurred on the 7th day of September, and the chivalry wing of the Democratic party came out triumphant as usual, electing their whole State ticket, with the two Congressmen—Burch and Scott. A few days after the election, Judge David S. Terry, one of the Supreme Judges of the State, resigned his seat on the bench, and challenged Senator Broderick for some words spoken at a breakfast-table, if I remember correctly. Broderick had made the remark that if Judge Terry had made such and such remarks about him, he would now have to alter his opinion of Judge Terry. He had believed him to be the only honest man on the Supreme Bench, but he had now to alter his opinion. These words, or words to the same effect, were spoken three or four months before the challenge was sent to Broderick by Terry. Senator Broderick accepted

Terry's challenge, and fell mortally wounded, surviving but two or three days after the duel. His last and dying words were:

"They have killed me because I opposed the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration!"

Thus died Senator Broderick—one of earth's noblemen. California never realized the worth of the man until he lay dead in his coffin. Then a burst of indignation went forth from the press and people, from San Diego to Del Norte, against his slayers. Three-fourths of the people of the State mourned him as a martyr to the people's cause. The eloquent Baker pronounced his funeral oration, filled with eulogy. Few in that vast assembly but looked on the dead Senator's cause as their own. His funeral was the largest and most imposing that had been seen up to that time in San Francisco. Not only in California did the people do honor to his memory; but in the city of New York, when the news reached there of his untimely death, the funeral solemnities were repeated, and an immense throng of people attended. The hearse was drawn by eight gray horses, and the oration was pronounced by John W. Dwinelle. Seldom had New York City witnessed the like. The people of California erected an imposing monument to his memory. But David C. Broderick needed no other monument than that he had erected in the hearts of his countrymen and in the history of California.

By the death of Senator Broderick, his seat in

the United States Senate became vacant, and the question was in every loyal man's mind, who will be appointed to fill it? The question was often asked: Will they appoint one of the clique that was instrumental in his death? Many thought they would; others thought they dare not face public opinion by so doing. H. P. Haun of Marysville was appointed to the vacancy. Judge Haun was a pro-slavery Democrat, but a man above reproach. He was appointed until the meeting of the Legislature, whose duty it was to fill the vacancy. If I remember correctly, Milton S. Latham, the Governor-elect, was chosen by the Legislature. Latham had made a promise that if he was elected Governor he would serve out his term, and not aspire to the Senate; but the love of the Senatorial toga was too great in him to keep his promise to the people.

The Legislature elected him, and he resigned the Governorship for the more glittering prize, and John G. Downey became Governor of California.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1860.—THE STATE CARRIED FOR
LINCOLN.

The bitter feeling towards "Black Republicans."—Andy Lyons.—Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas.—The Charleston convention.—The various candidates for the Presidency.

After the State election that took place in September, 1859, and the death of Senator Broderick, the pro-slavery wing of the Democratic party seemed to be firmly seated in power. Broderick—the man of all others whom they feared and hated in California—was dead. The State Government was largely Democratic, also both branches of the Legislature. Senators Gwin and Haun, and Representatives Burch and Scott were pro-slavery Democrats, and as subservient to the slave power as if they represented Mississippi in Congress, instead of California. It looked as if our fair State of California was to be for a long time to come chained to the black car of slavery, instead of arraying herself where she belonged—where God and nature intended her to be—beside her free sister States of the North and West. But it was not for

mortals to penetrate the future. There are old sayings that it is always darkest just before day, and every dark cloud has its silver lining. Little we Republicans thought, in 1859, that the Democrats had gained their last victory for nearly a decade. Yet so it was. Politically, the horizon looked dark for them in California. The next year—that is, in 1860—the Presidential campaign was to be fought.

The Republicans had as yet scarcely carried a county in the State, though San Francisco and Sacramento counties had been making large Republican gains, and the balance of the State was gaining slowly. But the Republicans were plucky, and were not discouraged by repeated defeats. Many men at that time were genuine Republicans at heart, but did not have the moral courage to avow themselves as such. For six years the chivalry party had tried to cast such odium and ridicule on the name “Republican,” that many weak-kneed Republicans were kept from avowing themselves as such. They could not stand the ridicule, or the idea of being called a black Republican; and many others who had been Democrats all their lives, but were anti-slavery men, clung to the Democratic name, with the hope that something might turn up that would relieve them from the necessity of changing their party and their party affiliations.

The Democratic party was the most thoroughly organized institution that ever existed in America. It punished its delinquents without mercy, and re-

warded its friends with no unsparing hand. To its thorough organization it owes its many victories.

Woe to the Democrat who kicked in the traces or scratched a ticket on election day, even for a constable! So thorough was its organization that a Democrat was disgraced if he had the manliness to scratch a ticket and vote for a friend on the opposite ticket. An instance came under my observation in 1852, when J. W. Denver and R. G. Stuart were running for the State Senate—Denver on the Democratic and Stuart on the Whig ticket. Bob Stuart was a general favorite with the boys in Weaverville. There was an old man named Andy Lyons mining in one of the gulches at that time. He was a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, but friendly to Stuart and very friendly to me. When election came on I got Uncle Andy, by a good deal of persuasion, to vote for Stuart. After casting his vote, he turned to me and said:

“This is the first Whig vote I ever cast, and it will be the last one while I live!”

For ten years after that election Uncle Andy, when he got “tight,” would come around and give me a tongue-lashing for making him disgrace himself by voting the Whig ticket. A naturalized citizen who voted anything but a Democratic ticket was considered an outlaw entirely.

From the gubernatorial election in the fall of 1859 until the Presidential election 1860, each party was laying its plans for the great struggle.

Early in June the Republicans called a convention to elect delegates to the National Convention that was to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. The convention met at Sacramento City and chose delegates to attend the Chicago Convention. The delegates were unpledged as to candidates, but it was generally understood that William H. Seward of New York was the first choice of the convention for President. A year or two previous Abraham Lincoln had made that memorable canvass of the State of Illinois against Stephen A. Douglas for the Senate of the United States. The State of Illinois had been Democratic nearly ever since its admission in the year 1818, and Stephen A. Douglas had been its senior Senator for a number of years and its political idol. Douglas was the principal mover and advocate of the repeal of the Missouri compromise, which act reopened the slavery question, and gave the agitators on both sides a good chance to get in their work on that much-vexed question of slavery. The anti-slavery men of Illinois pitted Abraham Lincoln against Stephen A. Douglas to canvass the State on the slavery question. Then commenced a war of giants, Douglas and Lincoln, for the Senatorship. Their speeches were nearly all published.

Abraham Lincoln by that canvass became the property of the whole nation—his reputation became too great for the State of Illinois to monopo-

lize him. Although he was beaten for the Senate, yet on taking the whole vote cast by the partizans of both Lincoln and Douglas, it was found that the popular vote was over five thousand greater for Lincoln's friends than for Douglas'; yet Douglas had a small majority on joint ballot, which elected him to the Senate. •

A great many Republicans began to look on Abraham Lincoln as the coming man for the Republican standard-bearer in 1860. When the convention met at Chicago, Lincoln and Seward of New York were the two principal candidates before the convention. William A. Seward of New York had been all his life a free-soil Whig, and was then a Senator from New York. He was a man of a high order of talent, and was classed as a statesman with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Douglas and other great men of the nation. But, like other great men, he had been a long time in public life, and had made many enemies, both in his own party and among his opponents in the Democratic party. Mr. Seward received a very respectable vote in the convention, but Abraham Lincoln received the nomination, with Hannibal Hamlin of Maine as Vice-President. Hamlin was at that time senior Senator from Maine.

The prospect for a Republican victory in November looked bright indeed. Fremont, four years previous, had carried ten States for the Republican ticket, when the Republican party was less than

two years in existence, and had very little organization as a party. It was now, in 1860, well organized and ready for the fight. Outside of one or two of the Southern border States, the Republican party had no existence in any of the Southern States—its whole strength lay in the free States. An abolitionist or a Republican was not allowed to live in a slave State up to that time; they were generally tarred and feathered and mobbed, and driven out of the State—treated worse than pirates. Woe to the man or woman who had the temerity to go into a slave State and say one word against the “divine institution” of slavery! They made short work of him or her. Such were the feelings of the Southern States towards the anti-slavery men of the North when Abraham Lincoln received the Republican nomination at Chicago.

The Democrats held their convention at Charleston, South Carolina, and there was a full delegation from every State in the Union. From the first day of the convention it was plain to be seen that there was going to be warm work before the convention ended. The Southern delegates would not be content with anything less than a complete recognition of slavery as a national institution, and would suffer no platform to be adopted without it pledged the Democratic party, body and soul, to further the institution of slavery. In vain the Northern delegates pleaded with their Southern brethren that they could never go before the North-

ern people, with such a platform as the Southern delegates wished and insisted on adopting, with any possible chance of success. Finally the Southern delegates had it pretty much their own way as to the platform. When the nomination was made, then came the fun. They adopted the two-thirds rule, and the fight commenced in earnest. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois was the candidate of the Northern Democracy, or a large portion of them, while Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, and John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, were the two principal candidates of the Southern delegation. They voted for several days without result—it was said as many as sixty-four votes were taken, and that Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts voted in the convention sixty-four times for Jefferson Davis for President. Finally the convention adjourned for, I believe, four weeks, to meet again and see if they could do better. At their second meeting there was no more harmony than at the first. The Southern Democrats would have nothing short of a complete surrender of the North to the slave power. For forty years the slave power had ruled the nation—the North, for the sake of peace submitting until patience had ceased to be a virtue. By the Fugitive Slave Law they made every man in the North a slave catcher, and compelled the use of the Northern prisons to confine men and women in for no other crime than that of wishing to be free. Several of the Northern States passed what were called

personal liberty bills, to offset the Fugitive Slave Act. When the Charleston Convention met after their adjournment, it was very plain to be seen that the convention would never agree on either a platform or a candidate. The Northern delegates dare not submit to the demands of the South—they well knew that any further concession to the slave power would bring annihilation and defeat to their party in the Northern States. They had already lost ten States, with several others ready to follow. Many of the Southern delegates wanted, and insisted on the right to take their slaves into the free States, and keep them there as slaves as long as they pleased. The Charleston Convention, after many vain attempts at reconciliation, finally split in twain, the Southern delegates withdrawing from the convention, and leaving the friends of Stephen A. Douglas and “Squatter Sovereignty” in possession. The convention then proceeded to the business of making a platform and nominating the candidates. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois was nominated for President, with Herschell V. Johnson of Georgia for Vice-President. Stephen A. Douglas was then Senator from the great State of Illinois—the man who had contested the Senatorship with Abraham Lincoln two years previous—and was classed among the great statesmen of the nation—a peer of any man in the United States Senate. Johnson, outside of his State, was but little known. The seceders or Southern delegates met in

convention, framed and adopted a platform with slavery as its chief corner-stone, and nominated for President John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, then Vice-President under Buchanan. Joe Lane, Senator from Oregon, was nominated Vice-President—the man who, during the canvass, was accused of spelling God with a little g. Lane was a man of very small calibre, and totally unfit for either the United States Senate or Vice-President of the nation.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION.

The seeds of secession.—The political parties in California.—Rancorous denunciation.—The attack upon Charles Sumner.—Amusing scenes and incidents.—Awaiting the returns.

There were, at the time of which I am writing, quite a body of men, both North and South, that deprecated and denounced the agitation of slavery both in Congress and out of it. Those in the Southern States had formerly been Whigs, and were attached to the Union. Of course there were many such in the Northern States. They called a convention of all conservative citizens, irrespective of their former party affiliations, to meet at Nashville, Tennessee, if I remember correctly, and there to nominate candidates and make a platform that would be acceptable to all parts of the nation. The convention met in due time, and nominated John Bell of Tennessee for President, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts for Vice-President.

John Bell had been Senator from Tennessee—elected as a Whig in Whig days, and was looked upon as a great and good man by all parties. The

Union would have been safe in his hands. Edward Everett was also a Whig, and was as highly respected as any man in the United States for his learning, statesmanship and legal ability.

Such were the men that the conservatives of both sections of the nation put forth for the suffrages of the American people. In point of real ability and statesmanship and love of country, a better choice could not have been made than Bell and Everett. There were now in the field four sets of candidates for President—Lincoln and Hamlin, Republicans; Douglas and Johnson, popular sovereignty; Breckenridge and Lane, pro-slavery or secessionist; Bell and Everett, Union or American party—the last, but not the least, so far as statesmanship and love of country was concerned. The Republican party was taunted with being a sectional party, as it had no following except in the North and a very few of the slave border States. The Douglas Democrats were in the same boat, so far as getting much of a vote in the slave-holding States was concerned. Breckenridge and Lane were the Southern candidates, and the South stood by them.

From the days of nullification, as advocated by J. C. Calhoun and nipped in the bud by that old patriot, Andrew Jackson, there had been a class of Southern politicians that worked with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to stir up a sectional strife and fire the Southern heart against the North—and too well they succeeded. For over thirty years the

seeds of secession and rebellion were being sown, and in 1861 they harvested a full crop. During the canvass in the Southern States their speakers and politicians advocated that, if Lincoln was elected, it was a just and good cause for secession, and advised the people of the States to make themselves ready for that event. Too well did they succeed in their treasonable designs. In the free States the principal fight was between Lincoln and Douglas—one the champion of free States and free men, the other the champion of “squatter sovereignty.” The Bell and Everett party did not cut much of a figure, either North or South, although composed of some of the most conservative and best men in the nation. If I remember correctly, they did not elect one elector. Such was the standing of parties in the Presidential campaign of 1860. But to come back to parties in California. When the news of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln at Chicago was received, a good many Republicans were disappointed—they were looking for W. H. Seward of New York to be their standard-bearer. But they had made up their minds that, no matter who received the Chicago nomination, if he was a man capable and of good repute, they would give him a hearty support, and this they did. A Republican convention was duly called and electors appointed for the State, and some of the ablest men canvassed the State for the ticket. There was a more thorough canvass made by the Republicans than ever before

in the State. The other parties—that is, both wings of the Democratic party—had their tickets in the field, each claiming they were the Simon-pure article, and each accusing the others of being bolters and renegades from the regular organization. The Douglas wing had lost its head, D. C. Broderick, by the bullet of D. S. Terry. Others arose in his place, but there were none to wear his mantle. They battled manfully for their principles, however, and made a glorious fight, coming out second best. The Lecompton wing had the old set at their back: the two United States Senators, two Congressmen—Burch and Scott—all the federal office-holders, besides the Governor and State officers, which were a small army within themselves. The Bell and Everett party cut but little figure. Twice before the chivalry had deceived the Northern men who belonged to the American party, but they could play that game no longer. Senators Gwin and Latham stumped the State, and every man that could talk on the stump, was taken from the Virginia poor-house (as the San Francisco custom-house was then called) and pressed into service. Their whole fight was made against the Republicans, as being negro worshippers, secessionists, abolitionists, negro stealers, and guilty of every crime known to our laws, human or divine, and their candidate, Abraham Lincoln, was a monkey, a baboon and an illiterate flat-boatman. If Lincoln was elected, they argued, it would be sufficient cause for the

South to secede. This was the tone of the oratory that was dealt out to us in 1860 by the Breckenridge wing of the immaculate Bourbons. In this campaign they confined themselves principally to tongue abuse; the egg-and-mob tactics had proven a complete failure, and they did not resort to them. The Douglas wing made their fight principally on the right of the inhabitants of a territory, when they come to vote on their Constitution, to vote slavery up or down as they saw proper. The Republicans made their canvass on no further extension of slavery, the corruption of the Democratic party, the suppression of free speech, and the tyranny of slave power. It had been but a short time previous that Charles Sumner had been stricken down in his seat, for some words spoken in debate with the Senator from South Carolina on the floor of the Senate, by Preston Brooks, a Congressman from South Carolina, and a nephew of the Senator from that State. Sumner was quietly sitting in his seat writing, unaware of any danger, when he was approached from behind and stricken down, without a moment's notice, with a cane in the hands of Brooks, then a young man in the prime of life. Senator Sumner had to be carried from the Senate chamber, and it was several months before he recovered sufficiently to take his seat in the Senate, and it was said that he never fully recovered from the assault. When the news of this assault was spread throughout the country, univer-

sal condemnation of the cowardly act was in every man's mouth, and it did more to consolidate the North than anything that had yet taken place. Anson P. Burlingame, one of the Massachusetts Congressmen, challenged Brooks. At first Brooks accepted the challenge, and they were to fight in Canada, but Brooks backed out, giving his excuse that if he traveled to Canada through the free States, he was in danger of being mobbed. But Burlingame and his friends sent Brooks word that they would guarantee him a safe passage through the free States and back from Canada, but Brooks failed to respond, and the duel did not come off. Well, to come back to the election in California.

Each party put forth its full strength in the canvass. The Republicans and the Douglas Democrats had the full power and the patronage of Buchanan's administration to work against. It looked as though the chivalry wing would come out ahead, as usual, in California; but this time they were doomed to disappointment.

The election took place in November, and Abraham Lincoln carried the State by a small plurality, with Stephen A. Douglas second, and Breckenridge third in the fight. If I remember correctly, Lincoln led Douglas between two and three hundred votes, and Douglas led Breckenridge a few votes less than three hundred. Bell and Everett got some votes, but they were scattering. For several days—the vote was so close—it was im-

possible to tell which party had carried the State. At one time Lincoln would be a few votes in the lead; then the next county heard from would give Douglas the lead; then Breckenridge stock would be looking up.

It was amusing to witness some of the scenes and incidents that took place while the people were in doubt as to the result in the State. Our postmaster—James O'Connor—was an old man and a very large one, a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, and “Breckenridge” to the backbone. The County Treasurer—Krutchnett—was a Dutchman and a Douglas Democrat, and worked hard among his friends for Douglas. I was standing in the door of the postoffice talking with O'Connor, when Krutchnett hove in sight. News had just arrived in Weaverville that Douglas had carried the State. Krutchnett had been “beering up” pretty freely, and coming across the street to where O'Connor and I were standing, commenced swinging his hat close to the old man's face, and shouting:

“Hurrah for Meester Touglas! Meester Touglas ees de fellow! Meester Touglas carries de Stadt of California! Meester Touglas shall pee de bresident!”

The old man gave him one look, and then made his speech, as he grabbed the little fellow:

“Get out of here, you d—d beer-drinking Dutch half-breed! Get out of here, or I'll break ivery bone in your Dutch carcass!”

Suiting the action to the words, old Jimmy

heaved the little Dutchman halfway across the street.

“Lay there, you little spalpeen of a Dutchman, until you larn to be a gintleman!”

Krutchnett picked himself up, and swearing vengeance against the Irish, and the old man in particular, started for his gun; but he didn't get back before I left. The old man remarked:

“John, I don't mind you Republicans, but them spalpeens of half-breeds—shure they're enuff to set a Dimocrat crazy!”

In a few days reliable news came that Lincoln had carried the State by a small plurality. Then the old Republicans had somewhat of a jubilee—we got out the anvils and made them ring for a time. California was partly redeemed. We had one more battle to fight before the victory was complete. In a short time the news came from the East that Lincoln was elected, and the reign of the slave power was forever ended.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE FIRING UPON FORT SUMTER.—A BLAZE OF PATRIOTISM.

Efforts to end the rule of the Bourbons.—The seceding States.—The Confederate Government.—The inauguration of Lincoln.—Indignation meetings.—The movement to form a Pacific Republic.—The call for volunteers.—The Knights of the Golden Circle.—Its objects.—The Douglas City Rifles held in readiness.

After the election of Lincoln, the Republicans of California began to make preparations to free the State from the rule of the Bourbons. It became a national necessity to do so, for, as soon as the South was defeated at the ballot-box, she began to make preparations to appeal to the cartridge-box. South Carolina led off by passing an ordinance of secession, and withdrawing her Senators and Representatives from Congress. Others of the Southern States followed, and James Buchanan—the President of the United States at that time—could find no law to prevent the dismemberment of this glorious Union, which he had sworn to defend and protect. But it was said that he did all he could covertly to forward the treasonable designs of the leaders of the secession movement.

In December, 1860, when State after State

was withdrawing from the Union, and men whom the Government had educated---both in the army and navy---to fight its battles and defend it from its enemies, both foreign and domestic, were resigning their commissions and joining the enemies of the country which they had sworn to protect and defend, with an old imbecile (if no worse) in the Presidential chair, surrounded by traitors as his chief advisors, the country at the beginning of 1861 was in a deplorable condition---dark indeed was the country's prospect. At that time every loyal American prayed for the 4th of March to come and Abraham Lincoln in the Presidential chair. Rumors were circulated that Lincoln would never be allowed to take his seat; that he would be assassinated on his trip from his home to Washington.

In the meantime the States that had seceded were arming and drilling troops at a rapid rate, and getting ready for an appeal to arms. The Government had but few soldiers, and they were spread over the whole country. Seventy of them were stationed at Charleston, South Carolina, in charge of the United States forts and property there. The *Star of the West*, an unarmed steamer in the Government employ, while entering the harbor with provisions for the garrison of Fort Sumter, was fired on by the rebel batteries, and turned back without accomplishing its mission.

In the month of February, 1861, the delegates

from the rebel States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a government, calling it the Confederate States of America, with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi as President. With a flourish of trumpets the new-born nation was ushered into the world. The Confederacy then adopted the army of South Carolina that was encamped before the walls of Fort Sumter, with its bombastic commander, General P. G. T. Beauregard—a fiery French creole from Louisiana.

The 4th of March at last arrived, and with it came the nation's saviour, Abraham Lincoln. As already stated, there were rumors of plans to assassinate the President-elect, and his friends thought it best for him to go to Washington in disguise. So, on the 4th day of March, 1861, Lincoln was inaugurated—the first President whom it had become necessary on inauguration to surround with the army of the United States, in order to protect his person from the bullet or the dagger of the assassin. That grand old patriot and soldier, General Scott, had command at Washington that day, and well did he perform his duty. The inauguration passed off quietly. The loyal men and women of the nation could rejoice and congratulate each other on the happy event—they had now a patriot and statesman at the head of the nation, surrounded by a loyal cabinet. Men began to breathe more easily, but nearly every department of the Government had its spies and traitors that had to

be weeded out and dismissed from the public service. In the meantime, the so-called Southern Confederacy was arming and preparing for the conflict that soon was to drench the land in blood.

In the month of April there were about seven thousand rebel soldiers, under General Beauregard, besieging Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. The garrison of Fort Sumter numbered but seventy soldiers, under the command of Major Anderson, a Kentuckian who remained true to his Government. On the 11th day of April General Beauregard summoned Fort Sumter to surrender, but Major Anderson refused his modest request. General Beauregard then made a grandiloquent address to his rebels, something similar to the one which the great Napoleon made to his soldiers before the Battle of the Pyramids. He did not say that forty centuries looked down on them, but that the whole world was looking on them with surprise and admiration, and said the man who doubted the result must be far behind the times and bereft of reason. Poor, vainglorious Beauregard! It would have been better for him and the Southern people if he and they had taken warning from an old prophecy that is said to have been uttered many years before Beauregard issued his grandiloquent address, and ran thus:

Let the Southern Palmetto
Beware of the day,
When the Northern Pine
Comes in battle array !

The first shot fired on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, gave birth to a new nation—not such a nation as the plotters at Montgomery had in contemplation, a nation founded on human slavery; but a nation of free men! That shot was the death-knell of slavery, and caused the proclamation of freedom throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. It is a truism, that “man proposes, but God disposes.”

After a bombardment of thirty or forty hours, Fort Sumter fell, brave Anderson marching out his seventy men to the tune of “Yankee Doodle,” and saluting their colors. When the news spread that a United States fort had been captured by the rebels in arms, indignation meetings were held in nearly every town and city throughout the loyal States, recommending and demanding the President to put down rebellion and secession, and not to count the cost, and that the Union must be preserved. The country was one blaze of patriotism from Maine to California, and the sound of martial music was heard throughout the land.

To come back to California. After the election of the President, the State was yet in the hands and keeping of the pro-slavery Democracy. With the South seceding and arming, and our State Government under control of Southern sympathizers, the loyal men of California had to keep a sharp lookout lest the sympathizers should carry California into the Southern Confederacy.

There was a small party in Washington, headed by our Democratic Senators and Representatives, favorable to the establishment of a Pacific Republic. If I remember correctly, John C. Burch---one of the members of Congress from California---proposed it, and preparations were being made in this State to carry it into effect. The leader of that movement little understood the sentiment of a large majority of the people of California. As soon as the news arrived in California of the fall of Fort Sumter, one burst of indignation went forth from the loyal people of the State, from Del Norte to San Diego, speaking in no uncertain tones, that the Union must and should be preserved. Throughout the length and breadth of the State the loyal people showed their colors---on flumes, miners' cabins, stores, dwellings and barns, and in men's and women's hats. And at every public place in the State was the starry banner thrown to the breeze, and woe to him who dared insult it. After President Lincoln issued his first proclamation for seventy-five thousand men to put down the rebellion, many feared that John G. Downey, then Governor of the State, would fail to respond and furnish California's quota of troops, which I believe was some four regiments. But Governor Downey issued a call for volunteers, and in a short time had more men than were needed. Many of the boys paid their own passage back to the States in order to take a hand in the affray. Everywhere the

loyal sentiment was in the ascendant—on board steamers, on the stages, in the hotels, and the whole spirit of the country was changed as if by magic. Business men who had never taken any part in politics outside of voting, were now leading the masses, giving of their time and money, and their lives, if necessary, for the preservation of their country. As the Union sentiment arose, the rebel sentiment (that six months previous appeared to be in the ascendant in the State) became quite docile, and seemed to have taken a back-seat. Many men thought it was but a lull in the storm.

There was organized in California, about this time, a branch of the secret rebel organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, which was said to have been first organized in Southern Indiana, and extended through the southern part of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. It was organized by Southern sympathizers in the border States, and had for its aims and objects the prevention of enlistment of soldiers for the Union armies, the desertion of Union soldiers, giving aid and assistance to Southern rebels in every form that they possibly could. This treasonable organization had its branches in California, and, it was said, numbered thousands in its ranks. Many Union men thought—and it gave them a good deal of uneasiness—that in their secret meetings they were getting ready for trouble in the State, which in after years I learned was the truth.

While living in Tombstone I became acquainted with a gentleman named Waterman, who was a Californian and a man of considerable influence in the central portion of the State at the time. He informed me that there was a certain Democratic State Senator then (in 1861) in the Senate who had always worked and voted with the Breckenridge wing of the Democratic party, but had not yet committed himself to secession. He was a man of considerable influence, and the Knights of the Golden Circle were very anxious to get him to join their ranks, and a proposition was made to him that he should have a high command in their army if he would lend his aid to their cause, and told him how far their treason had gone. They informed him that on a certain day ten thousand Knights of the Golden Circle were to assemble in and around San Francisco, and besiege the United States forts and arsenals. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command at the time. It was told him that General Johnson was to deliver Fort Alcatraz up to them, and they were to declare the State out of the Union, and join the Southern Confederacy. The Senator put them off for some time, but went immediately to one of the officers whom he knew he could trust, and laid their treason before him. Immediately there was sent to Washington their whole plan by a trusty messenger. When the dispatches arrived at Washington the President called a council and sent for General Sumner, who was at the head of

his division in the field, and dispatched him to California to replace General Johnston. The whole thing was done secretly—no person knew, outside of the council of war, that General Sumner had been sent to California. On the steamer he was known to no person but the captain. Arriving in the harbor of San Francisco, the steamer was stopped in front of Fort Alcatraz, a small boat put off from the steamer and landed the General at the fort, with orders from the President and Secretary of War to General Johnston, to turn over his command to General Sumner.

At that time I belonged to the State troops—the Douglas City Rifles, a company organized at Douglas City, Trinity county. The same express that brought the news of the arrival in California of General Sumner, also brought to the Douglas City Rifles orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at one hour's notice, with forty rounds of ball cartridges to the man, and, if we had any spare arms, not to leave them in the armories, and to take our arms home with us. The first order there was no occasion for, as there was plenty of Union boys ready and willing to use them. The second part of the order was strictly enforced. Every regiment and company throughout the State received the same orders. General Johnston, on being relieved of his command, started overland by the southern route, and, arriving in the Confederacy, was given command of the rebel armies of the

Southwest, and was killed in the second day's fight at the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing.

Thus was our State saved from bloodshed and the horrors of civil war by the prompt and decisive action of the President and his advisors. General Sumner remained in command until the danger was passed and a loyal man was put in command. The Democratic Senator a short time after was appointed to a foreign mission by President Lincoln. It was said that the third day after General Johnston was relieved was the day appointed for the plotters to carry out their treason.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1861.

The three parties.—The State Convention.—The candidates.—Union or secession.—The State carried by the Republicans.—Governor Stanford.—The Legislature adjourns to San Francisco on account of the flood.—“Old Secesh” and the “Abolishiners.”

I stated in my last letter that the State Government was in the hands of the rebel wing of the Democratic party. It was the wish of every true American, whether native-born or naturalized, to see California in the hands of men of undisputed loyalty. As the time drew near for that election in September, 1861, the Republicans did all in their power to concentrate the loyal element into one party, and have but one convention; but the Douglas or loyal wing of the Democratic party came so near carrying the State at the Presidential election one year previous, that their leaders imagined their chances were equally as good as the chances of the Republicans to win the State. So there were again three parties in the field.

The Republicans called a convention to nominate a State ticket and two Congressmen. The State was not yet divided into Congressional districts.

The Republican Convention met at Sacramento in June, 1861, assembling at Rev. Mr. Benton's church on Ninth street. I believe every county in the State was represented, and the Republicans were fully determined to have the State Government in the hands of loyal men. Leland Stanford, a merchant of Sacramento, had been their standard-bearer for two years before, and had made a good canvass and a good run, although defeated. He was a man of excellent reputation, and the convention nominated him on the first ballot. For Lieutenant-Governor, John F. Chillis of Trinity county, received the nomination. For Congress, A. A. Sargent of Nevada county, and T. G. Phelps of San Mateo county, were nominated, and the whole State ticket was composed of good and true men. The convention had done its duty faithfully and well; it now remained for the people at the polls to ratify the work of the convention.

The Douglas Democrats called a convention, and put a full State and Congressional ticket in the field, headed by John Conness of El Dorado county, for Governor. John Conness was an Irishman by birth, and raised in the State of New York from early boyhood. He was a merchant, doing business at Georgetown, El Dorado county. He had been a warm supporter of the late lamented Broderick, and, in fact, might be considered the leader of that party in the State. He was sound to the core on the Union question, and so were nine-

tenths of his followers. The balance of the ticket was made up of good and loyal men.

The secession or Breckenridge wing of the Democratic party held its convention, and nominated for Governor John R. McConnell, of Nevada county, with a full State ticket and the two Congressmen. If I remember correctly, every man nominated on that ticket was said to be a secessionist.

The issue of Union or secession was plainly before the voters of California—the lines were drawn, and the fight was now at the ballot-box, and we did not know how soon it would be appealed to the cartridge-box. As soon as the three tickets were completed and before the people for their support, each party put its best speakers in the field. The Republicans now had the advantage over their opponents—the patronage of the Federal officers was with them, while the McConnell or secessionist wing had the State officers to their aid, and most of the postoffices throughout the State. President Lincoln had as yet removed but few of the postmasters, as he had more important business on hand about this time, and the Republicans had no Senators or members of Congress at Washington to look after such matters. Lincoln was decidedly opposed to removing, and made it one of the principal points of his administration not to remove any loyal man from office on account of his former political affiliations.

The Douglas Democrats had to make their fight

without the assistance of any "public pap," either State or National. They canvassed the State well, and deserved better success for their pluck and energy. Their speakers from the stump denounced secession and treason, while they gave the Republicans a dressing down for their interference with slavery in the Territories, and for electing what they called a "sectional President." The canvass waxed warm before its close; yet it was conducted on very fair tactics—all the former slang and vilification that was hurled at the Republican party had now ceased. The fact of the case was that men would not stand any more such foolishness, and the State stood, as it were, on a volcano which the slightest spark might ignite. Public speakers were very cautious in their utterances from the stump. The secession wing did not make much of a canvass in the northern portion of the State, outside of Sonoma and Mendocino, but in the central and southern portions of the State they got in their work. The other two parties made a thorough canvass of the whole State. San Francisco and Sacramento were Republican—the old Sacramento *Union*, then under the editorial management of Anthony & Co., was the leading Union paper in the State, and wielded a powerful influence with the people—you could not go into a miner's cabin or scarcely a farmhouse in the State but what you found the *Union*. As soon as the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, old man Anthony ran up the stars and stripes, and

kept them flying at the mast-head, and his paper did noble work for the Union during the war.

The election came off in September. The Republicans carried the State, electing Leland Stanford Governor, John F. Chillis, Lieutenant-Governor, with both Sargent and Phelps to Congress, and a full State ticket. Neither of the three parties had anything like a majority in either house of the Legislature, but the Republicans had more members than either of the others, and one thing the loyal people had to congratulate themselves on was the fact that a majority of the members-elect of both Houses were sound on the Union. No matter how much the Republicans and Douglas Democrats differed on minor questions, they were together when the Union and their country was at stake. Leland Stanford and the Republican ticket was elected by rather a larger plurality than had been given Lincoln one year previous. John Conness, the Douglas Democrat, was second best, and John R. McConnell, secessionist and rebel, in the rear. It was a day of rejoicing to the loyal men of the State. All before was uncertainty and doubt; but election showed clearly where the people of California stood. They proclaimed in no uncertain tones at the ballot-box, that the Union must and should be preserved.

The Legislature that was elected in 1861 met at Sacramento, but had to adjourn to San Francisco on account of high water.

The winter of 1861-2 was the most severe winter that California had experienced since its settlement by Americans. Everywhere it rained or snowed; flood after flood followed each other in quick succession; the Sacramento River was one vast sheet of water from mountain to mountain. During one of its highest stages I was a passenger on the old steamer "Gem," from Sacramento to Red Bluff. The only way the pilot could tell where the channel of the river was, was by the cottonwood trees on each side of the river. The boat had to stop several times and take men out of the tops of trees and off the roofs of houses. In our trip up the river we met property of every description floating down—dead horses and cattle, sheep, hogs, houses, haystacks, household furniture, and everything imaginable was on its way for the ocean. Arriving at Red Bluff, there was water everywhere as far as the eye could reach, and what few bridges there had been in the country were all swept away. I managed to get to Cottonwood, and had to lay over for a week before any of the streams between there and Hay Fork Valley were fordable.

During that trip I was the cause of making my old and esteemed friend, Ben Blockburg—now of Blocksburg—take a cold and unpleasant ride one night. It happened in this way:

There was an old fellow living between Kelly's and Grave's, on Dry Creek and the Cole Fork of Cottonwood—I have forgotten his name, but he

was known in that region as "Old Secesh." The old fellow frequently kept lodgers, as nearly every person had to do that lived on any of the public roads or trails of the day. On my trip to Sacramento, about a month previous, I stopped over night at the Cole Fork of Cottonwood—a man named Cole kept the house. There I met "Old Secesh" for the first time. He was an old Missourian, would weigh two hundred and seventy-five or three hundred pounds, and chock-full of secessionism. Cole informed me about the old fellow, and then introduced me to him. The war was then the theme of all conversation, and it was soon introduced. "Old Secesh" and myself went at it pretty strong. I got the old fellow fighting mad several times, and finally he said:

"You must be one of them dog-goned abolish-iners that was always running off our niggers in Missouri! Dog-gon yer skin! I kin whip yer in a minnit!"

Then I would let up on the old fellow until I would get him in a good humor, but in a little while would have him on his muscle again. So we put in the evening, much to the amusement of the crowd, and when it was bed-time I asked the old fellow, with the remainder of the crowd, up to take a drink. Reaching him my hand, I said:

"Let Abe and Jeff fight it out there—it will not do you and me any good to fight over it here."

"Old Secesh" looked fight, and then said:

“I’ll be dog-goned if I’ll drink with a Lincoln abolisher, if it saved my dog-goned life.”

I told him in about a month from that time I would be back that way, and, with his permission, I would stop at his house over night, and we would have the argument out. The old fellow did not say yes or no. I was delayed below longer than I had expected, and did not get back for six weeks. In the meantime, my friend “Block” was on his way from Red Bluff to Hay Fork, where he was then in the mercantile business. “Block” was then a bachelor, and some thirty years younger than he is now. “Old Secesh” had a young lady for a daughter, and “Block” wanted to make the family’s acquaintance, more especially that of the young lady. “Block” left Cole’s, on the Cottonwood, and timed himself so as to reach “Old Secesh’s” about sundown or dark. When he got there he found a boy chopping wood at the door. (I will here remark, and I hope my friend “Block” will not be offended at it, that at that time we looked somewhat alike—about the same height and weight and complexion, so that a description of one of us would answer for both). Well, “Block” rode up to the boy and said:

“Good evening! Is your father at home?” The boy eyed him from head to foot, and after a minute said:

“No, he ain’t.”

“Block” said he wanted to stay all night—could

he do so? The boy took another look at him and said:

“I know you.”

“Well,” “Block” said, “who am I?”

“You live at Hay Fork Valley; your name’s John Carr, ’nd you told pap you was a abolishener, ’nd you can’t stay hyer, dog-gon yer.”

“Block” told the boy his name, and added that he was not an abolishener, but a good Democrat; and wanted to see his mother. The boy called:

“Marm! come hyar!” The old lady made her appearance at the door, smoking a corn-cob pipe. “Mam, this is that abolishener, Carr, from Hay Fork, and wants to stay all night.”

“Stranger,” said the old lady, “this is a mighty unhealthy place for an abolishener to stay at. I reckon you better move on.” She would listen to no explanations, and there was nothing left for “Block” but to ride on in the dark and cold to Kelly and Graves’, four miles further on, with no prospect of making the acquaintance of the young lady from Pike. “Block” twits me very often up to this day about being the cause of his not getting a night’s lodging, and losing the chance of making the acquaintance of the “gal from Pike.”

CHAPTER XLV.

THE UNION OF THE DOUGLAS DEMOCRATS AND THE REPUBLICANS.

The rejoicings of loyal men.—“Union for the sake of union.”—The political history of John P. Jones.—The defeat of George C. Gorham.—John Conness elected U. S. Senator.—William M. Gwin, “the Duke of Sonoma.”

In September, 1861, Leland Stanford and the whole Republican State ticket, with the two Congressmen, A. A. Sargent and Timothy Guy Phelps, was elected. The vote of the State was nearly equally divided, the Republicans having a few hundred plurality over Conness, the Douglas Democrat, and Conness a few hundred plurality over John R. McConnell, the “secesh” candidate. Neither of the three parties had a majority in the Legislature, but Republicans and Douglas Democrats, by uniting their forces, had a fair working majority. The Legislature met at Sacramento and adjourned to San Francisco, on account of Sacramento being overflowed. The loyal men of the State now felt as if their country was safe—Abraham Lincoln in the Presidential chair, and Leland Stanford, an able and loyal man, Governor of the

State. What a change one year had made! One year previous, all was doubt and fear. No man could tell what the next turn in the political wheel might bring forth; but now all Union men, whether Republicans or Democrats, could see their country and State was in the hands and keeping of patriots and statesmen. The Union men in the Legislature wisely came to the conclusion, with all other Union men of the State, that there were but two parties in the State—one for the Union, with an undivided country, and the stars and stripes for its flag, and freedom for its motto; the other party advocated treason, disunion, slavery and secession. Thus stood the parties when that memorable Legislature of 1862 met at San Francisco.

It now became necessary to unite all Union men in the State in one great National party. "Union for the sake of Union," was the motto. Before the Legislature adjourned the Republicans and Union Democrats met in caucus, each party agreeing to drop the names they had so long done battle under, and be known as the Union party of California. The loyal people of the State heartily endorsed the doings of their representatives, and for several years there were but the two parties—Union and secession. It was after the war that the Republican party resumed its original name, and our Democratic brethren got over thinking it a disgrace to be called a black Republican.

It was in the election of 1861 that J. P. Jones,

now Senator from Nevada, came to the surface. Jones had been knocking about Weaverville since 1851 or 1852—somewhat like Andy Johnson, swinging around the circle—and had been twice elected Justice of the Peace for Weaver township by the Democrats; had been a clerk and a deputy sheriff, and private secretary to I. G. Messic, a captain of the troops sent to put down the Indians in the Indian war of 1858. This was waged by the settlers of Trinity and Humboldt counties, against the hostile Indians then laying waste with fire and murder the outside settlements of both counties. Jones received the nomination on the Democratic ticket in 1861 for Sheriff of Trinity. The Democrats were united on the county ticket. John A. Watson, so well known in Humboldt county, and for many years County Clerk of this county, was the Republican nominee against Jones. Jones was elected by a small majority, and served out his term. The sheriff's, previous to 1862, was the leading office in the mining counties. He had the collecting of the foreign mining license. The law was very deficient, and it was an easy matter to swindle the State—it seemed to have been enacted for that purpose. Whether any of our sheriffs ever took advantage of it I am unable to say, but it was an office much sought after. Chinamen's testimony was not taken for much, and they were the only ones who had to pay the license. The Legislature of 1862 divided the office, and made

the collector of foreign miners' license a separate office. Then the collector's office was the one sought after. Men frequently swapped their votes for President of the United States for that of the Sheriff's office for their friends.

The next election occurred in 1863. As before stated, the Legislature of 1862, or the Union members thereof, before adjournment, held several Union meetings, dropping their old names and adopting that of the Union party of California. Under the name of the Union party the conventions of 1863 were called. John P. Jones up to that time had been a Democrat, but a Union Democrat, and was nominated for State Senator for the counties of Trinity and Shasta. He was little known outside of Trinity county, and the people of Trinity knew little of his ability. He stumped both counties, and proved himself to be among the best orators of the State. He was elected to the Senate by a large majority in both counties, and served with distinction in that body. In 1867 he received the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor on the Republican ticket, with George C. Gorham for Governor, and they both met a disastrous defeat, H. H. Haight carrying the State. Jones being soon after appointed superintendent of one of the large mines in Nevada, went to that State to reside, and in a few years was elected United States Senator, which position he still holds.

A few words about the defeat of George C. Gorham

for Governor. During the war, and for some time after, a nomination on the Union ticket was equivalent to an election—the State was overwhelmingly Union. Then the spoilsmen and political sharks began their manipulation. For some time previous to the State Convention of 1867, there were two factions in the party, commonly known as “the long-hairs” and “the short-hairs.” The “long-hairs” were mostly composed of the old-line Republicans, and their favorite candidate for Governor was John Bidwell of Butte county. He was then a member of Congress, and considered a good man. The “short-hairs” were generally Douglas Democrats, or the free-and-easy portion of them, with the same class of Republicans, and their strength lay in San Francisco and Sacramento. Their champion was George C. Gorham. Gorham had been private secretary to Governor Low, and was considered one of the best politicians and wire-pullers in the State. He and J. P. Jones made a full team when pulling together for the same end, which they were now doing. John Bidwell was a different man from Gorham. He was above wire-pulling and political trickery, and a firm believer in the American principle that the office ought to seek the man, instead of the man seeking the office. George C. Gorham was a politician in every sense of the word, and believed that everything was fair in politics. I fully believe that three-fourths of the Union party of the State were Bidwell men, and

the delegates went to the convention as such, but some of them were captured by Gorham—a sufficient number to give Gorham and Jones the nominations for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. This was the first split that had taken place in the Union party since its organization. The dissatisfied called a convention at San Francisco, and nominated Caleb T. Fay for Governor. He did not make much of a run, but got a few thousand votes—enough to elect the Democratic Governor. H. H. Haight, the Democratic nominee, had been one of the early Republicans of the State, and, if I remember correctly, the first Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, and was an active member of the party up to the time that President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation. It was said that Mr. Haight's mother-in-law owned several slaves in Missouri at the time the President issued the proclamation, and Haight did not endorse it, but turned Democrat. Governor Haight proved himself to be an honest man and a man of a good deal of ability, and made a good Governor for California. G. C. Gorham was, after his defeat, elected Secretary of the United States Senate at Washington. John P. Jones went to Nevada, and was elected to the United States Senate. Neither of them figured in California politics after their defeat in 1867—they got a big political “disgust on,” and left the State.

But, to come back to 1862. The Legislature that

was elected that year had a vacancy to fill in the United States Senate, Gwin's term having expired or would expire before another Legislature would assemble. There were several aspirants for the office, but John Conness of El Dorado county seemed to have the inside track. He had made a gallant fight for his party and the Union in 1861, when Leland Stanford was elected Governor, and had used his influence in bringing all Union men together and uniting them under one political banner, and the loyal people of the State had every confidence in his patriotism and his honesty. He was nominated in caucus, and elected to succeed William M. Gwin. Gwin, after his term expired, went South, but the rebels had no use for him, and he shortly after migrated to Mexico, to help Maximilian establish an empire in our sister Republic. It was said that Maximilian created him "Duke of Sonora," but he did not wear his honors long. His master, the Emperor, was shot by the Mexicans, and Gwin left the country in disgust and came back to California minus the dukedom. The old gentleman died a few years ago. Few men in the State had the political experience of Mr. Gwin. Coming here before California was a State, he took a prominent part in the convention that formed the State Constitution, and was one of the leading members of the convention. He had been in Congress from the State of Mississippi, and, like a large number of Southern politicians, he came to California for

the purpose of receiving office. The United States Senate was his ambition, and he succeeded in obtaining the prize, he and John C. Fremont being elected California's first Senators, in the fall of 1849, the first session of the Legislature being held at San Jose. For over ten years he was the most conspicuous figure in California politics, and generally at the top of the ladder. The part he took in the killing of Senator Broderick, in the Terry and Broderick duel, killed him politically in California.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A FAMILY'S MOVE TO HUMBOLDT.

Packing babies in boxes by pack-train.—Eureka as it was in 1866 compared with Eureka in 1890.

In the year 1866 I made up my mind to change my place of residence. For years I had been thinking of making Humboldt county my permanent home. In the fall of that year I partly sold out my property, and got ready for a trip across the mountains to Humboldt. It was no small undertaking at that time, as everything had to be packed on mules, and we had six children, only two of whom were old enough to be able to ride. The other four had to be carried in arms, or packed in boxes on mules. I employed Henry Allen of Hyampom, who owned a pack-train, to take my family and goods from Hay Fork Valley to Hydesville, in Humboldt county. After making all necessary arrangements, such as making boxes in which to carry the babies, and putting up packs and lunches for use on the road, we got started. We intended to reach Allen's ranch at Hyampom the first day out, and there remain over night, but

we were late in getting started, and did not reach that point until long after dark.

Next day we got an earlier start, and crossed the South Fork Mountain and down to Pilot Creek, and camped on the mountain between Pilot Creek and Mad River. The Indian war had just closed, and the troops were disbanded, and there were said to be some hostile bands of Indians at large in the mountains. Just before dark we heard several shots fired down on Mad River that somewhat alarmed us, not knowing but they were fired by Indians. I afterwards learned that these shots were fired by a party of hunters. The next day we made the head of Yager Creek, the first settlement we reached in Humboldt county. Next day we reached Hydesville all right. The children stood the trip in their boxes very well. My destination was Eureka.

After resting at Hydesville for one day we started for Eureka, hiring a man with an old spring wagon to take us there. It was evening when we arrived at that place.

The afternoon before we got to Eureka, this side of Table Bluff, one of those cold fogs came up that go right through one and chill him through, no matter how much clothing he may have on. Coming from Hay Fork Valley, where we had clear skies and warm, beautiful weather, we were as homesick a crowd as ever made their appearance in Eureka.

Eureka as I found it in the year 1866, twenty-four years ago, was but a small place, situated on the south side of Humboldt Bay, and principally built on the water front. First street was the principal street of the town. Eureka for several years after did not arrive at the dignity of a city.

The town was governed by a Board of Town Trustees, five in number. The presiding officer was called the President of the Board, and was selected out of the Board at their first meeting after their election. The Clerk of the Board was also one of the Board, elected by the Board at the same time as the President. The following named gentlemen composed the town government in 1866: R. W. Brett, President of the Board, and James M. Cox, John Keleher, James M. Short and Allan McKay as Town Trustees. Allan McKay was Town Clerk. The City Marshal was David Fairfield; Assessor, N. Bullock; Treasurer, T. H. Foss; City Attorney, James Hanna. Only one of that Board is now living—James M. Short. The other members of the Board of 1866 have paid the debt of nature. The town's taxable property amounted to about five hundred thousand dollars. There were about two miles of graded streets in the city limits. The principal mercantile houses were on First street, viz: Janssen & Co., P. H. Ryan, Thomas Walsh, L. C. Smith & Co., Rohner & Ellery, W. J. Sweasey and Heney Bros. M. H. Baldwin was in the harness and saddlery business.

John Pollard kept a shoe-shop; Weck & Short a drug-store. Waller also kept a drug-store. The postoffice was also on First street, with Charles Heney as postmaster. C. E. Bigelow ran a blacksmith's shop. There were two hotels, both on First street—the old Lick House, recently pulled down, then kept by Tom Kelly, and the Russ House, kept by E. Bulkeley.

Eureka supported at that time two doctors—Dr. Barber and Dr. Clark; and six lawyers—James Hanna, J. J. DeHaven, Judge Havens, Walter S. Brock, Charles Westmoreland and A. C. Lawrence. S. M. Buck came back from Washoe in 1869. Dr. O. J. Gates, dentist, used to pay Eureka a flying visit occasionally.

Eureka had at that time four saw-mills running. John Vance's, where it now stands; D. R. Jones & Co's small mill and a large one on the Island, and Dolbeer & Carson's mill. Dolbeer & Carson's old mill was burned in 1880, and a larger and much improved mill was built in its place.

Second street was but little built upon. On the corner of F and Second streets the previous summer the Masons and Odd Fellows had built a two-story building, the largest building then in town. Both these orders occupied the upper story for lodge-rooms. Ben Feigenbaum occupied the lower story with a general merchandise store. There were two small buildings between the corner of F and G streets. That corner was

occupied by an old building which was used as a boarding-house for John Vance's mill hands. It was pulled down by Mr. Vance when he built the Vance House. From the corner of Second and G, on both sides of the street, were principally dwelling-houses as far as the old court-house. The Humboldt *Times* occupied the southwest corner of F and Second streets. It was owned and edited by J. E. Wyman. On the corner of E and Second streets C. W. Long and A. H. Gilbert were keeping a livery-stable. John T. Young had a saloon on the opposite corner. R. M. Williams was running a livery-stable on the corner of Second and D streets. What was known as the Duff boarding-house was on the corner of Second and C streets, and was recently pulled down to make room for the Grand Hotel.

Second street was then the main entrance to the town. Third and Fourth street below E were not yet open, but the ground they pass over was a quagmire. E street between Third and nearly to Fifth was in the same condition. The Rev. W. L. Jones and Major Long were the first to build south of Sixth street on E. They had to build a plank path-way over the marsh, to get to their homes. All below Fourth on D and C was partly brush and timber down to Second street. Third street was not yet graded. Huge stumps and logs filled the streets as far as Ninth street, and there scattering trees and logs were seen until you reached the

woods. In the upper part of the town, all south of Fourth street was forest. Clark's Addition was not yet laid out, and that part of the town was a forest, the woods coming down to Sixth street on D.

Eureka had one steamer making two trips per month to San Francisco, and several sailing vessels engaged in the lumber trade, and sometimes carrying freight and passengers between Eureka and San Francisco. R. W. Brett's saloon, or "Brett's Court," as it was generally called, was the general headquarters for all the wags in town. Every night one could there hear all the scandals of the town retailed, the news of the day discussed, the cases in court tried, and all manner of jobs concocted. It was headquarters for all the sea captains, and a jolly set they were, spinning their yarns, and having a good time generally. There were four other saloons in the town at that time.

George Vance was running a blacksmith shop on F street below First.

Eureka had one lodge of Masons, with C. W. Long as W. M., and J. S. Murray Sen. Secretary, and one lodge of Odd Fellows.

Eureka had in 1866 about one hundred and twenty school children. Three schools were taught. The Grammar School was taught by Solomon Cooper in the old land-office building, upstairs, on the corner of Fourth and G streets. The Intermediate School was taught by Miss Maggie Murray, on the corner of G and Third streets, in the old building

still standing there, as a memorial of pioneer days. The Primary School was taught by Mrs. Parker, on the corner of I and Third streets, in an old shanty devoid of lining or paper. The school property of the city was valued at about six hundred dollars. The Methodists had partly built a school building, now owned by the Catholics and known as the Catholic Convent, but failed in the undertaking, and it was sold to its present owners. The Rev. W. L. Jones was County Superintendent of Schools at that time.

In 1866 Eureka was supplied with three churches, the Congregational, the Catholic and the Methodist. All the church buildings of that time have since been replaced by new, better and larger ones. The First Congregational Church building then in use is now a livery-stable, and occupied as such by Lafayette Ayres. The old Methodist building was sold to P. H. Ryan, and moved to the corner of First and E streets, and is now run and known as McNally's saloon. The old Catholic building was moved back to I street, and is yet used for religious purposes. The Fire Department was composed of one hand engine (the present "Old Torrent") with one fire company, of which P. H. Ryan was foreman. There was one line of stages running between Hydesville and Eureka, owned by Bullard & Sweasey, and making daily trips. One line was running between Eureka and Arcata.

Eureka at that time was a lively place for a

small town, full of business and with plenty of money.

I have endeavored to give my readers a correct idea of what Eureka was twenty-four years ago.

EUREKA AS IT IS IN 1890.

When we look back over the space of twenty-four years, we see the growth and prosperity of Eureka, and see it rise from a little hamlet into a full-fledged city with over five thousand inhabitants, without the aid of any "boom" or wild speculation. Her growth has been sure and permanent; each year her property and population are increasing, and new lines of business starting out to give employment to her people. Her business men as a general thing are doing well. Her credit stands number one abroad, there being fewer failures here than in any other town in the State doing the same amount of business. Her school system is good. The Public Schools now employ twenty-seven teachers, with two thousand and sixty-seven children within school age, and over one thousand in daily attendance. Her school property is of the value of one hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and forty dollars. Eureka has one private academy controlled by Prof. N. S. Phelps, and another under the control of the Catholics.

Eureka has now eleven church buildings erected, or in the course of erection, by the different denominations of Christians, and one congregation of "Salvationists." Eureka has five large saw-mills with shingle-mills attached, three molding-mills, four shingle-mills not connected with saw-mills, two shipyards where seven ocean vessels were built and on the stocks this year, one boiler-shop, one machine-shop, one brass foundry, two foundries, seven blacksmith and wagon-shops, one saw-works, one soap factory, two gunsmith shops, seven shoemaker shops, two candy factories, five silversmith and watchmaker shops, four merchant tailors, three brick-yards, two breweries, two dyeing establishments, four cigar factories, four harness and saddlery shops, five butcher-shops, two soda factories, and two marble-cutters.

Her mercantile business comprises five banks, twelve grocery and provision stores, seven clothing stores for men, twelve stores of ladies' goods, some of them carrying men and boys' clothing, seven hardware and tin stores, seven fruit and candy stores, three fruit and vegetable stores, three wholesale liquor stores, forty saloons, two feed-stores, three stationary and variety stores, four merchant shoe-stores, one tea and coffee store, two paint and oil-stores, two wagon and carriage houses, seven drug-stores, seven furniture stores, eleven cigar and tobacco stores, three steam laundries, five livery-stables, one yankee notion store, one fish market,

one ship-chandler's store, six hotels, five restaurants, two daily papers, four weekly papers, seven real estate offices, seven dentists, ten doctors and twenty-four lawyers.

The G. A. R. is represented by Post, Corps and Camp, each of which contains a large membership.

There are running between Eureka and San Francisco two steamers making weekly trips, which gives Eureka eight steamers per month, besides steam schooners that carry freight and passengers, and a large fleet of sailing vessels engaged in the lumber trade, and a number of small steamers running on the bay.

Eureka's City Government is composed of the following named gentlemen: The Hon. John Vance, Mayor; Councilmen, First Ward, Alexander Connick; Second Ward, Henry Sevier; Third Ward, W. L. Heney; Fourth Ward, Solomon Cooper; Fifth Ward, W. S. Clark; City Clerk, James Keleher; City Attorney, James N. Gillett; City Marshal, N. G. Lindsay; Assessor, Daniel J. Foley; Treasurer, James G. D. Crichton; Police Judge, John Carr; Health Officer, Dr. S. B. Foster; Day Police, John McIsaacs; Night Police, George B. Hall and Joseph L. Bulkeley. Council meetings first Monday of each month.

The city is completely out of debt and on a cash basis. The assessed value of her property is three million five hundred thousand dollars. There

are forty miles of graded streets, having twelve-foot sidewalks within the city limits.

The City Fire Department is composed of four volunteer companies well organized, and as efficient as those of any city on the Coast. She has two Silsbury's steam fire engines, one hand engine, five thousand six hundred feet of first-class hose, five hose-carts, one hook and ladder apparatus. Cephas Acheson is the Chief Engineer of the department, and Robert Holmes is the Assistant Engineer.

CHAPTER XLVII.

BIOGRAPHY.

This work would not be complete without a short biography of some of the pioneers. The limits of this book forbid a notice of all the pioneers who are worthy of such notice. Nevertheless, the list which follows will be found to be quite extensive in respect to Humboldt and Trinity counties, and cannot fail to be of great interest to the surviving pioneers of those counties, and to the friends and descendants of all the pioneers.

ALBEE, J. P.—A native of Ohio. Came from Illinois to California in 1850, across the plains. Occupation, stockraiser. Was killed by the Indians in 1862 at Redwood Ranch, Humboldt county.

ALBEE, CALTHA—Wife of J. P. Albee; came to California by way of Nicaragua in 1852. Residence, Eureka.

ARBOGAST, MINERVA and HENRY—Were niece and nephew of H. F. Janes. Minerva is now the widow of E. Prigmore, and a resident of Janes Creek. Henry is in business in San Jose.

AXTON, HENRY—A native of Kentucky; came to California in 1850, and engaged in farming. Residence, Eureka.

ANDERSON, COLIN—Is a native of Scotland; came to California in 1853; is a minister of the gospel—a Methodist.

BUHNE, HANS HENRY—Was born in Denmark, and came to California in 1847. He was a sea-faring man, and his vessel was from

the Behring Sea, where he had been whaling. He sailed with his vessel, the "Clementine," to San Francisco for provisions. The ship returned from McLena Bay in Mexico north to the whaling-ground, and from there to the Navigator Islands, where the ship's crew heard of the discovery of gold in California about November, 1848. From there the ship went to Chile and took in freight and passengers for San Francisco, where she arrived about the 1st of June, 1849. After discharging the vessel he went to Auburn and worked in the placer diggings for a couple of months. Here he fell sick, and lay in his tent waiting for death to come. An old townsman of his came into Auburn with an ox-team, and, finding Mr. Buhne, took him in his wagon to Sacramento, and thence saw him safe to San Francisco. Here Mr. Buhne went to board with a couple of shipmates, Mr. Johnsen and William Brodersen, and lay sick for five months. Mr. Brodersen afterwards was a partner with Mr. Buhne in business on Humboldt Bay. Mr. Buhne recovered from his sickness, and was persuaded to ship as second mate on the schooner "Laura Virginia," bound for the mouth of Trinity River. He accepted the offer, feeling that it would be sure death if he stayed in San Francisco, inasmuch as dropsy had set in, with swelling in his feet, hands and face, and that by going to sea he could not make his condition worse.

"The first night out from San Francisco a southeast storm of rain set in, and I got wet. For one week I did not have a dry rag on my back.

"On our way north we discovered the mouth of Eel River. We tried to enter this river. Captain Ottenger of the "Laura Virginia" took two of our boats and tried to get into the river. On the bar one of the boats upset, and one of the men was drowned. When Captain Ottenger was steering the other boat and saw the boat upset in the breakers, he pulled back to the vessel and got me to go with his boat to pick up the man, who had succeeded in reaching the bottom of the capsized boat. I succeeded in saving the man and the boat.

"Continuing on our way north we discovered the mouth of Humboldt Bay, Trinidad, Klamath River and Crescent City, an open harbor. Then the 'Laura Virginia' returned south to Humboldt Bar, or what has since been named Humboldt Bar, on the morning of the 13th day of April, 1850. I took the Captain's gig and crossed the bar and entered the bay about 11 o'clock A. M., the first American seaman to enter Humboldt Bay, and landed on the red bluff, which is now called Buhne's Point. I went on the bluff and had a fine view of the bar, entrance and the bay. The bay was literally covered with geese and ducks. While

waiting for high water on the bar, we started out and sounded the channel, crossed the bar and went to the vessel and reported to Captain Ottenger. We had found a fine channel, with a depth of three and a half fathoms of water on the bar. In the afternoon about 4 o'clock we left the vessel with two boats full of passengers with their outfit, and started to cross Humboldt bar about 6:30 o'clock, but on coming to the bar some of the passengers refused to cross it. We called the other boat up to us, appointed a chairman, and took a vote as to whether we should go in or not. The majority voted to go in. We started, and passed the south spit about 8 o'clock P. M., and landed about where the light-house now stands, and here camped the first night. We took soundings of the bay over to what is now Buhne's Point, and located Humboldt City. Four days afterwards we went out and brought in the vessel. This was the first vessel to cross the bar after the American occupation."

He then piloted the vessel over the bar, and sailed in her to San Francisco, and returned to the bay as a passenger, arriving in the bay May 6, 1850. He made his business piloting on Humboldt bar and keeping a boarding-house on Buhne's Point. Growing tired of the business, he left for Trinity River mines. Not meeting with much success in these mines, he returned to Humboldt Bay on foot. He started to piloting again, and made some money. He then went to San Francisco, intending to go into the mercantile business at Humboldt Point. He got shipwrecked at Bodega and lost all his goods, and he again went to San Francisco "broke" and sick. He returned to Humboldt, disgusted with himself and the rest of mankind.

He then went to hunting elk and deer for a living. His first butcher-shop was a board laid on two boxes at the corner of the plaza at Uniontown, where the old Kirby stable now stands. This was in 1851. He kept at the hunting business until he shipped as Captain on the brig "Colorado." After he had made a couple of trips in this vessel, Ryan & Duff, Captain James Hasty and Martin White, hired him as a pilot at six hundred dollars per month, to take their sailing vessels in and out over Humboldt bar. November 8, 1852, the steam tug "Mary Ann" arrived off Humboldt bar. He then went on board and took charge of her, and has had charge of her for almost thirty-eight years.

In 1865 he entered into partnership in the mill business with D. R. Jones and others, forming the company known as D. R. Jones & Co. In 1884 he sold his mill business to the California Redwood Company.

He is still in business with H. H. Buhne, Jr., in the ship-chandler and

hardware business, and also in farming and dairying. Their hardware and ship-chandler business is one of the most extensive on the northern Pacific Coast. They have to-day part cargoes on ten different vessels between New York and San Francisco. The house and business stands "A 1."

BOHALL, WILLIAM—A native of New York ; came from Wisconsin across the plains to California in 1852. Occupation, a farmer. Died in 1883.

BOHALL, WALTER—A native of the State of New York ; came from Wisconsin to California in 1852. A printer. Was Inspector of Customs from 1862 to 1865 at Eureka.

BOHALL, WILLIAM M.—A native of New York ; came from Wisconsin across the plains to California in 1852. A farmer.

BOHALL, CAROLINE C. CATHEY—A native of Missouri ; came across the plains to California in 1849. Is the wife of Walter Bohall.

BROWN, ELISHA—Came from Missouri across the plains with the Lassen party in 1848. Deceased.

BROWN, HANNAH—Wife of Elisha Brown ; came from Missouri in 1848.

BROWN, JAMES E.—Came across the plains in 1848 with the Lassen party from Missouri.

BALL, JOTHAM T.—Came from Ohio across the plains to California in 1853. Occupation, stockraiser. Residence, Salmon Creek.

BUCK, S. M.—A native of Maine ; came to California in 1856. Was elected to the Legislature from San Joaquin county ; is one of the leading members of the bar of Humboldt county. Residence, Eureka.

BARBER, J. P.—Was a native of Rhode Island ; came to California in June, 1851 ; is a carpenter by trade ; came to Humboldt county in 1858 ; died in 1875.

BARBER, GARDNER C.—Came to California in 1852 and to Humboldt county in 1858 ; was a native of Rhode Island ; is a farmer ; has served three terms as County Supervisor.

BARBER, CHARLES J.—Came to California in 1851 and to Humboldt county in 1858 ; is a carpenter.

BRUMFIELD, W. H.—A lawyer ; native of Pennsylvania. Came to California in 1853, and died at Eureka in 1886.

BRUMFIELD, ALICE DUNBAR—Wife of W. H. Brumfield ; is a native of Michigan, and came to California in 1852.

BEACH, CHARLES E.—A native of New York ; came to California in 1851 by way of the Isthmus. He arrived in San Francisco June 21, 1851, and came to Humboldt in 1852. Occupation, miner and farmer.

BURNETT, THOMAS—A native of New York ; came to California in 1849 ; is a gunsmith in Eureka.

BALLENTINE, SAM—A native of Ohio ; came to California in 1850, and to Humboldt county in 1856. A lumberman and book-keeper. Residence, Hydesville.

BRETT, R. W.—A native of England ; came from New Zealand to California in 1849. Died December 22, 1877. A butcher. Was a member of the City Council of Eureka.

BROWN, THOMAS M.—A native of Tennessee ; came across the plains with an ox-team to California in 1849. At first a miner ; Sheriff of Klamath county thirteen years and of Humboldt county fifteen years.

BULKELEY, ELIPHALET—Came to California in 1852 from Wisconsin. Was Sheriff of Humboldt four years. Died in August, 1890, aged 78.

BULKELEY, J. L.—A native of Pennsylvania ; came from Wisconsin to California in 1854 ; is a policeman in the city of Eureka.

BURNS, ALBERT—A native of New York ; came to California in 1849. Was a soldier in the Mexican war. Residence, Eureka.

BROWNELL, G. W.—Came from Illinois across the plains to California in 1849.

BROWN, THEODORE H.—Came from Missouri in 1848 with the Lassen party.

BRYANT, ROLLA—Came from Vermont across the Isthmus in 1852. A farmer. Residence, Rohnerville.

BRYANT, LIZZIE—Came from Illinois across the plains in 1853.

BUGBEE, R. J.—Came from Michigan across the plains to California in 1853. A farmer. Residence, Ferndale.

BUGBEE, MARY A.—Crossed the plains in 1852. Died, 1889. Wife of R. J. Bugbe

BUGBEE, MARK—Crossed the plains in 1853. Blacksmith. Residence, Ferndale.

BERDING, A.—Came from Rio Janeiro to California around Cape Horn in 1847. Merchant. Residence, Ferndale.

CARSON, WILLIAM—Is a native of New Brunswick, and left his home in that Province in 1849 to seek his fortune in California. Arriving in San Francisco in the early part of 1850, he, like others, went to the mines. The author's first acquaintance with Mr. Carson was in the summer of 1851. He was then building what was known as the "Arkansas Dam" on Trinity River, with a number of others that have since become pioneers of Humboldt county—among them Oliver Gilmore, Daniel Morrison, Sandy Buchanan and Jerry Whitmore. William Carson and Jerry Whitmore were two men that were appointed to watch where the Indians crossed Trinity River after the murder of John Anderson in 1852, when the volunteers from Weaverville were on their track. Mr. Carson, like many others, not being satisfied with the mines, came to Humboldt in the fall of 1850, and went into the lumbering business. William Carson and Jerry Whitmore in November of that year cut the first tree for a sawlog that was ever cut on Humboldt Bay.

He with John Dolbeer formed the firm of Dolbeer & Carson in 1862, and this has since been one of the most successful business firms on the Pacific Coast, running mills and ships and owning large amounts of redwood timber lands, and conducting other industries which gave employment to hundreds of men each year, thereby building up and developing the county. Mr. Carson is a man of liberal ideas, always with a liberal hand helping our public institutions that are for the advancement of the people and the benefit of mankind. He is now President of the Bank of Eureka, and stands in the community as a man above reproach.

CLARK, DR. JONATHAN—Was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the 26th day of February, 1826. He was a lineal descendant of Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

He received his education and graduated as a practitioner in medicine and surgery in Iowa.

He crossed the plains and arrived in California in 1849; spent four months in the mines on the American River; came to Humboldt county in the brig "Reindeer" in June, 1850, and at once commenced the practice of his profession, which he continued for twenty years.

In November, 1853, he was appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S.

A., and assigned to duty at Fort Humboldt, Colonel R. C. Buchanan being in command. He was afterward commissioned as Surgeon of the First Battalion of Mountaineers, Lieutenant-Colonel S. G. Whipple commanding, and served in that capacity three years. At the close of the Indian campaign he resumed the practice of medicine in Eureka, and so continued until 1870, when press of private business compelled him to retire from practice.

Dr. Clark was the first postmaster on Humboldt Bay and received his appointment in 1851; he was also the first Notary Public in Humboldt county; he was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors in 1855, and served two terms. In 1857 he was appointed County Treasurer. In 1876 he was elected to the California Assembly, and was a very active member of that body; he served two terms as a member of the City Council of Eureka, and in 1878 was elected Mayor of the city. At the time of his death he was a member of the City Council; he was endeared to many by acts of kindness and charity, which his chosen profession gave him opportunity to bestow. He was identified with the Society of Humboldt County Pioneers, and no one took greater interest in its welfare and prosperity than Dr. Clark.

His death occurred in San Francisco March 29th, 1884.

CUNNINGHAM, J. P.—Came to California from Illinois in 1852. Hotel-keeper. Residence, Ferndale.

CATHEY, JOHN—Came across the plains from Missouri to California in 1852. A stockraiser. Died in 1871 at Mattole, Humboldt county. A member of California Battalion Mountaineers.

CHAMBERLIN, J. D. H.—Is an attorney-at-law by profession. He came to California in 1859 by way of Cape Horn. In 1850 he went to the mines in El Dorado county on Webber Creek, and afterwards to Murderers' Bar on the American River. He spent several years in the mines with varied success. He is a graduate of Hamilton College in the State of New York.

CLAPP, STEPHEN—A native of Maine; came to California in 1852. A blacksmith. Residence, Eureka.

CUTLER, THOMAS—A native of Connecticut; came to California in 1849 via Cape Horn. Is a merchant in Eureka, and Collector of the Port.

CARR, THOMAS—A native of Ireland; came to the United States

when a child with his parents. Came from Wisconsin to California across the Isthmus in 1852 ; settled in Weaverville, Trinity county, then moved to Humboldt county. Died at Eureka, February 6, 1884 ; occupation, carriage-maker.

CARR, ANN—Wife of Thomas Carr ; native of Ireland ; came to California across the Isthmus in 1852 from Wisconsin.

CARR, JOHN—A native of Ireland ; came to the United States when a child with his parents ; came to California in 1850 across the plains from Peoria, Ill. Occupation, a blacksmith. Was one of the first settlers of Trinity county. Came to Humboldt county in 1866. Served two terms as a member of the City Council, one term as President of the Board. In 1880 he went to Tombstone, Arizona, and was twice elected Mayor of that city ; he is the author of the " Pioneer Days in California." Is now the Police Judge of the City of Eureka.

CARR, DELILAH—Wife of John Carr, daughter of George Turner, of Morris county, New Jersey ; came to California across the Isthmus in 1852.

CAMPTON, MRS. M.—A native of Wisconsin ; crossed the plains to California in 1851. Residence, Rohnerville.

CAMPTON, WILLIAM—A native of Wisconsin ; crossed the plains to California in 1851. Residence, Rohnerville.

CAMPTON, MORGAN—A native of Wisconsin ; crossed the plains to California in 1850 ; residence, Rohnerville.

DEHAVEN, JACOB—Born in Jackson county, Ohio, in 1812 ; moved to Missouri and from Missouri to California in 1849 across the plains, and arrived at Sacramento, August 9th, of that year. Came to Humboldt in May, 1853. Was elected Assessor of the county in 1855, and re-elected to that office in 1857, serving four years. Went to Idaho in 1862, and died there in 1863.

DEHAVEN, ELIZABETH—Wife of Jacob DeHaven ; came to California from Missouri in 1849 ; died at Eureka in 1856.

DEHAVEN, SARAH—Daughter of Jacob DeHaven ; now Mrs. John W. Connick, of Eureka ; born in Missouri ; crossed the plains when an infant with her parents.

DEHAVEN, JOHN J.—A native of Missouri ; crossed the plains

from Missouri when a child in 1849; son of Jacob DeHaven. Came with his parents to Humboldt in 1853. Learned the trade of printer in the office of the Humboldt *Times*. Afterwards studied law and was admitted to the bar; elected District Attorney of Humboldt county. Served one term as Assemblyman and one term as State Senator. Elected Superior Judge of Humboldt county. Elected member of Congress in 1888; resigned his seat in Congress, and was elected to the Supreme Court of the State in 1890, and still holds that position.

DYER, CAPTAIN JOHN M.—A native of Maine; came in the ship "Edward Everett" to California in 1849. Died in Humboldt county in November, 1867.

DYER, DAVID F.—A native of Maine; came to California in 1854. Residence, Bayside.

DODGE, JOHN C.—A native of New Hampshire; crossed the Isthmus in August, 1852. He is a resident of Eureka. Occupation, a gardener.

DANIELS, H. S.—Came to California in 1853 from New Hampshire; his wife, Ann Daniels, a native of England, came to California in 1853.

DEMING, BYRON—A native of Vermont; arrived in San Francisco in July, 1850.

DEMING, MRS. J.—Arrived in California in 1854. Residence, Arcata.

DOBBYN, WILLIAM B.—A native of Washington, D. C.; came to California around Cape Horn in 1849. Residence, Rohnerville. Served two terms as Supervisor of Humboldt county.

DAVIS, HARRISON—Came from Ohio across the plains in 1852. A farmer. Residence, Rohnerville.

DAVIS, JOHN B.—Crossed the plains in 1850. A farmer. Residence, Rohnerville.

DEER, MARY A.—Came from Ohio across the plains in 1852.

DEER, PETER—Came from Indiana across the plains in 1849. Died, 1889.

DUNGAN, G. A.—Came from Iowa across the plains in 1850. A farmer. Residence, Ferndale.

DUNGAN, THOMAS—Came from Iowa across the plains in 1850. A miner. Residence, on Trinity River.

DUNGAN, JOHN—Came from Iowa across the plains in 1850. A farmer. Residence, Ferndale.

DUNGAN, JESSE A.—Came from Iowa across the Isthmus in 1851. Filled the offices of Supervisor of Humboldt county and Justice of the Peace and Police Judge of Eureka; died at Eureka in 1889.

DUFF, F. S.—A native of St. Johns, N. B.; came to California around Cape Horn in 1849. Was a member of the firm of Ryan, Duff & Co. Occupation, Justice of the Peace. Residence, Eureka.

DOLBEER, JOHN—John Dolbeer, of the firm of Dolbeer & Carson, is an eminently successful business man. For twenty-eight years the firm has been doing business in Eureka and San Francisco, John Dolbeer attending to the business in San Francisco, and William Carson at Eureka. John Dolbeer is a native of New Hampshire, and came to California in 1850 and to Humboldt county in 1851, engaging here in the lumber business. He left Eureka in 1851 and went to the mines on Salmon River and remained there one year, and then returned to Eureka in 1852, and went into the lumber business with Charles McLane, who was drowned on the "Merrimac" on the bar in 1862. Mr. Dolbeer and Mr. Carson entered into partnership in 1862, soon after the death of Mr. McLane. Mr. Dolbeer amongst the business men of the Pacific Coast stands second to none for integrity.

EWING, JOSEPH—A native of Scotland; came from Montreal, Canada, to California in 1850. Died at Hay Fork Valley in 1877.

EWING, HENRIETTA—Wife of Joseph Ewing; a native of Canada; came to California in 1850.

ELLERY, FRANKLIN—A native of Massachusetts; left Boston in 1849 in the schooner "Mary M. Woods," and arrived in California in 1850. A merchant in Eureka.

EATON, GEORGE—A native of Ohio; crossed the plains to California in 1850. Miner and sheep-raiser. Residence, near Bridgeville.

FERNALD, R. M.—Native of Baltimore, Md.; came to California in 1850, and to Humboldt county in 1852. Was a miner and proprietor of Gold Bluff mines. Was Supervisor of Humboldt county for six years. Was the builder of Eureka's first street railway.

FREESE, JONATHAN—Native of Maine; came to California by

way of the Isthmus, in 1850. Died in Eureka in 1875. Served one term as County Treasurer; one term as County Supervisor; and one term as member of the City Council. Occupation, lumberman.

FINCH, WILLIAM R.—Native of New York; came from Iowa across the plains to California in 1850. Occupation, gunsmith.

FIELDS, WATERMAN—Native of Michigan; came to California in 1853, by way of the Isthmus, and to Humboldt county in 1861. Residence, Fields' Landing.

FLAHERTY, JOHN—Arrived in California 1852 from Boston, Mass. in ship "Dauntless." Residence, Trinidad.

FAY, GEORGE M.—Native of Connecticut; came to California in 1852 by way of the Isthmus. Occupation, shingle manufacturer. Residence, Fair Haven, Humboldt county.

FAY, NAH M.—Native of Connecticut; Arrived in California via the Isthmus in 1852. Occupation, shingle manufacturer. Residence Fair Haven, Humboldt county.

FELT, DR. T. D.—Native of Massachusetts; crossed the plains in 1849 from Tennessee.

FELT, MRS. KATE—Wife of Dr. Felt; native of Pennsylvania; crossed the plains to California in 1847. Residence, Eureka.

GALLAGHER, MICHAEL F.—Came from New York City to California in 1851. Died at Eureka September 4, 1888.

GARDNER, C. J.—Native of Massachusetts; arrived in California in 1850; carpenter and builder.

GIBSON, JOHN W.—Native of Pennsylvania; arrived in California in 1851; is a general agent. Residence, Eureka.

GIBSON, DAVID—Native of Canada; came to California in 1850. Died at Hydesville in 1885.

GILL, JAMES—Native of County of Leeds, Ontario; came to California in 1852 across the plains, arriving at Weaverville in 1852. Mined at that place two years; came to Humboldt in 1854, engaged in logging until 1857, then went back to Ontario and moved to Rock county, Wisconsin; in 1860 crossed the plains with ox-teams, coming direct to Humboldt county with his family; engaged in farming. Died at Eureka, January 9, 1891.

GRAHAM, GEORGE—Native of Virginia; came across the plains to California in 1852; a miner and lumberman. Residence, Eureka.

GUTHRIE, CATHERINE—Native of Pennsylvania; came to California across the plains in 1849. Residence, Humboldt county.

GOOD, ABRAHAM—Native of Ohio; crossed the plains to California in 1853; liveryman. Residence, Hydesville.

GUSHAW, G. F.—Native of New York; came from Illinois across the plains in 1849.

GUSHAW, MRS. G. F.—Native of Massachusetts; came to California around Cape Horn in 1853.

GREENLOW, JESSE C.—Native of New Brunswick; came to California by way of the Isthmus of Nicaragua in 1852; came up the coast on a sailing vessel; fifty-eight days from San Juan to San Francisco. Lost twenty-two passengers out of one hundred and twenty with fever and diarrhœa; mined until 1858; afterwards lumberman and farmer. Residence, Eureka.

GOFF, MRS. JAMES—Daughter of N. Patrick; crossed the plains in 1852. Residence, Ferndale.

GRAHAM, THOMAS R.—Native of Mississippi; came to California in 1853, when a boy, with his parents. Occupation, carpenter and builder. Residence, Eureka.

HAYNES, HON. JOHN P.—Was born in Breckenridge county, Kentucky, on the 3d day of December, 1826. In his childhood his mother, then a widow, removed to Elizabethtown, Hardin county, Kentucky, where he was raised and educated. In his seventeenth year he entered a store as clerk and salesman, in which business he continued for about three years. About this time the Mexican war broke out, and the young men of the county at once proceeded to organize a company of volunteers for the service. The subject of this notice took an active part in organizing the company, and was elected Lieutenant. The quota of the State was filled so quickly after the issuance of the Governor's call for volunteers, that this company, with scores of others, was rejected. Young Haynes, with ten or twelve others of his company, then joined Company C, Captain Rowan Hardin, which was attached to the 4th Kentucky Volunteers, under command of Colonel John S. Williams, popularly known as "Cerro Gordo" Williams, from his gallantry in the

battle fought at that place. He remained in the service until the close of the war. On his return home he commenced the study of law, and in due time entered the Law Department of the University of Louisville, and graduated in 1851.

A few months afterwards he started for California via the Isthmus, and arrived in this State early in 1852. He remained in San Francisco a short time, and then started for the northern part of the State, arriving in Klamath county in the spring of that year. During the summer and fall he was engaged in prospecting and mining on the Klamath.

At the election of November in that year he was elected District Attorney of the county. In 1853 he removed to Crescent City, which about that time became the County Seat. Here he commenced the practice of his profession, and was re-elected District Attorney. Upon the removal of the County Seat to Orleans Bar he resigned the office. Upon the organization of Del Norte county soon afterwards, was elected District Attorney of the new county. He continued in the practice of his profession in Del Norte and Klamath until 1858, when he became a candidate for District Judge, and was defeated by the Hon. William R. Turner, by a majority of two votes. The following year he was elected Senator, by a large majority, from the 12th Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Del Norte, Klamath and Siskiyou. At the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of his profession in Del Norte and neighboring counties, meantime making some ventures in mining without much success.

On the 18th day of February, 1868, he was appointed by Governor Haight District Judge of the Eighth Judicial District, composed of the counties of Klamath, Humboldt and Del Norte, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Turner. He was elected by the people to the same office at the judicial election in 1869, and re-elected in 1875, and held the office until it was abolished by the new Constitution, and at the first election under the new instrument was elected Superior Judge of Humboldt county. In 1884 he was defeated for the same office by Hon. J. J. DeHaven, at present Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1866, at the earnest solicitation of his Democratic friends, he accepted the nomination for the Senate, and was elected, notwithstanding the district was largely Republican. In 1888 he was again nominated and defeated by the Hon. Frank McGowan, present Senator. In politics the Judge is a very firm, unswerving Democrat, and has never faltered in his fidelity to the party, and is always ready and

willing to give the reason of his political faith. He is at present a resident of Eureka, in Humboldt county.

HENDERSON, JAMES W.—Native of St. Lawrence county, New York; came to California February 14, 1850, crossing the Isthmus. Mined two and one-half years on the American River. Made three trips across the plains driving stock in 1853, 1854 and 1856. Lived in Sonoma county nine years, engaged in ranching and staging. He came to Humboldt during the coal oil excitement, and operated two years; he was appointed Register of the U. S. Land Office, which position he held three years, and then engaged in the real estate business; was a promoter of the first railroad in Humboldt county; was one of the incorporators of the Eureka and Eel River Railroad. At present is engaged in the real estate and banking business. He has been President of the Humboldt County Bank for twelve years.

HULLING, SAMUEL, and wife, Phebe, came from Wisconsin to California in 1852, and to Humboldt county in 1854. Residence, near Springville.

HERRICK, R. F.—Native of Ohio; crossed the plains in 1850. First Lieutenant of Company D, California Battalion of Mountaineers. Elected for several terms County Surveyor of Humboldt county. Residence, Eel River Valley.

HILL, NEIL—Native of Ireland; arrived at San Francisco by way of the Isthmus in 1852, and Nancy Hill, his wife, a native of Ireland, arrived in 1854.

HILDRETH, CHARLES—Native of England; arrived in California in 1852 from Australia; is a cabinet-maker.

HUESTIS, REV. A. J.—Native of New Hampshire; crossed the plains to California in 1849; came overland to Humboldt county in the spring of 1860 from Sonoma; was the first preacher of the gospel in Eureka; was the first County Superintendent of Schools for Humboldt county; was the County Judge of Humboldt County for two terms; he represented Humboldt county in the Legislature in 1866-7; was also the first Inspector of Customs for the Harbor of Humboldt; was the first President of the Society of Humboldt County Pioneers. Died, March, 1883, at Eureka, aged 77 years.

HUESTIS, MINERVA ANNIS—Wife of A. J. Huestis; native of

Monson, Massachusetts; came to California with her husband in 1849; arrived in Eureka February, 22, 1851. Residence, Eureka.

HUESTIS, SARAH MINERVA—Wife of N. Bullock, and daughter of A. J. Huestis; crossed the plains with her parents in 1849. Residence, Eureka.

HUESTIS, JOHN EMORY—Born in Iowa; crossed the plains in 1849 with his parents. Came to Eureka in 1851. Residence, Eureka.

HUESTIS, MAJOR W. F.—Native of Virginia; crossed the plains at the age of thirteen years with his parents, and in the spring of 1850 arrived in Humboldt county. In 1858 was a teacher in the Public Schools, and for several years thereafter was a clerk in the State Senate. In 1865-6 was Deputy Clerk of the United States Circuit Court of California, and U. S. Commissioner at San Francisco. In 1868 he received from Governor Haight the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General of the National Guard of California, with the rank of Major, which position he held for two years. In 1878 he was elected delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention, which framed the present Constitution of the State. He has been President of the Society of Humboldt County Pioneers, and is the present Secretary of that Society; he is also a Notary Public and agent of the Ricks estate in Eureka.

HOWARD, E. H.—Native of New York; arrived in California in September, 1849; he came overland by the Santa Fe and Gila route, and was eight months on the way; he navigated the Gila River for two hundred and fifty miles in his wagon-box, which had been constructed in the form of a boat. On arriving at San Francisco he entered upon the practice of his profession, that of the law. In March, 1850, he formed a co-partnership with Lieutenant Ottenger, of the U. S. Revenue Service, under the auspices of the "Laura Virginia Association." The schooner "Laura Virginia" was dispatched on a voyage of discovery with Captain Ottenger as master, and it was due to this enterprise that Humboldt Bay was discovered by water. At a meeting held at the town of Humboldt on the 17th day of April, 1850, of which meeting Mr. Howard was Secretary, the present name of Humboldt Bay was proposed and adopted. At the same meeting the subject of this meeting was elected Alcalde of the town of Humboldt. In 1851 he was elected Public Administrator for the county of Trinity, which then embraced the present territory of Humboldt. In 1856 he was elected District Attorney for Humboldt county. In 1858 was elected County Superintendent of Schools; was ap-

pointed District Attorney in 1864; for several years was Chairman of the Republican County Committee, and President of the Farmers' Union; served as Police Judge of the City of Eureka from 1876 to 1880 and from 1882 to 1884; was President of the Humboldt County Pioneers. Residence, Eureka. By profession, a lawyer, and has been a frequent contributor to the periodical press.

HOWARD, ALVIRA ANN—Wife of E. H. Howard; crossed the plains with her husband in 1849. Residence, Eureka.

INGERSOLL, C. S.—Native of New York; came to California across the plains in 1850. A physician.

JANES, H. F.—Was the founder of Janesville, Wis.; he was a native of Virginia, and came across the plains from Missouri to California in 1849; was a farmer and the first Justice of the Peace elected in the county of Humboldt. Died in 1883, aged 80 years.

JANES, KEZIAH—Wife of H. F. Janes; native of New Jersey; crossed the plains in 1849. Died in 1883, aged 75 years.

JANES, ELIZABETH—Daughter of H. F. Janes, and now Mrs. Ward, of Sonoma county.

JANES, JOHN W.—Son of H. F. Janes; native of Wisconsin; crossed the plains with his parents; served in First Battalion Mountaineers.

JANES, JASPER N.—Son of H. F. Janes; native of Wisconsin; crossed the plains with his parents; served on the non-commissioned staff in Quartermaster's Department First Battalion Mountaineers.

JANES, JOSEPH T.—Son of H. F. Janes; now a resident of Oregon; native of Missouri; crossed the plains with his parents.

JANES, THOMAS J.—Son of H. F. Janes; came to California in 1850 and to Humboldt Bay in 1851; he is now residing, with his family, near Arcata on Janes' Creek; returned to Missouri in 1853, and there remained until 1870, when he came back to California; he enlisted in the Union Army from Missouri during the rebellion.

JOHNSON, CHARLES—Native of Ohio; came to California in 1852 from Wisconsin; was a soldier of the Black Hawk War. Died in Humboldt county in 1855.

JACKSON, E. B.—Arrived in California in 1851; he is a native of Maine. Residence, Arcata.

KINSEY, CHARLES—A native of Pennsylvania; came to California across the plains in 1850. Residence, Eureka.

KIMBALL, JOHN H.—A native of Massachusetts; came across the Isthmus to California in 1850; was murdered at his residence in Eureka on the 28th day of May, 1866, by John Rogers, a burglar, who was executed after conviction of his crime. Mr. Kimball held the offices of Public Administrator and Coroner, and Justice of the Peace of Eureka Township.

KIMBALL, SOPHIA—Wife of John H. Kimball; came across the Isthmus to California in 1851.

KINMAN, SETH—A native of Pennsylvania; crossed the plains and arrived in California in 1850, and came to Humboldt county in 1852; was celebrated as a hunter, and for presenting buckhorn chairs to the Presidents of the United States.

KELLEN, JOSEPH—He came from Maine to California in 1850. Occupation, a painter.

KELLEN, MARY—Wife of Joseph Kellen; came from Massachusetts in 1850.

KNACKE, CAPT. GEORGE F.—Came from New York to California in 1853. Died March 14, 1877, on board his ship at Wellington Harbor.

KELLY, T. B.—A native of Ohio; came from Illinois to California in 1849 across the plains. Merchant and farmer of Rohnerville.

KNOWLES, C. M.—A native of Illinois; came to California across the plains in 1850.

KNOWLES, ALVIRA—A native of Missouri; crossed the plains to California in 1848.

KAUSSEN, CHARLES—Came from Missouri to California across the plains in 1853. Residence, Alton, Humboldt county.

KELEHER, JOHN—A native of New Brunswick; came to California in 1852, and to Humboldt in 1853; was Register of the U. S. Land Office under appointment by President Lincoln from 1864 to 1867; was elected County Treasurer in 1867, and held that office three terms. Was ap-

pointed Clerk of the Board of Town Trustees, and made a member of the bar in July, 1864; was elected Town Trustee in 1866, and again in 1870. Died in 1878.

LEACH, SYLVANUS—Crossed the plains from Ohio in 1853. Residence, Rohnerville. Occupation, farmer.

LINE, JOHN—Came from New York to California around Cape Horn in the ship "Hindoo" in 1850. Came to Humboldt in 1852.

LAUGHLIN, J. N.—A native of Kentucky; came from Missouri to California across the plains in 1850. Residence, Humboldt county.

LONG, C. W.—A pioneer business man of Eureka; is a native of New Brunswick, and emigrated to California, leaving his home in 1849, and arriving in California in 1850. He came to Humboldt Bay in the employ of Ryan & Duff, and was employed in building the first sawmill on the bay built by that firm. He remained in the lumber business for some time, and then went into the mercantile business with Daniel Pickard under the firm name of Pickard & Long. In 1863, during and after the outbreak of the Indian war, C. W. Long was appointed Captain of Company A, California Mountaineers, by Governor Stanford—a battalion raised for the purpose of subduing hostile Indians, then at war with the settlers of Northern California. He served three years in the field. For his good conduct as a soldier and officer, he was promoted to the rank of Major. After the war with the Indians was brought to a successful close, Major Long went into the livery business with A. H. Gilbert, on the corner of E and Second streets, Eureka. He was appointed one of the commissioners to lay out and accept the overland wagon-road. He remained in the livery business for several years. Residence, Eureka. Occupation, real estate dealer.

LUTHER, CHRISTOPHER—A native of Illinois; crossed the plains in 1851. Miner and butcher. Residence, Eureka.

LOWELL, CAPT. DAVID—A native of Maine; came to California in 1851, and to Humboldt in 1852; was wrecked on the bar in the steamer "Sea Gull" in 1852.

LANGDON, CHAUNCY—A native of Vermont; came to California by way of Cape Horn in 1849. Residence, Rohnerville.

LANGDON, MARY—A native of New York; came to California across the plains in 1852.

LEIHY, LUCY—Crossed the plains from Wisconsin to California in 1851. Residence, Chicago.

LEACH, ALBERT—Came from Ohio to California in 1853. Farmer. Residence, Rohnerville.

LEACH, SHERMAN H.—Crossed the plains from Ohio to California in 1853. Residence, San Jose, Cal.

LEACH, FRED—Came to California from Ohio in 1853. A blacksmith. Residence, Fortuna.

LEWIS, N. T.—Came from Iowa to California in 1853. Farmer. Residence, Fortuna.

LONG, ANDREW—Crossed the plains in 1849 from Tennessee. Residence, Rohnerville.

LAPIER, BERTHA—Came from Missouri across the plains in 1848 with the Lassen party. Died in Santa Clara county in 1889.

MURRAY, JOHN SUTHERLAND, SR.—A native of Scotland; came to California from New Zealand in 1849. Died in Eureka in 1882. A surveyor.

MURRAY, JANE F.—Wife of John S. Murray; came from New Zealand with her husband in 1849. Died in Eureka in 1871.

MURRAY, JOHN S., JR.—Came with his parents from New Zealand in 1849. Occupation, bank clerk.

MURRAY, MAGGIE S.—Came with her parents from New Zealand in 1849. Occupation, teacher.

MARSHALL, J. C.—Came to California in 1849 by way of Cape Horn; was shipwrecked March 23, 1850, at Crescent City on the schooner "Paragon."

MARBLE, A. P.—A native of New York; arrived in California in 1852; was a member of the Fourth Regiment of U. S. Infantry. Came to Bucksport in February, 1853, and helped to build the fort at that place. Present residence, Cape Mendocino; lighthouse-keeper.

MUNSON, DANIEL—A native of Maine; came to California in 1852. Lumberman. Residence, Eureka.

MINOR, JACOB A.—A native of Ohio; came to California in 1850. Stockraiser. Died in April, 1884, in Humboldt county.

MORRISON, JAMES M.—A native of Richland county, Ohio; came to California from Iowa in 1853. Miner and builder. Residence, Eureka.

MURPHY, WILLIAM—A native of Ireland; came to California in 1852. A stockraiser. Residence, Arcata.

MIDDLETON, THOMAS—A native of Illinois; crossed the plains to California in 1845. Merchant. Residence, Rohnerville.

MORRISON, SILAS W.—A native of Virginia; crossed the plains from Ohio to California in 1850. Elected Supervisor of Humboldt county. Occupation, stockraising and dairying. Residence, Bear River.

MYER, M. B.—Came from Iowa to California across the plains in 1850. Residence, Garberville.

MONROE, ALONZO—A native of Connecticut; arrived in California in February, 1850; came to Humboldt in 1852. Occupation, stockraiser and merchant. Died at Eureka, March 20, 1882.

MONROE, MRS. ALONZO—Native of Michigan; came to California with her mother, Mrs. Caltha Albee, in 1852.

MCGOWAN, FRANK—Was born in Washington Territory in 1859 and brought to California in 1860; was educated in the Public Schools of San Francisco and of Humboldt county. He was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of California in 1883; was elected Assemblyman in 1886 and State Senator in 1888.

MCCAFFERTY, FRANK—A native of Missouri; came to California in 1849 at the age of seventeen years, and drove an ox-team across the plains for H. F. Janes; was one of the Overland-road Commissioners in 1847, and a member of Captain Messicks' company of Indian fighters. Arrived in Humboldt county in 1850.

MCNALLY, LAWRENCE—A native of Ireland; came to California from Missouri in 1852, crossing the Isthmus. A resident of Eureka.

MCCONAGHY, JOHN—Came to California from Philadelphia, Pa., by the way of the Isthmus, arriving in San Francisco May 4, 1850. Occupation, a farmer. Residence, Arcata.

MCCLELLAN, R. S.—A native of Massachusetts, and came across the plains in 1852 to California. He died in 1887.

MCKINNA, MARY—A native of Wisconsin; crossed the plains to California in 1851. Residence, Bay View, Washington.

MCCHARLES, H. R.—A native of Indiana; came to California by way of Cape Horn in 1850. Residence, Nevada, Cal.

NEWTON, DAVID H.—A native of Ireland; came to California in 1849 across the plains. Died in this State in 1869. A printer.

NORCROSS, L. M.—A native of Maine; came to California in 1850 by way of the Isthmus. Residence, Eureka.

NEWMAN, J. H.—Came from Missouri across the plains to California in 1850.

NEWMAN, LAURA—Came from Iowa to California in 1849. Residence, Hydesville.

ORMAN, HENRY—A native of Ohio; came to California May 5, 1852. Residence, Arcata. Occupation, carpenter.

OLMSTEAD, C. H.—A native of Maine; came to California in 1851. A blacksmith. Residence, Eureka.

OLMSTEAD, WILLIAM T.—A native of New York; came from Michigan to California across the plains in 1850. Stockraiser. Made one trip across the plains in 1853 with a band of cattle. Was one of the first settlers of Humboldt county. Was shot twice by the Indians on the 12th of July, 1852, while driving cattle to Trinity county, and crippled for life, and carries Indian lead up to the present time. Was compelled to use crutches for three years. Hiram Lyons, one of his party, was killed on that occasion. Two others of the party made their escape without injury, and left Mr. Olmstead to fight his own battle. He got under cover and killed one of the Indians with a Colt's revolver, which intimidated the Indians so much that they left him, thus saving his life. He lay there wounded until the next day about 4 o'clock, when a party from Yager Creek came to his assistance, and shortly thereafter a detachment of soldiers came and carried him into the settlements. They reached Yager Creek on the third day after the shooting. He lay ten days, and was then carried to his home at Hydesville, on a litter, taking two days to make the trip. Dr. Felt met him at Yager Creek and dressed his wounds. Mr. Olmstead is now a resident of Eureka.

OLMSTEAD, LUCINDA—(*nee* Garrison)—Wife of William T. Olmstead; came to California across the plains in 1853.

OUSLEY, CAPTAIN GEORGE W.—Came to California from Illinois across the plains in 1849; served two years as Captain of Company B, California Mountaineers. Residence, San Jose. Came to Humboldt in 1850.

PORTER, ROBERT—A native of Virginia; came to California in 1852, and engaged for a time in mining; came to Humboldt county in 1859, and worked in the mills, and afterwards went into the office of John Vance; next engaged in stock-raising and merchandising. Residence, Hydesville.

PARDEE, A. L.—A native of New York; arrived in California in 1852.

PARDEE, A. F.—A native of New York; arrived in California in 1852.

PALMER, JAMES—A native of Missouri; crossed the plains to California in 1853. A farmer. Residence, Hydesville.

PÄLMER, SAMUEL—A native of Missouri; crossed the plains to California in 1853. A farmer. Residence, Hydesville.

PALMER, JOHN—Born on the plains in 1853. Residence, Hydesville.

PATRICK, N.—Came from Illinois across the plains in 1852. Residence, Ferndale.

PATRICK, JANE—Came from Illinois in 1852. Died, 1883.

PATRICK, GILES—Came from Illinois in 1852. A farmer. Residence, Ferndale.

PATRICK, Z. B.—Crossed the plains in 1852 from Illinois. A butcher. Residence, Ferndale.

PATRICK, MARSHALL—Crossed the plains in 1852 from Illinois. A farmer. Residence, Ferndale.

PRATT, WILLIAM H.—Was born at East Haddam, Conn., and was early left an orphan. He sailed from New York December 20, 1848, and arrived at San Francisco by way of the Isthmus Feb. 28, 1849. He was successfully engaged for a few months in mining. In the fall of 1849 he went to New York City and purchased a large stock of general merchandise, with which he returned to San Francisco and there opened a

store, but within two weeks lost thirty thousand dollars by fire. He then opened a trading-post at Big Bar, and was signally successful; was at various times engaged in merchandising, mining operations, hotel-keeping, brick-making and banking; he was the Republican nominee for the State Senate in 1856 and 1860. In 1861 he was appointed Receiver of Public Moneys at the Humboldt Land Office. During the Indian troubles he was First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the First Battalion of Mountaineers, California Volunteers. In 1867 he was appointed Indian Agent at Hoopa Valley. In 1869 he engaged in the mercantile business in Eureka. From 1883 to 1888 he was Collector of Customs for the District of Humboldt; was a delegate in the National Convention at Chicago which nominated General Harrison for the Presidency, who appointed him U. S. Surveyor-General for California.

RICKS, C. S.—Was one of the first pioneers of Eureka; came to California in 1849, and arrived at Eureka in 1850; was one of the townsite company, and helped to lay out the city; was largely interested in real estate, and was the largest real estate owner in the city at the time of his death, which occurred June 21, 1888; he represented Humboldt county in the State Legislature, and was one of the most efficient members of that body; he always took a great deal of interest in the prosperity of Eureka and her institutions, and helped schools and churches with a liberal hand, and everything else that was for the benefit or the pleasure of the city; he built more houses than any other man in the city; he inaugurated the City Water Works by sinking artesian wells and raising the water by steam to tanks, and thence conducting the water in pipes throughout the city; he died leaving a large estate to his wife and three sons. C. S. Ricks was a man of liberal mind, friendly in his intercourse with his fellow-men, and of a generous and kind disposition; was well liked by his neighbors and all who knew him. His presence was always welcome wherever he went.

RYAN, JAMES T., DUFF, JAMES R., TORRY, A. W., DUFF, FRANK S., composed the firm of Ryan, Duff & Co.—These gentlemen built the first merchantable sawmill, with a capacity of 100,000 feet each twenty-four hours. The company bought the steamer "Santa Clara," brought the vessel to Humboldt, planted her in the bank, and built the mill alongside her, and used her power to run the mill. She left San Francisco the 22d day of February, 1852, and arrived at Eureka

on the second day, with about forty men on board, brought to help build the mill. James T. Ryan was Captain, F. S. Duff was First Officer and John Vance was Quartermaster. The steamer struck on the bar while crossing, and came near being a total wreck. She lost her deck-load, and was in the breakers one and a half hours. The mill ran with variable success until 1859, when it burned down.

James T. Ryan, a native of Ireland; came from Boston to California in 1849 by way of the Isthmus; he shipped at Panama for San Francisco on an old vessel called "The Three Friends." On her way up she put into a Mexican port. The vessel was so slow that Ryan got disgusted and left her and started on foot for San Francisco, and arrived at that city without either coat or boots on, and nearly starved. He "struck" Frank Duff, and got his first square meal since leaving the vessel; he went to bed and slept forty-eight hours before waking.

Eureka was originally and actually surveyed by Mr. Ryan, with an instrument improvised of two vials and a bit of wood. In 1861 Senator McDougal thus introduced him to Abraham Lincoln:

"Mr. President, this is General Ryan, a loyal neighbor of mine, who can build a cathedral and preach in it, a ship and sail in it, and an engine and run it."

James T. Ryan was one of the most energetic of Humboldt's first settlers. He was elected to the State Senate in 1859, and died in Vallejo in 1875.

James R. Duff was a native of St. Johns, New Brunswick; he sailed from Boston the 20th day of January, 1849, in the ship "Pharsalia," and arrived in San Francisco the 23d of July, 1849; he worked in San Francisco at his trade of carpenter at sixteen dollars per day; after working a week the carpenters called a meeting and struck for twenty dollars a day. All those that were mechanics got it, and the "scabs" were left outside. In the spring of 1850 he went on a voyage of discovery up the coast, in the schooner "Francis Helen," with Captain Ottenger, and arrived in Humboldt the 1st of June, 1850; he found it to be a fine country for lumbering purposes, and concluded to locate at Eureka; he was one of the partners of Ryan, Duff & Co.; he is now a resident of San Francisco.

A. W. Torrey died in early days in San Francisco; he came in 1849 from Boston.

ROBERTS, WILLIAM AND SUSAN—William Roberts was a native of Vermont, and Susan, his wife, a native of Missouri; came across

the plains in 1849. In conversation with the old lady, Mrs. Roberts, a short time since about the early pioneers of California, she gave me a short account of their trip across the plains in the year 1849, which is well worth recording in the pages of the "Pioneer Days in California." I will relate it as she told it to me, as nearly as I can in her own words. She is now in her eighty-fifth year; her memory is remarkable for a person of her age. She said:

"We started with quite a large train of emigrants to California on the 22d day of February, 1849. My husband was chosen Captain of the train; all went well with us the greater part of the way across the plains. We came the northern or Fort Hall route, and took what was called the Lassen cut-off; all went smoothly for a while. The company elected another Captain, who knew very little of the plains or the Indians. One night while camped on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, from our camp we could see fires and smoke starting up from different points of the mountains surrounding us. My husband advised the new Captain to guard the stock until the cattle were filled, and then to corral them for the night. 'For,' said he, 'those are signal fires, and we are in danger from the Indians.' The Captain laughed at his fears, and said, 'We are past all danger.' We were then on the California side of the Sierras. My husband got up his cattle and corralled them, saying he would take no chances. Next morning the most of the cattle were gone, having been stolen by the Indians; not a whole team left, except ours, in the train. Here we were in the mountains and late in the season, short of teams to take us through. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to lighten up the wagons, and proceed as best we might. All surplus goods and provisions were thrown from the wagons, in order to lighten them for the reduced teams. We then got on very slowly. As we all feared, the storms commenced, and caught us in the mountains in November, very poorly prepared for a hard winter. We kept traveling as well as we could, though it kept snowing all the time. On the 17th day of November the United States relief train met us. The train was under the command of Captain Peeples of the United States army, and had been sent out by the Government to help the late emigrants through. It was snowing hard at the time we met the train of about forty mules. The Captain told us the only thing for us to do was for us to leave our teams and everything we had, and he would take us through with his mules as he was short of provisions, and they must make the settlement as soon as possible. My husband refused to leave his team, and I refused to leave

my husband, preferring to take my chances with him. R. R. Roberts, our son, and his wife left with the Government train, as his wife was very near her confinement, and they hoped to reach the settlements before her sickness would take place. They started, leaving us in the mountains, the snow still falling. They traveled for two days with the relief train, and the third night after being with the train the party camped for the night. The next morning the snow was between two and three feet deep, and all the mules but three had perished of cold and hunger. Captain Peebles then found himself in desperate straits. Here he was with a company whom he was sent to assist, with a number of women and children, snowed in in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, without provisions or transportation for them. All he had left of his forty mules was but three, and they hardly able to travel. The nearest settlement was forty miles distant. They made sacks, into which they put the children, and slung them on each side of the mules. They had one old ox, which they killed before starting, but left part of the ox with the party staying behind. There were ten women in the party; they with the rest had to go on foot through the snow, over two feet deep, and with very little to eat. They reached the settlement in two days, without loss of life, which settlement was then known as Lassen's Ranch, and was about one hundred and twenty-five miles above Sacramento City. In the meantime William Roberts and wife had overtaken the Government train in camp where the mules had perished. Young Mrs. Roberts being unable to travel, the Roberts family had to remain there with two sick men who had the scurvy. One of the men died the second night in camp, and the other got well. The names of the party that remained in camp were William Roberts, Susan Roberts, his wife, R. R. Roberts and his wife, who was about to be confined, J. J. Roberts and Mr. Cliff, the teamster, with the two sick men. In a day or two Mrs. Roberts was confined in the wagon, and a boy was born—the first white child born in a snowstorm in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, of whom we have any account. The child grew to manhood in Humboldt county, and was known as John V. C. Roberts. In the meantime, after the baby was born, they moved down the mountains about four miles and built a cabin, intending to have shelter until the storm was over.

The first night they moved into their cabin they turned out their famished oxen, sixteen in number, to browse. The next morning it was discovered that they had all been stolen by the Indians, and nothing was left but one Indian pony. After completing the cabin, Mr. William

Roberts started for the settlement in search of provisions for the family. When he left the cabin they had one very poor deer which they had killed, and very poor venison it made. Mr. Roberts was gone four days when he returned, bringing a few provisions. During these four days the infant subsisted on kennaknick berries they found under the snow, and picked and then pressed; the juice was given to the infant, which thrived well on such nourishment. The pulp of these berries was made into bread and eaten by the adults. After Mr. Roberts returned to camp, R. R. Roberts, John J. Roberts and Mr. Cliff went to Sacramento Valley for provisions. The party remained in camp until the 20th of February, when they left for the Sacramento Valley, and arrived at Lassen's Ranch on foot, on the 22d day of February, 1850. The family came to Humboldt and arrived at Eureka on the 22d day of February, 1851. William Roberts died at Bucksport, Humboldt county, January 7, 1872, aged 72 years. Susan Roberts, the mother of pioneers, my informant, is a hale and hearty old lady, now in her eighty-fifth year, and loves to talk of her pioneer days.

RANDALL, ALPHEUS W.—A native of Rhode Island; came to California in 1849 in the ship "Learnor." He was a soldier in the Mexican war; Sergeant of Company A, Ninth Infantry. First Lieutenant of Company F, Battalion of California Mountaineers. Residence, Eureka. Profession, banker.

RANDALL, T. M.—Came from Illinois across the plains to California in 1853. Residence, Arcata.

RICHARDSON, CHARLES—A native of Maine; came to California in 1853. Lumberman and millwright.

RAY, J. G.—A native of Missouri; crossed the plains to California with the Donner party in 1846. Died in Humboldt county in 1890.

ROHNER, HENRY—Came from Kentucky to California in 1849. Capitalist. Residence, Fortuna.

RUSS, MRS. JOSEPH—Daughter of N. Patrick; crossed the plains from Illinois in 1852.

ROBINSON, LAVINA E.—A native of Michigan; daughter of J. P. Albee; came to California in 1852. Residence, Bridgeville.

RUSS, JOSEPH—A native of Maine; came to California in 1850 via Cape Horn; came to Humboldt in 1852; was elected to the Legislature in 1873 and again in 1884; elected delegate to the Republican National

Convention at Chicago in 1884. Mr. Russ was one of Humboldt's most enterprising citizens, and was the largest land owner in the county at the time of his death, which occurred in October, 1886.

SEVIER, ABNER DILL—A native of Indiana; crossed the plains in 1850, and came to Humboldt county in 1851; was a member of the Court of Sessions, and for four years Sheriff of Humboldt county. Justice of the Peace and Police Judge of Eureka. Was an officer in Company A, Battalion of California Mountaineers. Died at Rohnerville in 1888.

SEVIER, SARAH A.—Wife of A. D. Sevier; was born in Tennessee, and came to California in 1850 and to Humboldt county in 1850, as Miss Stringfield.

STRINGFIELD, SEVIER—Was born in Tennessee in 1800; came across the plains in 1850, and to Humboldt county in 1851. A farmer and Methodist minister. Died in Santa Barbara in 1890.

STRINGFIELD, M. W.—A native of Illinois; came across the plains to California in 1850. Was a member of California Mountaineers, Company A. Also served in the Modock war in 1872. Occupation, librarian.

STRINGFIELD, ELIZABETH—Wife of Sevier Stringfield; came to California in 1850.

SHUFFLETON, HUGH HALL—Crossed the plains from Iowa in 1849. Residence, Shasta county.

SHUFFLETON, CHARLES W.—Crossed the plains from Iowa in 1853. Residence, Eureka.

SNEDDEN, JOSEPH—A native of Scotland; came from the State of New York to California in 1852. Belonged to Fourth U. S. Infantry, Company B, Corporal.

SPEARS, A. C.—A native of New York; came from Michigan to California across the Isthmus in 1851. Occupation, lumbering and farming.

SCOTT, HENRY P.—A native of Hamburg, Germany; arrived in California June, 1849, from Valparaiso, Chile. A seaman by occupation.

SHELDON, MARY L.—Came from Vermont; arrived in California by way of Cape Horn in 1852. Residence, San Francisco.

SUTTON, MRS. L.—Came from Iowa to California across the plains in 1853. Residence, Oroville, Butte county, California.

SHIVELY, WILLIAM B.—Came from Ohio to California across the plains in 1852. Residence, Rio Dell.

SHIVELY, CAROLINE—Came from Illinois across the plains in 1852.

SWEASEY, MRS. SARAH—Came across the plains from Ohio in 1852.

STANISLAUSKI, GUSTAVE, and Mary Madgeline Stanislauski, his wife, came to California in 1851, and to Humboldt in 1852. Residence, Humboldt county.

SWEASEY, RICHARD—A native of Indiana; came to California in 1850 and to Humboldt in 1855. Occupation, merchant, and ship-owner. Residence, Eureka.

TILLEY, G. H.—Is a native of Rhode Island; came to California September 1st, 1849, and to Humboldt in 1850; has been Supervisor of Humboldt county two terms.

TYDD, PETER—A native of Ireland; came from New York to California in 1852; was a member of Company F, Fourth U. S. Infantry, Captain U. S. Grant.

THOMAS, W.—A native of Massachusetts; came to California in 1849 through Mexico; was a soldier of the Mexican war.

TOMLINSON, CAPTAIN EDWIN—Born in England in 1809; came to the United States in 1811; came to California by way of the Cape of Good Hope and Australia in 1852 in the ship "Envelop;" came to Humboldt in 1852; was shipwrecked on Humboldt Bar December 10, 1852. Retired shipmaster. Residence, Eureka.

TOMLINSON, REBECCA—Wife of Captain Tomlinson; a native of Nova Scotia; came to California with her husband in 1852.

TERRY, MARY—Daughter of J. P. Albee; a native of Michigan; came to California in 1852.

VANSANT, JOSHUA—A native of Maryland; came to California in 1850; has been Marshal of the city of Eureka for ten years.

VALLIER, A. C.—A native of New York; came to California in 1852. A miner. Residence, Eureka.

VANN, MATTHEW—A soldier of the Mexican war; arrived in California in 1852. A native of Kentucky.

VANN, ELIZABETH—Wife of Matthew Vann. A native of Tennessee. Residence, Napa.

VAN DYKE, WALTER—Native of New York; studied law in Cleveland, Ohio, and admitted to practice in the courts of that State; arrived in California, via Tehuantepec, in 1850, and was among the first explorers of the lower Klamath River; belonged to the Whig party, but was elected District Attorney of Klamath county upon its organization in 1851; removed to Arcata in 1852 and engaged in practice of his profession; married Miss Rowena Cooper in 1854; part owner and editor of the *Humboldt Times* several years, and served the county as District Attorney; became a resident of Eureka in 1858; elected to State Senate in 1861, and was prominent in the formation of the Union party; he now resides in Los Angeles, and is one of the Superior Judges of that county.

VAN SICKLE, THOMAS—A native of New York; came to California in 1850. Residence, Rohnerville. Merchant.

WOOD, GABRIEL—Is a native of Prussia; came from Pennsylvania across the Isthmus to California in 1851. Residence, Eureka. Occupation, a teamster.

WHITE, SAMUEL S.—A native of Massachusetts; came to California in 1852, and to Humboldt county in 1871. Occupation, a mason.

WILT, J. A.—A native of New Brunswick; came to California via Cape Horn in 1850. He is a general agent.

WHEELER, E. D.—A native of Connecticut; came to California across the plains from Wisconsin in 1849. Profession, lawyer. Was the first County Clerk of Yuba county, in 1850; was Mayor of Marysville; was elected to the State Senate in 1860; moved to San Francisco in 1862; in 1872 he was appointed District Judge of the Nineteenth Judicial District by Governor Booth; in 1874 was elected Judge by the people of the District just mentioned; he served in this capacity until 1880, when the District Courts were abolished by the new Constitution. From that time to the present he has practiced his profession in San Francisco.

WEBER, MARTIN—Came to California from Illinois in 1852. Merchant. Residence, Rohnerville.

WEBER, NICHOLAS—Came to California from Illinois in 1852. Merchant. Residence, Rohnerville.

WENNER, B.—Crossed the Isthmus to California in 1849. Residence, Fortuna. A farmer.

WAITE, B. L.—Came to California from Wisconsin across the plains in 1850. Residence, Grizzly Bluff. Farmer.

WOOLDRIDGE, MRS. JOSEPHINE—Daughter of N. Patrick; crossed the plains from Illinois in 1852.

WALL, WILLIAM H.—A native of New York; came to California in 1846; arrived at Humboldt Bay in June, 1850. Was the first white man married in Humboldt county; married the daughter of James Light.

WILLIAMS, GEORGE—A native of Ohio; crossed the plains to California in 1850; served two terms as Supervisor of Trinity county; was Provost Marshal for Trinity county in 1863; served one term as Supervisor of Humboldt county; was elected to the Legislature from Humboldt county in 1887. Residence, Ferndale. Occupation, stockman and general business.

WINZLER, JOHN—Crossed the plains from Ohio to California in 1850. Residence, Oregon. Occupation, blacksmith.

WATSON, JOHN A.—A native of New Hampshire; came from Maine to California in 1851; was elected County Clerk of Trinity county in 1856; ran on the Republican ticket in that county for Sheriff against John P. Jones, now U. S. Senator from Nevada. The Republican party being largely in the minority, he failed to be elected. In 1863 he enlisted in the California Battalion Mountaineers, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company C, under Captain Miller; served until the close of the war, and was mustered out in 1865. He then took up his residence at Eureka. In 1868 he was elected County Clerk of Humboldt county, and held that office for six years; in 1874 he was appointed Deputy Collector of Customs, and President Arthur appointed him Collector of the Port when Eureka was made a Customs district. He held the position of agent for Wells, Fargo & Co. from April, 1879, until his death; he served six years as a member of the City Council, and was one of the most efficient members of that body. Died at Eureka November 8, 1883.

WALSH, THOMAS—A native of Ireland; came to California in 1851, and to Humboldt in 1853; was elected the first Mayor of Eureka in 1874, and served two terms; was again elected Mayor of Eureka in 1880, and

served three terms, or until 1886. Occupation, merchant. Died at Chicago in 1886.

WHIPPLE, S. G.—Born in Vermont; arrived in California across the plains from Ohio July, 1849, and in what is now Humboldt county in February, 1851; established the *Northern Californian* at Arcata in 1858, and conducted same two years, when it was united with the *Humboldt Times*, to the proprietorship of which he succeeded, disposing of the establishment in 1862. Served three terms in the State Legislature. Entered U. S. volunteer military service spring of 1863, and the regular army in 1866, retiring in 1884. Resides at Eureka; manager of the *Humboldt Times*.

WYMAN, J. E.—A native of Massachusetts; arrived in California in 1850, and in Humboldt in 1851; served as County Judge of Humboldt county for fourteen years; was the owner and publisher of the *Humboldt Times*; he started the first daily paper in Humboldt county. Died in 1880, at Eureka.

WOOD, L. K.—A native of Kentucky; came to California in 1849; he was one of the first discoverers of Humboldt Bay; he with seven others, known as Dr. Gregg's party, left Trinity River on the 5th day of November, 1849, to explore the then unknown country between Upper Trinity River and the Pacific Ocean. After incredible hardships and almost starvation they reached the coast at the mouth of what is known as Little River. For over six weeks this little band of pioneers tramped over snowy mountains, and swam swollen streams, on their expedition of discovery. On December 20, 1849, David A. Buck, one of the party, discovered the bay, and named it Trinity Bay. Four months later the bay was discovered by the Laura Virginia Company, and given the name of Humboldt Bay, which name it still retains.

The Gregg party then undertook to return to the settlements by the way of Eel River, in the midst of one of the hardest winters known to California. Their provisions gave out in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, and for days they were without food. They were now reduced almost to starvation. Three of the band went hunting, and found a band of eight grizzly bears, and necessity compelled them to attack the bears. After they wounded some of the bears, the brutes turned on them, and getting hold of L. K. Wood, they mangled his body in a fearful manner. They broke one of his legs and tore one of his arms, and thus rendered him a cripple for life. Finally the bears left him, and his comrades got him into camp.

The question now arose, what was to be done with the wounded man? If they stayed in camp they would all perish of starvation, and his wounds were so swollen and sore that he could not be removed. On consultation with Mr. Wood himself, he requested his companions to shoot him, and not leave him to die of the pangs of hunger in that wilderness. They discussed the matter, and finally came to the conclusion that they would make a litter and pack him as far as possible. This they did. After untold miseries, the party arrived at the ranch of Mrs. Mark West on the 17th day of February, 1850, and remained there until sufficiently recovered to proceed to San Francisco. Mr. Wood received the utmost kindness from every member of the family.

Mr. Wood returned to Humboldt, and, in 1852, ran as an independent candidate for the office of Clerk of Trinity county, of which county the present county of Humboldt then formed a part. The Democratic candidate was successful. Shortly afterwards Humboldt county was created by act of the Legislature, and L. K. Wood became County Clerk of the new county. He afterwards became a farmer on Arcata bottom, and married the daughter of James Hanna, Esq., and raised a large family. Most of the children still reside in Humboldt county. He died at Arcata on the 12th day of July, 1874.

Through the courtesy of his sons, the author was permitted to take this sketch from a narrative written by L. K. Wood several years ago, and published at the time in the *Humboldt Times*.



